

Collation:

A-B⁴ C-D⁸ (E & F missing) G⁴ H-Q⁸ R'

2A-B⁸ C⁶ D-F⁸ G⁴ H' J-K⁸

Lacking +i to +iv & gatherings E, F, 2L

Date 1564 on R16

See Douglas Hamer The Works of Sir David Lindsay (Scottish Text Socy. 1936) vol. 4
pp 42-43 for description of this
apparently unique copy.

Aa. 2. 23.

~~C. 10. 56~~

EX DONO

VIRI REVERENDI THOMAE BAKER, S.T.B.

QUI OLIM FUERAT HUIUS COLLEGII SOCIUS:

POSTEA VERO, EX SENATUS CONSULTO EJECTUS,

IN HIS AEDIBUS HOSPES CONSENSUIT,

VITAE INTEGRITATE ET FAMA,

QUAM EX ANTIQUITATIS STUDIO CONSEQUITUS ER,

CELEBERRIMUS.

Collation:

A-B⁴ C-D⁸ (E & F missing) G⁴ H-Q⁸ R'

2 A-B⁸ C⁸ D-F⁸ G⁴ H' J-K⁸

Lacking +i to +iv & gatherings. E, F, 2L

Date 1569 on R16

See Douglas Hamer, The Works of Sir David
Lindsay (Scottish Text Socy. 1936) vol. 4

pp 42-43 for description of this
apparently unique copy

Aa

This is the Scotch edition of st David
Cyndey's words, printed an: 1569: contain-
ing several particulars not before printed. ~

The Book had been printed before at Rouen ~
in France, & London in England, & by parts ~
in Scotland: but very uncorrect as said in ~
the Preface to this edition, & the Orthography ~
alter'd in the French & English Editions.

Here we have the true Orthography, w^{ch} ~
puts a greater value upon this edition.

This appears to be the edition

Imprinted at Edinburgh by John
Scott at the expensis of Henric Glau-
veris, - 1571. -

But see date 1569 on R1 b



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To the Reader.

the spirituaillie: whichs spirill amendment followeth in the after, as
 is the other. What labouris take he, that the labors of this currie
 might be set out in fewes, efter ye passion of studie other skilnes, for
 the mares of policie and riches: Bot quhat yea he profitit: When anc
 pure man with his baill raice and offspring hes labourit our pure lyffs,
 or any sprill peice of ground, and brocht it to sum point and perfection:
 must the Laiches brother, kindman, or surname haile it: and ye pure
 man, with his wyfe, & babeis, for all pure tranelis, schot out to beg pure
 meit. He yae take sprill labouris on it, man enioy ye frates, and com-
 dities of it: he man sit vp the sweit & labouris of ye pure manis brob-
 is. Thus the pure dar wiah tis policie, nor bigging, in case yae big yame
 sellis out: Bot althocht men wink at yis, and ouerlike it, yet he sits a
 borne yae scin it, and sal fuge it. He yae heiris ye slehts & complaints of
 ye pure oppreiss: fall not for ever suffer it vnapaischit. What hes he
 allwaile in aganis yis: Seriald hoys, denyit for wiony pure manis
 hurts: Bot quha hes dimittit it: finallie, quhat opprestoun or vice hes he
 not repenit: Bot yis fall suffice for exempill. And gif he had leife in yis
 to be, quhat had he said, of ye vnnatural murtheris: ye cruel slanch-
 is: ye murtheris: ye continuall heischippis: ye blant oppreiss-
 on: ye sprill regard of all persones to ye comon welch: ye mantening
 of derch, to the vnticofall hurt of the pure in transporting of vicuallis
 for of ye beadie, contrarie to ye statuts: yairis for ye particular will
 of selfe: ye hurt of cony: the Importing of greit quantiteis of fals canze,
 falsedelle ferchit, and lychtne punishit: The multitude of Baris
 destitute of equisiteris thow the hail currie: The slow administratioun
 of Justice, and for los executioun: with all kinde of impietis (as it wer)
 publick, and forle isegnad. Yet nochpeles we luke for redres and re-
 formatioun of all sic horribil delinquents, at ye handis of sic reways, as
 was bes, and sall streichin with his spere, lychtne with ye pure word
 of his Evangel, ende with his seie (quhilk is ye beginning of all wis-
 dom) with sicknawlege, sic Jugement, and zeill, yae fall to yae pe-
 termast endeour, auance, and set fordwart all Justice, and equitie, and
 suppress all vice and iniquitie: to ye glorie of God: to ye auancement of
 his word: to ye edificatioun of his kirk, and to ye confort, and quietnes
 of yis vnschillit, and assitit common welch. Quhilk God of his greit
 meritis, geanis that we may schortlie se. Amen.

I haue already passit ye boundis of one preface: yet ane thing restis to
 admonithe ye (genell reader) of yis waris following. The mair part
 of yame hes bene studie ryms in studie places: imprinted: as heir in
 Scotland, quhilk yet war not sa correct, as neid requyrit. Thair haile bene
 imprinted in rowen, bot also gidder sa corrupt and fals, that na man
 can be schill, to attyne to the Authois mynde be yame. For be yis the
 wrong Orthographie, and fals spelling, the transpositiones of wordis, &
 ignis: pair is alwa sic defectiones, yae sumryms wil be ant twa, or thre

The Preface.

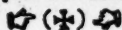
lynis in aue sentence : surtymes als mony abotms, and be doubtit.
 Quhairthow the myndis of honest men ar alienatit from reiding of sa
 feurefull warkis : outh is abuse and corruptie : the Authour, and his
 warkis schamefullie blottit, and barbulzeit: the churche infamit: & si per
 sonis as labouris for iust correccionn vterly discragit, seand thair
 labouris, and trauellis sa haistellie pairefter to be corruptit, at the pri
 uate appetite and greedis of certane godles Ignorantis: quhilk in re
 spect of yir greit hurtis, desertis na small punishment. Thay ar lyke
 wise laithlie Imprentit in Loundon, with lytill better lures than ye ha
 ther. For yai haif gane about to bring thame to ye southerne language,
 alterand ye vers and collouris yairof, in sic placis, as vai culd admit na
 alteratioun: quhairfoir ye natiue grace, and first mynd of ye wypter, is
 ostentynas perueritie. And for ye Orthographie, transpositiones, and
 defeccones, thay ar almost commoun with the vther.

Thus seing this famous Authour, and his notabill warkis to be sa
 velanouslie handillit, and sa miserabillie, and malitiously mankit, and
 alterat: we haif gane about, and takin sum trauchis, to vindicare yair
 fcom yir blottis, & corrupcones: and to reduce, and bring thame
 natiue integritie, and first mening of ye wypter. Quhair the eslie,
 sauit in ye reiding: bot maist eslie, gif ony wil confer this editioun with
 yame yat hes preccidit: quhairin quhat difference is betwis eych & to
 wytyng, betwis correct, and vncorrect Imprenting salbe cleirly seene.

Quair we haif eikir sundrie warkis of ye samin Authour, quhilkis hes
 not bene befor Imprentit: to ye intent, that na thing of sa Nobill and
 wyrtir suld perishe, thow negligence or slethfulness of this present
 age, bot suld be reseruit to ye frute of all posteritis following. And for
 ther intendis (be ye help of God) to vse ye lyke diligence, in all warkis
 of yis wypter, quhilkis sell herefter, be ony menis, cum to our handis.

I will deteyne the na langer (gude Reidar) from the warkis thame
 sellis: bot will commit the to the protectioun of ye Almyghtie our God:
 schislie desyand ye to call vpo him: yat he will rais and streit vp mony
 David I yndesapis: yat will continuallie admonishe haith prince, and
 pepill of pair dewtie, and vocatioun, quhairunto ye Lord yair God hes
 callit yame: yat will rebuke, and repress all sic defaltis, as salbe fund in
 yame: yat will comit to letteris, and wypte, ye honour, ye gloie, ye fame,
 and succis of vertew, and inbraecis yairof: The dishonour, ye schame,
 ye defanie, and mischeif of vyce, and impietie, and enhanteris thair of.
 To be noisytir, and maid knawin to all agis to cum: that it may be ane
 yis and spur to ye vertuous and godlie, to ga fordwart in all richteous
 nes, and equitie: that it may be ane stay, and byddill to receyne, & hold
 bak ye wickit and vngodlie from all wickednes, and iniquitie. To the
 intent: yat God may be glorifyt: his Kirk edifyt: and his commonwe
 ltheith confortit, and quietit.

**Come adhortationum of all estates, to the reading
of this present warke is.**



See that it is maist worchie for to be
Lamentit, of eueryll warldlie wicht:
To se the warkeis of plesand Boetrie,
To ly sa bio, and lytle from the sicke
Of those in hart, quha dois reiois aliche
In Vulgar tounge for to behald and heir
Wertew and vyce disclosit, and brocht to lichte,
In thair riche collouris planctie to appeir.

Whairfoir (gude Reidar) haif I trauell cane,
Untill ane volume now breikie for to bring
Of Dauid Lyndesay, the haill warkeis ilk ane,
Byrth of the Mont, Lyon, or Amis King.
Quha in our dayis now did lairlic King
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornate style
To be commendit be me, neidis na thing:
Lat warkeis heir witnes, quhilkis he hes done comyle.

Thocht Gawine Dowglas Bischop of Dunkell
In ornate meter surmcunt did eueryll man:
Thocht Bennedie, and Dunbar bure the bell
For the large race of Kerthorik thay ran.
Jir neuer Poet of our Scottische clan,
As a sleirlic schew that Monstour with his markis,
The Roman God, in quhome all gyle began:
As dois gude Dauid Lyndesay in his warkeis.

Whairin na flait he spairit, bot stontlic schew thame,
How thay baith God and man had soze offendit:
With fleschehukis of flatterie he neuer clew thame,
Of quhat degre sa euer thay discendit,
Thair auld misdeid he prayit thame ay to mend it
Emptiour, noy King, Duke, Erle, Prince, noy Paip,
Bif thay to quell Christis flock zit still pretendit:
Goddis Just Jugementis na way suld thay eschaip.

With prettie problemis, and sentences maist sage,
With plesand prouerbis in his warkeis all quhair,
With flartie floppis aggreing to our age,

The adhytation

With similitudis semelie be agis dechais,
With weill waillit wordis, wyle, and familiar,
Of queynt conuoy, this ioyous gem I couind,
Intill his bukis to speik he did nocht spair
Aganis all byce, ay quhair it did abound.

As Princes approche, cum Iketolaris in ane Randonne:
Reid heir ze Lordis of the meynier menze,
The end of hicht, your pyde lerne to abandon,
Cum scha neles schanelingis of Sathanis senze,
Kynand in byce, ay still with oppin renze,
Of proud Irelatis reid heir the suddane fall:
Quha for to stoup zit did neuer denze,
Under the zoek of him that creat all.

Cum teyuefall ryzants trimmilling with your teaynes:
Cum nouchtrie Newtrallis with your bailfall band:
Ze haif ane cloik now reddy for the rayne:
For fair wether, ane vther ay at hand,
Idol ateris draw neir to Burgh and land,
Reid heir your lyfe at large, baith maie and mair,
With Hypocrites ay flyding as the sand,
As hunt oik how of wit, and vertew thin.

As Oppressouris of the pure, cum in till pairis:
Flatteraris flok fordwart, for I hard tell,
Ze had ane saw richr sicker for all sairis,
Lawicris, and Scrybis, quha hes jout saulis to sell:
Craftisraen, and Merchandis, gif ze do mell
With fraud or falsit, than I zow desyre,
Reid in this buke, the speiche gif ze can spell,
Quhat Just reward ze sall haif for your byce.

Amang the rest, now Courteouris cum hidder,
Thocht ze be skeith, and skip abone the skypis,
Zit constancie I pray zow to consider,
In to this scrow, quhat Lyndelap to zow erpis,
Cum all degreis, in Iordanerie quha lypis,
And sane wald se offin the feirfull fyne:
And lerne in vertew how for to vpyis
Reid heir this buke, and ze sall find it fyne.

As with Scripture, and with stoppis naturall,

Michells

to all Estates.

Michellie replenischie from end to end.
In till this buke, quhair list to reid, thay sall
Find mony lessoun largelie to commend
The braid difference quhairin weill may be kend
Betwene verteous and vicious leuing.
Iar vs thairfor our lyfe in verrew spend,
Sen vyce of mankynd is the haill mischeuing.

¶ Lat Lyndesay now as he war zit on lyf,
Was furth to lycht, with all his sentence hie:
Unto all men thair dewtie to descreyve
Quhairin thay may ane lyuelie Image se,
Of his expressit mynd in poetrie,
Present, as he it publishit with his pen.
Thar him self speik, I think it best for me.
Gif gloir to God, quith gair sic Giftris to men,

C F F F S.

The Epistil Rū-

cupatorie of Schir David Lyndesay of the
Gont knight, on his Dialog of the Mi-
serabill estate of the world.

T How lytell quair, of mater Miserabill,
Weill aucht thow, couerte for to be with sabill
Renunce and grene, the purpur, reid, and quhyte
To delicat men thow art not delectabill,
For zit till amorous folkis ampyabill,
To reid on the thay will haif na delyte.
Worldlie pepill, will haif at the dyspyte,
Quhilk fixt hes thair harr, and haill intentis
On sensuall lust, on dignitie, and Rentis,

¶ We haif na King, the to present allace,
Quhilk to this countrie bene ane cairfull cace.
And als our Quene of Scotland heritour
Scho dwellis in France, I pray God sail hir grace.
It war to lang, for the to rin that race,

The Epistle

And far langer, o; that young tender sone,
Bring hame till vs ane King and Gouernour.
Allace thairfor, we may with sorrow sing,
Quhilk must sa lang remane, without ane King.

It is not quhome to thy simpilnes to send,
With cunning men from tyme that thou be kend,
Thy vaniteis na way that will auance,
Thinkand the prond sic thingis to pretend.
Nochtwithstanding, the straucht way fall thou wend,
To thame quhilk hes the Realme in gouernance.
Declair thy mynd to thame with circumstance.
Sa first till James, our Prince, and Protectour,
And his brother, our spirituall Gouernour,

And Prince of Iherusalem in this nation,
After Reuerend Recommendation
Under thair feet, thou lawlie the submit,
And mak thame humill supplicatioun,
Gif thay in the find wraig narratioun,
That thay wald pleis, thy falsis to remit,
And of thair grace, gif thay do the admit,
Than ga thy way, quhair euer thou pleitis best.
Be thay content, mak reference to the rest.

To faithfull prudent Pastouris spirituall,
To Nobill Eldis, and Lordis tempozall,
Obedientlie, till thame thou the addres,
Declairing thame this schozt memoriall,
How mankynnd bene to miserie maid chzall,
At lenth to thame the cause planelie confes.
Besekand thame all lawis to supples,
Inuentit be mennis traditionn,
Contrair to Chridis Institutionn.

And cause thame cleirly for till vnderstand,
That for the dyking of the Lordis command,
Dis thynsald wand of Flagellatioun,
Des scourgit, this pure Realme of Scotland,
Be moztall weiris, bairn leicy and land,
With mony terribill tribulatioun.

2. Uel. 14. Thairfor mak to thame crew narratioun,
1. Col. 1. That all thir weiris, this derth, hunger, and pest,

Principallorie.

Was nocht, bot for our Sinnis manifest.

Declaire to thame, how in the tyme of Noe,
Alltherlie, God did the world destroy.
As haly Scripture makis mention,
Sodom, Gomor, with thair Regioun and Noe,
God spairit nether man, woman, nor boy,
Bot all war byint for thair offensioun.
Jerusalem, that maist triumphant town
Destropt was, for thair Iniquitie.
As in the Scripture plainlie thay may se.

Gen. 7.

Gen. 19.

Mat. 23.

Luc. 13.

Declaire to thame this mortall Miserie,
Be sword and fyre, death, pest, and pouertie,
Proccidis of Syn, gene I can richly descryue,
For lack of Faith, and for Idolatrie,
For fornicatioun, and for Adulterie
Of Princes, Prelatis, with many ane man and wyge.
Expell the cause, than the effect belyue
Shall cris quhen that the pepill dois repent.
That God sall tak his how, quhilk it is bent.

Act. 17.

Declare thame requirit, quhilk hes the gouernance,
The Sincere word of God for till auance,
Conforme to Christis Institution,
Withouit Hypocrisie or dissimulace,
Causing Justice hold euenlie the Ballance,
On publicanis making punition.
Commending thame of gude conditioun.
That being done, I doubt nor bot the Lord,
Shall of this cuntrie haif Mercicord.

Thocht God with many terribill effrayis,
Bes done this cuntrie scourge, be diuers wayis,
Be Just Jugement for our greuous offence,
Declaire to thame, thay shall haif mery dayis
Efter this trubill, as the Propheir sayis.
Quhen God sall se our humill repentence,
Till strange pepill, thocht he hes geuin licence,
To be our scourge, Induring his desyre,
Will quhen he list, that scourge cast in the fyre.

Dray thame, that thay put not thair esperance

Psal. 118.

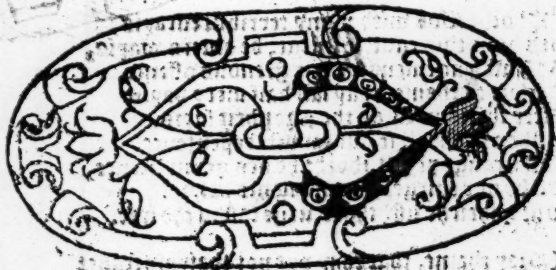
The Epistle.

In mortall men, oulie thair will aduance,
Bot principallie in God Omnipotent.
Than neid thay nor, to charge the Realme of France,
With gunnis, galays, nor vber ordinance.
Sa that thay be to God obedient.
In thir premis, he thay nocht negligent,
Display and Christis Banner, hie on hiche,
Thair enemyis of shame fall haifna miche.

Ca hence pure buke, quhilk I haif done Andres
In rurall ryme, in maner of dyspre,
Contrare the warldis variatioun.
Of Aethorik heir I proclame the quyte,
Hobolouris, A feir, fall with the fyre,
Because of thame thow makis narratioun.
Bot cure thow nocht the Indignatioun
Of Hypocritis, and fals Pharisee,
Dumbert on the, thay cry ane loud vengeance.

Citequest thageneill Asidar, that the reidis,
Thocht ane remes into thy Dark nor spreidis,
As that he may haif experien e.
Thocht thame seidis, beiris nocht bot weidis,
Zie thall beiris swigillie on thame seidis,
Desyre of thame nane ither recompence,
Bot that thav wald reid the with patience,
And gif thay be in ony way offendit,
Declair to thame, it salbe weill amendit,

1513.



The Prolog of the

of the world. Betwixt Expe-
rience, and a Courtier.

(+)

WHILE and meruelling on þ miserte
Some day to day in eech quibik doits
Of ilk trait þ instabilitie (increas
Proceeding of the restless helynes
Quhat of þis trait doits thait mynd addres
Inordinat of holingrie Courtier
Vaine gait, pait, and vther sensuall byce.

Bot tumbling in my bed, I mycht nocht ly
Quharefo; I sit furth, in a ie Day morais
Confort to get of my melancholie
Sumquhat afo;e fersche Phebus brysing
Quhare I micht hie, þ birdis sweetly sing,
In tyll ant Dark I past for my pleasure
Decoyt weill, be craft of dame Nature,

Quhow I resault confort Naturall
For ty; discerne at lenth, it war to lang
Smelling the hollum herbis medicinall
Quhare on the dulce, & balmy bew down dag
Lyke Orient perlis on the twillis hang
O; quhow that the Aromatik aboutis
Do proceed fro the tender fragrant floutis.

O; quhow that king Ethertall
Swyftly spring vp in to the Orient

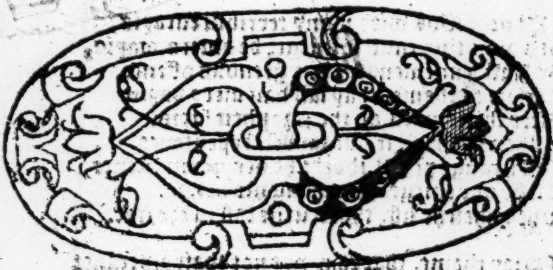
The Epistle

In myrre all men, onlie chaunce will aduance,
Bot principallie in God Omnipotent.
Than neyð thay nor, to charge the realme of France,
With gunnis, galays, nor vber ordinance,
Sa that thay be to God obedient.
In this pismis, be thay nocht negligent,
Display and Christs Banner, hie on hiche,
Thair enemyis of chame fall haif na miche.

As hence pure buke, quhilk I haif done Indee,
In rurall ryme, in maner of dyspyre,
Contrare the warldis variatioun.
Of Mithozik heir I proclame the quyte,
Idolatouris, A feir, fall with the fyre,
Because of chame thow makis narratioun,
Bot cure thow nocht the Indignatioun
Or Hypocritis, and fals Idaciffence,
Doubt on the, thay crye a loud vengeance.

Crequeit thagentill Ixidar, that the reidis,
Thocht anare remes into the Idack not spartis,
As thay in he may haif experien e.
Thocht thagene feidis, beiris nocht bot weidis,
Zit thair beiris swastie on chame feidis,
Desyre of thame nane uther recompence,
Bot that thay wald reid the wiche patience,
And gif thay be in ony way offendit,
Declair to chame, it false weill amendit.

173135.



The Prolog of the

of the world. Betwixt Expe-
rience and a Courtier.

(4)

O FENCE and meruelling on þ miserie
From day to day in eerb quiblk dofs
Of ilk sort þ instabilitie (increas
Proccoming of the restless belynes
Quhar of all that dofs that mynd addyes
Inordinat and holungrie Courtysce
Vaine glorie, vntill, and vther sensuall byce.

Bot tumbling in my bed, I mycht nocht ly
Quharfor I fure fure, in a re May moraisg
Consoyt to get of my melancholie
Sumquhar also, a fersche Phebus brypling
Quhar I micht hese, þ birdis sweetly sing,
In tyll and back I past for my pleasure
Decoyt weill, be craft of dame Nature,

Quhow I resault consoyt Naturall
For tyll discrete at lenth, it war to lang
Smelling the holsum herbis medicinall
Quhar on the dulce, & balmy dew down dag
Lyke Orient perlis on the twis tis hang
O; quhow that the Aromatik odouris
Did proceid fro the tender fragrant flouris.

O; quhow quhow that king Ethernall
Swyftly spring vp in to the Orient

THE PROLOGE

Arising in his throne I amet all
 Whose bryght and buriall beims resplendent
 Fullminat all vnto the Orient
 Confortand every corporall Creature
 Whilk formit war, in erth, be dame Nature.

Whose dook in purpur beames nocturnal
 With his embowderie inartill maner
 He left in tyll his regloun aurozall
 Whilk on hym waitit quene the moone declyne
 Toward his occident palace Vesperayne
 And rose in habite gay and glorious
 Brighter nor gold, or stones precious.

But Cynthia the hozmit nyghtis quene
 Scho lost hir lichte, and led ane lawer sail
 Fro tyme hir souerane lord that scho had sene
 And in his presence warit dych and pall
 And ouer hir vilage, kest ane mistie baill.
 So did Venus, the goddess amorous
 With Iuppiter Mars, and Mercurius.

Riches the buld Intorcat Saturne.
 Descauing Phrygis, powre his beims bryght,
 Abuse the erth, than maid he no sudgeorne
 Bot suddanlye did lose his boztowit lichte
 Whilk he durst neuer schaw bot on the nycht
 The Hole artick, Ursts, and Setris all
 Whilk situat ar in the Septentrionall.

THE PROLOG.

Ert errand schippis quihlis as þ lower gyde
 Conuoyand thame vpon the stormie niche
 Within thare frostie circle did thame hyde
 Howbeit that sterres haue none vther lichte
 Bot the reflex of Phebus beinis bychte
 That day durst none in to the heuin appeis
 Tyll he had circuite all our hemisphere.

We thocht it was ane sight celestiall
 To sene Phebus so Angellyke ascend
 In tyll his fyre chariot to triumphall
 Quhole bewte bychte, I culd not cōprehend
 All warldy cure anone did fro me wend
 Quhen fresche floza spzed furth hir tapestrie
 W:ocht be dame nature quyrnt & curiouslie.

Depaynt w mony hundzeth beutifull heuils,
 Glaid of the ryfing of thare Royall Roy
 With blomes brekand on the tender bewte
 Quhilk did prouok myne hart to natural toy
 Reptune that day and Coll, held thame coy
 That men on far micht heit the birdis sound
 Quhole noyis did to þ sterre heuin bound.

The plesād po'one, prunzād his fedym fete
 The birchfal Panets maid grete melodie
 The lustie Lark ascending in the aie
 Numerand hir naturall notis craftelle,

The

THE PROLOG.

The gay Goldspink, & Merle right merle
 The noys of the nobill Pychingallis
 Rebounde thowth mdranis, merbis & bailis
 Contempling this melodious harmonie
 Quhom euerilk bird, dyeth thame for tyll ad-
 To salute Nature, w thare melodie. (uance
 That I stude galling halfling) in aie trance
 To heere thame mak thare natural obseruace
 So rosalie, that all the roches rang
 Throuch repeticioun of yare suggur it sang
 I lose my tyme, allace for to rehers
 A vnfucteful and vaine Descriptioun
 O wyte in to my raggit rural bers
 Water without Edificatioun
 Consideting quhom that myne intentioun
 Benyall deplaze the mortall miseries
 With continuall carefull Calamiteis
 Consisting in this wretched ball of soyrrow.
 Bot sad Sentence, suld haue ane san indyte
 So termes bryght, I list not for to boxrow
 Of murning mater men hes no helyte
 With rousite, termes tharefor wpll I wyte
 With soyrrowful sickeis ascending fro splene
 And bitter tetris distelling frome myne ene.
 Without ony vane Inuocatioun
 To Minerva, or to Helpomine
 For it wpll I mak supplicatioun

THE PROLOG.

For help to Cleo, no; Calliope.
 Sic marit Duls may mak me no supple
 Proserpine I refuse and Appollo
 And cythilo Currepe, Iuppiter, and Iuno.

Quibils bene to plesand Poetis consoyting.
 Dubarefoze, because I am nocht one of the
 I do despye of thame no supporting,
 For I did neuer flesch on Petrals
 As did the Poetis of lang tyme ago.
 And speciallie the ornate Ennius
 No; thank I neuer with Hesiodus.

Of Grece, the persyte Poet Souerane
 Of Helicon the Hoys of Eloquence
 Of that mellifluous famous fresche fontane
 Dubatfoze I adw to thame no reuerence,
 I purpose nocht to mak obedience
 To sic mischeant Duls no Marumettis
 Afoze tyme blit in to Poetrie.

Raund Rhamnusia, goddess of despyte
 Nicht be to me ane Muse richt conuenable
 Geue I desir sic help for tyll indyte
 This murning mater, mad, and miserable
 I mon go seik ane Muse more confortable
 And sic vane superstition to refuse.
 Besekand the greit God to be my Muse.

We quhole wyledome al maner of thing bene **Sm.**
 the hie heuinis, w al yair oymnētis (woche

And without mater maid all thing of nocht
 Hell, in myd Center of the Elementis
 That hemmle Duse, to seek my hole intent is
 The quibill gail sapience to King Salomon
 To Dauid grace, sweetly to parrang. **(Son.**

Isaiah.
 lxxxix.
 Iuges.
 xlii.
 Psal. lxxx
 Metis. ix.

And of pure Peter, maid ane prudent Drel-
 And be the power of his deite **(chous**
 Of cruel Paule he maid ane cunning teichous
 I mon besek ryght lawly on my kne
 His hich superexcellent Watellie
 That with his heuynly spreit be me inspyze
 To wyte no thing, contrarie his desyre.

Luc. i.

Beseith and als, his souerane Sone Iesu
 Quibill was constant be the holy spreit
 Incarnate of the purispyt Virgen treu
 And in quhom the Prophecie was complet
 That prince of pecc, most humil & manswell
 Quibill vnder Plate sufferit passoun
 Upon the Croce, for our Saluatioun.

Matthew
 xxvii.
 Luc.
 xliii.
 Iho. xix.

And be that cruell deth, intolerabill
 Now sit we war frome bandis of Vellall
 And mactatouer, it was so profitabill
 That to this hour, come neuer man no; fall
 To the triumphant Joy Imperiall
 Of lyfe, howbeit that thay wat ned so gude
 Bot be the vertew of that precious blude.

Deb. ix.

Quharefor in feld, of the mont Bernaso

THE PROLOG.

Swifelle, I shall go seek my Soueraigne
To mount Caluarie & straucht way mon I go
To gett ane taill, of þe most fresche fontane
That is to seek my hart may nocht restane
Of Helicon, quhilk wes both deip and wyde
That Longinus did graue in tyll his syde.

Abp. p. 1.

Frō þe fresche fontane, spzang ane sam^e flude
Quhilk rebolett riuer, throw þe world rynnis
As chynall cleir, and myrris bene with blude,
Quhose sound abuse þe brest heuynis dinnis
Al faithful peple, purgung frō thare sinnis.
Quharefo, I shall besek his Excellence
To grant me grace, wisdom, & Eloquence.

And bath me w thosē dulce & balmy strandis
Quhilk on the Croce, did spedilie out spzang
Frō his most tender fett, and heuynlie handis
And grāt me grace, to wyte no, dyte no thing
Dot tyll his hich honour, and loud louing
but quhose suppozt pair may na gude be wzo-
til his plesur gude woik/wozd no; choche (che

Tharefo, O Lord, I pray thy Watse
As thou did schaw thy hich power deuyne
First planelie, in the Cane of Galile
That thou conuertit cold watter in wyne
Conuoy my mater tyll ane fructuous syne
And saue my sayings, bath frō schame & syn
Tak tent, fo; now I purpose to begyn.

Abp. 11.

Ane Dialog of the

miserabill estate of this world, betwixt Experience,
richer, and the Courtier.

IN TO that Park I saw appeir
One agit man quhilk drew me neir
Whose berd wes well thye quarter
his hair don ouer his schuldars (sag
The quhilk as ony soam wes quhyte (hang
Whome to behald I thocht delyte
His habitt Angellyk of hew
Of colour lyk the Saphyre blew
Under ane Holme he reposit
Of quhose presence, I was relouit
I bid hym salute reuerentlie
So did he me richt courteslie
To sit down he requestit me
Under the schaddow of that tre
To saik me frome the Sonnis belt
Amongis the flouris soft and swett
For I wes weirie for walking
Than we began to fall in talking
I speirid his name with reuerencee

Courtier.

I am (said he) Experience.

Experien.

Than schir (said I) ye can nocht fail
Ze do appeir one man of fame
And sen Experience bene your name
I pray you rather Venerabill

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Geue me sum counsaile confortabile

Quhat bene (quod he) exp- vocatioun Courtes.
 Makand sic supplicatioun

I haue (quod I) bene to this hour

Sen I could ryde ane Courtesour

Bot now father I think it best

With your counsaile to lest in rest

And frome thynne furth to tak myne eis

And quyetlie my God to pleis

And renunge Curiosite

Leupng the Court, and lerne to de.

Oft haue I salit ouer the strandis

And trauellit throuch diuers landis

Boith south, and north, and east and west

Zit can I neuer find quhat rest

Boith mak his habitation

Without your suppoztatioun.

Quhen I beleue to be best eist

Most suddandlie, I am displeist

Frome troubill quhen I fastest fle

Chan find I most aduersite

Schaw me I pray so w hartfullie

Quhow I may leue most plesandlie

To serue my God, of kingis king

Sen I am tyt for trauelleng

And lerne me for to be content

Of quyet lyfe and sober rent

That I may thank the king of gloze

As thoche I had ane Willioum moze

Sen euerilk Court bene variant

C.i.

Full of Iny and inconstant
Myght I but troubill leif in rest
Now in my age, I thynk it best

Experien. **T**how art ahe greit fule Sone (said he)
Thing to desyre, quibilk may nocht be

zarning to haue prerogatyue
Aboue all Creature on lyue
Sen father Adam creat bene
In to the Camp of Damascene
Myght no man say vnto this hour
That euer he fand persfite plesour
Nor neuer sall till that he se
God in his Deurene Maeste

Jod. vii. Quharefor preparit the for trauell
Sen niennis lyfe bene bot battell
All men begynnys for tyll be
The day of thare Natiuirtie
And Journelly thay do proceid
Tyll Itropos cut the fatal threid
And in the byue tyme that thay haue
Betwix thare birth vnto thare graue
Thow seis quhat mutabilitis
Quhat miserabill Calamitets
Quhat troubill trauell and debatt
Seis thow in euery moztall stat
Begyn at pure law Creaturis
Ascending syne to Senatouris
To greit Princis and potestatis
Thow sall nocht fynd in none estat
Sen the begynning generallie

Not in our tyme, now Spectallie
Not tedious restless besynes
But ony manner of sickness.

Contra.

Prudent Father (quod I) allace
Ze tell to me one carfull cace
Ze say that no man to this houre
Hes found in erth, perfyte plesour
Without infortunate variance
Sen we bene thral to sic mischance
Quyp do we set so our Intentis
On Ryches, Dignite, and Rentis
Sen in the erth, bene no man sure
One day but troubill yll Indure
And werst of all, quhen we leist wene
The cruell deith, we mon sustene
Geue I your fatherhede durst demand
The cause I wald fane vnderstand
And als father I now Imploze
Schaw me sum troubill gone afoze
That hering btheris Indigence
I may the moze haue pacience
Marrowis in tribulacioun
Bene wpechis consolacioun.

Experien.

Quod he, efter my small cunnyng
To the I sall mak answeryng.
Not Oydourlie for to begyn
This Miserie p:ceidris of Syn
Not it war lang to be desynit
Quhow all men ar to Syn Inclynit
Quhen Syn aboundantlie doth ring
Iustlie God maketh punischyng.

Quharefoze greit God in to his handis
To dant the world, hes diuers wandis
Efter our euill conditioun
He makis on vs punitioun
With honger, derth and Indigence
Sum tyme greit plaigis, and pestilence,
And sum tyme with his bludy wand
Thow cruell we be sep and land
Concluding all our miserie
Whocidis of Syn, alluterlie.

Courtes.

O father (quod I) declare to me
The cause of this fragillite
That we bene all to Syn inclynd
In werk in woꝝd, and in our mynd
I wald the verite wer schatwin
Quho hes this seid amang vs sawin
And quyp we ar condemnit to dede
And quhow that we may get remedde.

Experien.

(Quod he) the Scripture hes concludit
Wen frome felicitie wer denudit

Gene.iii.

Be Adam our Wyogenitour
Unquhyle of Paradyse possessour
Be quhose most wylfull arrogance
Wes Wankynnd brycht to this mischance
Quhen he wes Inobedient
In bryeking Goddis Commandement

Roma.v.

Be solistatioun of his wyfe
He lost that heuynlie pleisand lyfe
Etyng of the forbyddin tre
Thare began all our miserie,
So Adam wes cause radicall

OF THE MONARCHIE

That we bene fragill Synnaris all.
 Adam byocht in this Natioun
 Syn, Deith, and als Dampnatioun
 Quho wyl say, he is no Synner
 Christ sayis, he is ane greit lear
 Thankynd sprang furth of Adamis loynis
 And tuk of hym, flesche, blude, and bonis
 And so efter his qualite
 All at Inclynit Synnaris to be.

1. Ado. 1.

Bot sit my Sonne, dispare thow nocht
 For God that all the world hes wrocht
 Hes maid ane Souetane remede
 To sail vs botht frome Syn and dede
 And frome Eterne dampnatioun.
 Tharefoze tak consolatioun
 For God as Scripture doith recoorde
 Hauyng of Man Misertorde
 Send down his onely Sone Iesu
 Quhilk lichtit in ane Virgin treu
 And cled his hich Diuinite
 With our pure byle Humanite
 Syne frome our synnis to conclud
 He welsche vs with his pzeious blude.
 Quhowbeit thow Adam, we mon de,
 Throuch that Lord we sall raisit be
 And euerilk man he sall releue
 Quhilk in his blude doith firme beleue.
 And bying vs all vnto his gloze
 The quhilk thow Adam bene forloze.
 Withouth that we thow lack of faith

Spoca. 11

Roma. 8
 Heb. 9. 14

C. 111

Ouharefoze greit God in to his handis
To dant the warld, hes dyvers woundis
Efter our euill conditioun
He makis on vs punittoun
With honger, berth and Indigence
Sum tyme greit plaigis, and pestilence,
And sum tyme with his bludy wand
Thow cruell weir be sep and land
Concluding all our miserte
Drocidis of Syn, alluterlie.

Courto.

O father (quod I) declare to me
The cause of this fragillite
That we bene all to Syn inclynd
In werk in woꝝ, and in our mynd
I wold the verite wer schawin
Quho hes this seid amang vs sawin
And quhy we ar condemnit to dede
And quhow that we may get remede.

Experien.

(Quod he) the Scripture hes concludit
Men frome felicitie wer denudit

Gene. iii.

Be Adam our Drogenitour
Unquhyple of Paradyse possessor
Be quhose most wylfull arrogance
Wes Wankynge brocht to this mischance
Quhen he wes Inobedient
In breking Goddis Commandement

Roma. v.

Be solistatioun of his wyle
He lost that heuynlie plesand lyfe
Citting of the forbyddin tre
Thare began all our miserte,
So Adam wes cause Radicall

OF THE MONARCHIE

That we bene fragill Synnaris all.
 Noam bꝛoche in this Natioun
 Syn, Deith, and als Dampnatioun
 Quho wyl say, he is no Synner
 Christ sayis, he is ane greit lear
 Mankynd sprang furth of Adamis loynis
 And tuk of hym, flesche, blude, and bonis
 And so efter his qualite
 All ar Inclynit Synnaris to be.

1. Ado. 1.

Bot sit my Sonne, dispare thow nocht
 For God that all the world hes wꝛocht
 Hes maid ane Souerane remede
 To saif vs both frome Syn and dede
 And frome Eterne dampnatioun.
 Tharefoze tak consolatioun
 For God as Scripture doith recorde
 Hauyng of Man Mercorde
 Send down his onely Sone Iesu
 Quhilk lichtit in ane Virgin treu
 And cled his hich Diuinite
 With our pure vyle Humanite
 Syne frome our synnis to conclude
 He welsche vs with his pꝛecious blude.
 Quhowbeit thow Adam, we mon be,
 Throuch that Lord we sall raisit be
 And euerilk man he sall releue
 Quhilk in his blude doith firme beleue.
 And bying vs all vnto his gloze
 The quhilk thow Adam bene forloze.
 Withouth that we thow lack of fatty

Spoca. 11

Roma. 8
 Heb. 9. 14

C. 111

THE FIRST BVKE

- Of his Godhede incur the wozaitth
Who. iiii. Bot quho in Chyſte, firmly beleuis
 Salbe releufte frome all miſcheuuis.
Courteo. Quhat faith is that, that ze call ferme
 Schir gat me vnderſtand that terme?
Experien. Faith without Hope, and Cherite
Deuile. xi. Auailit nocht, my Sone (ſaid he)
Courteo. Quhat Cherite bene, that wald I knawe?
Experien. Quod he, my Sone that ſall I ſchaw
 Firſt luſe thy God, aboue all thing
1. Cor. xiii. And thy Nichteour, but ſenſeing
 Do none Iniure, no; belante
Jacob. ii Bot as thow wald wat done to the
 Quick faith, but cheritable werkis
 Can neuer be, as wyttis Clerkis
 More than the fyre, in til his micht
 Can be but beſt, no; Sone but licht
 Geue Cherite in to the failis
 Thy faith, no; hope, nothing auailis.
 The Deuill hes faith, & trimmillis fo; dyeld
 Bot he wantis hope, and luſe in deild.
 Do all the gude, that may be wjoche
 But Cherite all auailis nocht
 Quharefo; pray to the Trinite
 Fo; tyll ſupo;rt thy Cherite.
 Now haue I ſchawin the as I can
 Quhow father Adam the firſt man
 Brocht in the warld, boith Syn and Bede
 And quhow Chyſt Jeſu maide remede
 Quhilis on t he day of Jugement

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Shall vs deliuer from toymēt
 And bying vs to his lasting gloze
 Quibik shall indure for ever moze.
 Bot in this world thou gettis no rest
 I mak it to the manifest.

Tharefoze my Sone be diligent
 And lerne for to be patient
 And in to God, set all thy traist
 All thing shall than cum for the best.

Father I thank you hartfullie

Of your confort, and cumpante

And heuillie consolatioun
 Makand you supplicatioun
 Gene I durst put you to sic pyne
 That ze wald pleis for to deliue
 And gar me cleerlie vnderstand
 Quhow Adam brak the Lordis command
 And quhow thjob his transgressioun
 wer punist his Successioun

My Sone (quod he) wald thou tak cure

To luke on the Diuine Scripture

In to the buke of Genesis
 That hystorie thare thou shall nocht mis
 And allwa findyle cunnyng Clerkis
 Hes done techers in to thare werkis
 Of Adamis fall full Quatly
 Ane thousand tymes better no; I
 Can wyte of that vnhappy man,
 Bot I shall do the best I can
 Schoztlye to schaw that careful cace
 With the suppoit of Goddis grace.

Contico.

Experien

Gene. iii

Ane exclamation to

The Medar, Twiching the witting of
Vulgar, and Mercenall Language.

G(+)-A

GENTIL Medar, haif at me nō dysppte
Thinkeand þ Ipresūpteuosly pzeiend
In vulgar tōng, so hie mater to wyte
Bot quhairt I mys, I pray the, tyl a-
Til vnlearnit, I wald þ cause wer kend (mēd)
Of our most miserabill crauell and toymēt
And quhow in erth, no place bene permanent

Quhowbeit þ diuers deuot cūnyng Clerkis
In Latyne tōung hes writen syndre bukis
Our vuleruit knowis lytle of thare werkis
More than thay do the raving of the rukis
Quharefor to Colhearis, Carteris & to cukis
To Jok and Thome, my ryme sal be directit
With cūnyng men, quhowbeit it will be lartit.

Thocht euery cōmoun may not be one Clerk,
Nor hes no Leid, except thare tōng maternal
Quhy suld of god, þ matuello⁹ heuynlie werk
Be hid fro thame, I think it nocht fraternall
The father of heuin, quhilk wes, & is eternal
To Moises gaue, the Law on mont Sina,
Exod. xx. Nocht in to Grek, nor Latyne, I heit saye.

He waitt the Law, in Tablis hard of Stone
In thare awin vulgare language of Hebrew

OF THE MONARCHIE.

That all the Barnis of Israell euer one
Myght know the law, and so þe same ensew
Had he done wyth, in Latyne oꝛ in Greke
It had to thame bene bot ane sautres Iess
Ze may weill wit, God wyocht all for the best.

¶ Aristotell, noꝛ Plato, þe heir sane
Wozait nocht thare hie Philosophie naturall
In Duche, noꝛ Dence, noꝛ tounge Italiane
Bot in thare most oꝛnat tounge maternall
Whose same, and name dois regne ppetuall
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie
Noꝛ Cicero, the flout of Oratorie.

Wozait not in Calde language noꝛ in Greke
Noꝛ sit in to the language Saracene
Noꝛ in the naturall language of Hebrew
Bot in the Romane tounge as may be sene
Whilk wes thare pper language as I wehe
Whē Romanis rang Dominaroz, in deid
The Dynate Latyne wes thare pper leid.

In the meyn tyme, quhē þe thir bald Romance
Over all the world had the Dominoun
Waid Latyne sculis, thare gloze for til auāce
That thair lāguage micht be over al cōmour
To that intent, be my Opinioun
Craving that thair Emppre suld ay indure
Bot of forthing, alway thay wer nocht sure.

Of Languagez, the first Diuersitie
Woz maid be Goddis Blediction.

Gene. xi.

THE FIRST BVKE

Quhen Babilon was beildit in Caldee
 Those heildaris gat none ither affliction
 Afoze the tyme of that punitioun
 Wes botane tōng, quhilk Boā spak him self
 Quhare now of tōungis, thair bene thye scoze
 (and twelf,

Nochtwithstanding, I think it greit plesour
 Quhare anyng mēn, hes languagis anew
 That in thair youth, be diligent laubour
 Hes leirit Latyne Greik, and auld Hebzeu
 That I am nocht of that sort soze I rew
 Quharefoze I wald all bukis necessarye
 For our faith, wer in tyll our tōung bulgare

Settis. ii.

Christ efter his glorious Ascentioun
 Till his Discipulis send the holy Spreit
 In tōungis of sye, to that intentioun
 Thay brand of all languagis repleit
 Throuch all the warld w' wordis fair & swett
 Tyl euery mā the faith, thay suld furth schaw
 In thare awin leid, delyuerand thame f' law,

Tharefoze I think on greit derisioun
 To heir this Runnis, & sisteris nicht and day
 Syngand and sayand psalmes and Oyloun
 Not vnderstāding quhat thay sing nor say
 Bot lyke ane sikling, or ane Hopingay
 Quhilk leirit ar, to speik be lang blase
 Thame I compar, to birdis in ane cage.

Kycht so Chyldren, and Ladyis of honouris,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Poyis in Latyne, to thame ane bycrouch leid
 Humilid thair matyris, euinſag & ſaſt bou-
 thare Pater noſter, Ave, and thair Creid. (tis
 It wer als pleaſand to thare ſpreit in heid.
 God haue mercy on me, ſo; to ſay thus;
 As to ſay, *Miferere mei Deus*,

Sanct Jerome in his proper tounge ſo mane
 The law of God, he trewly did tranſlaſt
 Out of Hebrew, and Greik, in Latyne plane
 quhilk hes bene hid ſrō vs lāg time god wait
 Unto this tyme, bot eſter myne conſaſt
 Had ſanct Jerome bene bozne in tyll Argyle
 In to Iriſche tōng, his buk; had done cōpple.

Prudent ſanct Paull doith mak narratioun
 Twiching the diuers leid of every land
 Sayand thair bene moze Edificatioun
 In ſyue wordis that folk doith vnderſtand
 No; to pronunce of wordis ten thouſand
 In ſtrāge lāgage ſyne wait not quhat it menis
 I think ſic pattring is not worth twa pennis.

Col. xlii

Unlernit peple on the holy day.
 Solemnitie thay heir the Euangell ſoung
 Not knawin quhat þ preſt dois ſing no; ſay,
 Bot as ane bell, quhē that thay heir it rōung
 Zit wald the preſtis in thair mother tōung
 Was to the Pulpite, & that Doctrine declare
 Tyll lawd peple, it wer moze neceſſaire.

THE FIRST BUKKE

I wald prechers and Doctours of the Law
 With vs land people wer nicht discontent
 Thocht we in our bulgare tounge did know
 Of Christ Jesu, the lyfe and Testament
 And quhow that we schuld keip commandment
 Bot in our language, lat vs pray and reid
 Our Vater noster, Ave, and our Creed.

I wald sum Prynce, of greit Discreiton
 In bulgar language, planely gart translate
 The herdfull lawis, of this Regioun
 Than wald thare not, be half so greit debatt
 Among vs people of the lawe Chait
 Geue every man, the verite did know
 We neidit nocht, to trest thir men of law.

Thyl vs our nychebour wäg, we wald be war
 Geue we did feir, the lawis punischement
 Thare wald not be, sic byawlyng at the bar
 For men of law, lop to sic Ropall rent
 To keip the law, geue all men wer content
 And ilk man do, as he wald be done to
 The Juges wald get lytle thing ado.

The Prophete Dauid King of Israell
 Compyld þ pleland Psalmes of the Psaltate
 In his awin proper tounge as I heir tell
 And Salomon, quhilk wes his sone and aic
 Did mak his buke, in tyl his tounge bulgar
 Quhyf schuld not thair saying, be til vs schawin
 In our lāguage, I wald þ cause wer knowin

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Lat Doctours wyte thare curio^s questions
And argumentis, labin full of Sophistrie
Thare Logick, and thare hich Opinionis
Thare dikh Jugementis, of Astronomie
Thare Medecine, and thare Philosophie
Lat Poetis schaw, thare glorious ingyre
Is euer thay plets, in Grek o; in Latyne.

Bot lat vs haue the Bukis necessare
To common weill, and our Saluatioun
Iustlie translatit, in our toung Vulgare
And als I may the Supplicatioun
O gentill Redar, haue none Indignatioun
Thinkeand I well me with so hie matere
Now to my purpose fordwart wyll I fare.

The Creatioun of

Adam and Eue.

Q(+)+Q

Quhen God had maid þ heuennis bycht
The Sone, & Mone, for to gyf licht
The sterre heuyn, and Chrystalline
And be his Sapience Diuine
The Planettis in thare circles round
Quirkyng about with merie sound
Of anhome Phebus was principall
Iust in his Lyne Eclipticall
And ganr be Diuynr Sapience

Genes. i.

THE FIRST BVKE

Till every Ster that Influence
 With motion continuall
 Dubill touch induce perpetuall
 And farrest frome the heuin Emprye
 The erth, the water, air, and fyre.
 He cled the erth, with herbis and treis
 All spnd of fuschis in the sets
 All kynd of best, he did prepare
 With fouls fleing in the air.
 Thus be his word, all thing was wyocht
 Without materiall maid of nocht
 So be his wysedome Infynite
 All wes maid plesand and perfyte.
 Quhen heuin, and erth & thare contentis
 wer endit with thare Ornamentis
 Than last of all, the Lord began
 Of mosse hyle erth, to mak the man,
 Mothir of the Lilke no, of the Rose
 No, Cyper tree, as I suppose,
 Nothir of gold, no, precious stonis
 Of erth he maid flesche, blude and bonis
 To that intent, God maid hym thus
 That man suld nocht be glorious
 No, in hym self, no thing sulde se
 Bot mater of humylite.
 Quhen man wes maid, as I haue tauld
 God in his face, did hym behauld
 Brichtand in hym, ane lyflike spysit
 Quhen all thir werkis wer compleit
 He maid man to his similitude

Sene. 11.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Precelland in to pulchritude
Dottit with giftis of Nature
Aboue all erdly Creature
Syne plesandlie did hym conuoy
To ane Region repleit with Joy
Of all plesour, quibilk haie the pyce
And callit erthlye Paradyce
And byocht be Diuine prouidence
All beistis, and birdis, tyll his p[re]sence
Adame did crafterlie Impone
Ane spectall name, tyll euery one
And to all thyngis materall
He namit thame in speciall
Quhow he thame namit, sit bene kend
And salbe to the warldis end.
In to that gardyng of plesance
Two treis grew, most till auance
Aboue all oth[er], quibilk haie the pyce
In middis of that Paradyce.
The one wes callit the tre of lyfe
The oth[er] tre, began our kryfe,
The tre to know both gude and euill
Quibilk he perswasoun of the Deuill
Began our miserie, and wo,
Bot lat vs to our purpose go:

Quhow God gaue Adame craift comand
That tre to twiche nocht with his hand
All oth[er] fructis of Paradyce
He had hym eit at his deu[er]ce.
Sayand, g[if] thou eit of this tre

THE FIRST BUKKE

With dowbill deith, than saltchylde
 Therefore I the command be
 And frome this tre, thou stand a far,
 z it father Adam wes alone
 But companie of ony one
 Than thougt the Lord it necessar
 Tyll hym to create and helpar.

God par in Adam sic Sopone

Charloz to sleip, he tuke plesour,
 And laid hym down vpon the ground
 And quhen Adam wes sleip and found
 He tuke ane Rib, furth of his syde
 Syne, fillit bp, with flesche and hyde
 And made ane woman of that bone
 Fairer of soyme, wes neuer none,
 Than tyll Adam Incontinent
 That fair Lady, he did present.
 Quhill schoyllis said, so; to conclude
 Thou art my flesche, my bones, and blode.
 And Virago, he callit hir than
 Quhill is Interpret, maid of man.
 Quhill Eva, efterward was namit
 Quhen so; hir said, scho wes defamit
 Than did the Lord thame Sanctifie
 Saying Incres; and Multiplie
 Be this, men shal leif all thare byn
 And with thare wyffis mak dwellyn
 And so; thare said leif father and Mother
 And lufe thame best, aboue all byer

OF THE MONARCHIE:

For God hes ordanid thaine trewlie
 To be two Saulis, in one bodie
 My wit is wath forcyll Indyte
 Coate heuynlie plesouris Insyte
 Woes neuer none erthlie Creature
 Sen syne had sic perfyte plesure.
 Thay had puissance Imperiall
 Aboue all thing materiall.
 Als cunnyng Clerkis dots conclude
 Adam precellit in pulchritude
 Most Naturall, and the fairest man
 That euer was sen the world began
 Except Christ Iesu, Goddis Sone
 To quhome wos no comparisone
 And Eva, the fairest Creature
 That euer wos formit be Nature
 Choct thay wat naikit as thay wer maid
 No schame ether of ether had.
 Quher plesoure mycht any man haue moze
 No haue his lady byn before
 So lustie, plesand, and perfyte
 Reddy to serue his appetyte.
 Thay had none ether cure I wis
 Not past thare tyme, with Joy and blis
 Wold Beelhis did to thame repare,
 So did the fowlis of the aire
 With nois most Angelicall
 What and thame mirthis dufficall
 The fishis swamand in the strandis

My wit is wath forcyll Indyte

Since his from and

THE FIRST BVKE

Wer holelte at thare commandis.
 All Creaturis with ane accord.
 Obeyt hym, as thare souerane Lord.
 Thay sufferit nother heit nor cold
 With cuery plesour that thay wald.
 Als to the deith thay wer nocht thall
 And rychtso suld we haue bene all
 For he and all his successouris
 Suld haue possedit those plesouris,
 Syne frome that Joy materiall
 Gone to the gloze Imperiall.
 Thay had geue I can richt discryue
 Grett Joy in all thare wyttis fyue
 In heiring, seing, gusting, smelling
 Induring thare deyltelum dwelling
 Heiring the birdis harmonie
 Tasting the fructis of diuers treis
 Smelling the balmy dulce odouris
 Quhilk did proceede frome fragrant flouris,
 Seing so many heutlie herwis
 Of blomes byeking on the bewis
 Of twicheing als thay had deyle
 Of vtheris bodyis soft and quyle,
 But dout, Induring that plesour
 Thay luskit vther Paramour
 So maruell bene thocht swa suld be
 Considering thare grett betwene
 Als God gaue thame commandmentis
 To multiplie, and yll entred

OF THE MONARCHIE

That thare leid, and Successioun
Wyche pleyels euery Natioun.

I list nocht tarte till declair

All properteis of that place pdeclair

Whow herbis, and treis, grew ay grene,

No, of the temperat air serene

Whow fructis Indeficient

My alpe rype and redolent,

No, of the Fontane, no, the fludis,

No, of the flouris pulchritudis.

That mater Clerkis dois declair

Wharefo, I speik of thame na maist,

The Scripture makis no men'ioun

Whow lang thay rang in that Regioun,

Bot I beleue, the tyme wes schozt

As diuers Doctours dois report.

Of the Miserabill

Transgressioun of Adam.

FATHER: How happnit that mischāce
(Quod I) schaw me the circumstance Courtier
Declair me that cairfull care
How Adam lost that plesand place
I come hym, and his Successioun
Whow did proceid that transgressioun
(Quod he) efter my rude Ingene Experient
I sall rehers the that rewyns

Dit.

THE FIRST BVKE

When God the Plasmator of all

In to the heuin Emperfall

Did Creat all the Angellis bycht

He maid one Angell most of micht

To quhome he gaue preeminence

Above thame all in Sapience

Because all bebet he did prefer

That he wes bycht Lucifer

He wes so plesand and so fait

He thocht him self without compar,

And grew so gay and glorious

He gan to be presumptuous,

And thocht that he wald set his fait

In to the north, and mak debat

Agane the Mairke Deuyne

Whilk wes the cause of his rewyne,

For he incurrit Goddis Ire

And banyst frome the heuin Emppre

With Angellis mony one Legion

Whilkis wer of his opinioun,

Innumerabill with him thare sell,

Sum lichte in the lawest hell,

Sum in the se did mak repair,

Sum in the erth, sum in the air

That most unhappie companye

At father Adam had Inuye

Perlaung Adam and his seid

In to thair placis to succeid.

The Serpent wes the subtelles

Above all beists and crafties

Gene. iii.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Than Sathan, with ane fals intent
 Did enter in to that Serpent
 Imaginyng sum craftie wyle
 How he might Adam best begyle
 And gat hym byek commandement.
 Bot to the woman first he went,
 Treastung the better to pꝛeuall
 Full subtellie did hye assaill
 With facund wordis, fals and false
 He grew with hye familiar
 That he his purpose might auance
 Beleuand in hye Inconstance.

What is the cause, Madame (said he)
 That ze forbiddit sone plesand tre,
 Quhilk bene but peir most pꝛectous
 Quhose fruct bene most delycious?
 I Apill (quod sche) thare to accord
 We ar forbiddin be the Lord
 The quhilk hes geuin vs lyberte
 Tyll eit of euery fruct and tre
 Quhilk growis in to Paradyse,
 Byek we command, we ar nocht wyle,
 He gaue tyll vs ane strait command
 That tre to twische nocht with our hand
 Cit we of it, without remede
 He said but dont, we suld be dede.
 Beleue nocht that (said the Serpent)
 Cit ze of it Incontinent.
 Repleit ze sall be with Science

With

THE FIRST BVKE

And haue perfyte Intelligence
 Lyke God hym self, of euill and good
 Than haistelle for to conclude in pynnyng
 Hearing of this prerogatyue denied
 Scho pulkit down the fruct beleued upon
 Throuch counsell of this fals Serpent
 And eit of it to that intent
 And pat his husband in behewe
 That pleasand fructe shuld be walde
 That he shuld be als
 As the greit God Omnipotent
 Think ze norht that aye pleasand thing
 That we lyke God shuld haue
 He heitand this Narratioun
 And be his solistatioun
 Shout be pydefull ambitious
 He eit on that conditioun
 The principall peccets of this offence
 was pyde, and Inobedience and shidip
 Despying for to be Equal
 To God, the Creatour of all
 Allace Adam, quoy did thou so
 Quoy tawist thou this word
 Had thou beys constant feruor and stabbill
 Thy gloze had beys Incomparable
 Quoy was thy consideratioun
 Quoy had the Dominiatioun
 Of euery leuand Creatur
 That God had formit by Nature

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Till vse the meane at this awin deupse
 Does thow nocht pisme of Paradyse
 Wos neuer man sen syne on lyue
 That God gaue us for our agayue
 He gaue the weine about Samplon
 And capteue more than Sodom
 Young Absolon in his tyme most late
 To thy betotte was no compaite
 Aristotle thow dyt parette
 In to Philosophie miracl
 Virgill in thyll his Poetrie
 For Cicero in all Oratorie
 Was neuer half so Cloquent
 Nuhylak thow Goddys Commandment
 Nuhare wes thy wote that wote nocht flet
 Far frome the pyssence of that er
 Gave nocht thy Baker the fre will
 To tak the gode and deif the euill
 Nuhow micht thy forsa be excuse
 That Goddis commandment refuso
 Throuch thy wyllys wyl wation
 Nuhilk hes bene the occasioun
 Sen syne that many nobill men
 Be the euill rounsale of toemen
 Allutterlie dectoyit bene
 As in the histopys may be sene
 Nuhilk now we neid nocht till dectate
 Bot for to wat till our purpose late

And so the end of the first booke

WITH THE FIRST BUKET

Quhen thay had eitin of the frute,
 Of Joy thay war thay destitute.
 Chan gan thay both, for to think schame
 And to be naskit thocht Defame
 And maid thame Breikis of lewis grene,
 That thare secretis suld nocht be seene,
 Bot in the Rait of Innocence
 Thay had none sic experience
 Bot quhen thay war to Syn subiectie
 To schame and thair thay war coactie
 And in ane busk thay hid thame close
 Eschamit of the Lordis bore,
 Quhilk callit Adam be his Name
 (Quod he) my Lord; I think greit schame
 Naskit to cum to thy presence,
 Thow had none sic Experience
 (Quod God) quhen thow wes Innocent
 Quhy brak thow my commandement.
 Allace (quod Adam) to the Lord
 The verue I sall record
 This woman that thow gaue to me
 Gart me eit of zome plesand tre.
 Ryche so the woman hir excuse
 And said, the Serpent me abusit.
 Chan to the Serpent, God said thus,
 O thow Delaueit venemous,
 Because the woman thow begylet
 Frome thyne furth sall thow be exille
 Curs and barpit sall thou be,

OF THE MONARCHIE,

So fall thy seid be efter the.
Cauld erth salbe thy fude also
And creipand on thy brest fall go
Als I fall put Enemite
Betwix the woman euer and the
Betwix thy seid, and womannis seid
Salbe continuall moztall seid.
Quhowbeit thow hes wrocht thir myscheuis
It fall nocht be as thow beleuis
He seid salbe in woman sakin
That thy power salbe down thysakin,
Credding thy heid that thow may feill
And thow fall tred hym on the heill.
This was his promys, and mening
That the Immaculate Virging
Suld beir the Prince Omnipotent
Quhilk suld tred down that fals Serpent
Sathan and all his companie
And thame confound alluterlie.

(Quod I) geue Sathan prince of hell
Spak in the Serpent as ze tell
And beistis can no way syn at all
Quhy wes the Serpent maid so thysalle
I heir men say afoze that hour
The Serpent had ane fair figour
And zaid straucht by vpon his feit
And had his memberis all complet
As vcheris beistis vpon the bent.

Courtes.

THE FIRST BVKE

Experien.

(Quod he) for he wes Instrument
To Sathan, in this Miserie
Dunst he wes, as he may se.
As he experience thow may knawe
Expres in to the Common law
Ane man conuicte for Bugre
The beist is byint, als weill as he
Howbeit the beist be Innocent.
And so befell of the Serpent
It was the feynd full of despyte
Of Adamis fall quhilk had the wyte,
As he hes had of mony mo
Bot tyll our purpose lat vs go.

Than to the woman for hir offence

God did pronounce, this soze sentence:

All plesour that thow had aforro

Shall changit be in lessing sozrow.

Quhare that thow suld with mitch and Fop

Haue boine thy birth but pane o; noy

Now all thy barnis fall thow bait

With dolour and continuall cair,

And thow salbe for sucht thow can

Euer subiectit to the Man.

Be this sentence, God did conclude

women frome libertie denude,

Quhilk be experience he may se

Quhow Quenis of most hie degre

Ar vnder most subiectioun

And sufferis most cozzectioun.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

For thay lyke birdis in tyll ane cage
 At keptit ay vnder thirslage.
 So all weimen in thare degre
 Suld to thare men subiectit be.
 Quhowbeit sum sit wpll cryue for flait
 And for the maistris mak debait,
 Quhilk gif thay want, boith euin & moztow
 Thare men wpll suffer mekle sorow
 Of Cue, thay tak thar qualite
 To delyze Soueranite.

And than till Adam, said the Lord
 Because that thou hes done accord
 Thy wpll, and harknit to thy wyfe
 Now salt thou lose this plesand lyfe,
 Thou wes tyll hir obedient
 Bot thou b7ak my Commandement
 Cursit and baren the erth sall be
 Quhare euer thou gois till that thou de.
 But laubour, it sall beir no cozne
 Bot Chyrrish, Nettill, Bzeir, and Thorne,
 For fude thou gettis none vther beild
 Bot eit the herbis vpon the feild,
 Soze laubouring tyll thy browis sweet
 Frome thynge furth sall thou wyth thy mett
 I maid the of the erth certane
 And thou in erth sall turne agane.
 Than maid he thame Abilzement
 Of thynnis ane raggit bayment.

THE FIRST BVKE

Thame to pferue frome heit and cauld
 Than grew thare dolour mony sauld,
 Now Adam at se lpe tll vs
 With your gay garment glouise
 To thame thir woꝝdis, said the Loꝝd
 Than cryit thay boith Misericord
 Quhen frome that gairth with hartis soꝝe
 Banischit thay wet for euer moꝝe,
 In to this wechit ball of soꝝrow
 With daylie laubour etwin and moꝝrow
 Efter quhose doloꝝous depatting,
 The Loꝝd gaue Paradyse in keping
 Tll ane Angell of Cherubin
 That none sulde haue entres tharein,
 At the quhill entres he did stand,
 With flammand fyre swoꝝd in hand,
 To keip that Adam, and his wyfe
 Sulde nocht taik of the tre of lyfe,
 For geue thay of that tre had preiis
 Perpetuallie thay micht haue leuit.
 So Adam, and his Successioun
 Of Paradyse tynt possessioun,
 And be this Syn Originall
 wat men to Miserie maid thzall.
 My Sone now may thow cleirly se
 This warld began with miserie
 With miserie it doith pꝛoceid
 Quhose fyne sall bolour be and dꝛeid.
 Father (quod, I) quhat kynd of lyfe

Courtes.

OF THE MONARCHE.

Let Adam with his lustie wyfe eodap
Efter that baillfull banishing

(Quod he) continuall womenting

Experien

My hart hes in compassioun

Quhow thay weng wandring bp and down

Weeping with mony totes allase

That thay had lost that pleisid place

In wildernes to be exyde

Quhate thay fand nocht bot helis told

Spanneling thame for till denoze

Quhilkis all obedient war also

Father (quod I) in quhat countre

Contra

Did leif Adam, efter that he

Was banischit frome that delytte

Clerkis (quod he) hes put in wyte

Lapin

Quhow Adam dwelt with erble baill

In Hamber, in that lustie baill

Quhilk efter was the Jowis land

Quhare it his Sepulture dois stand

Ben. iii.

I list nocht tary till dyscrep

The two of Adam no; his wyfe

No; tell quhen thay had Sonnis two

Cayn, and Abell, and no mo.

No; quhow cursit Cayn, for Inuy

Did slay his brother cruelly

No; of that murning, no; of thare mene

Quhen thay but Sonnis wer left allone

Abell lay flane vpon the ground

Cursit Cayn flemit, and Uacabound

THE FIRST BVNEIO

Noz quhow God of his speciall grace
 Send thame the chyns done fait of face
 Most lyke Adam, of fleische and blude,
 Seth was his name, gracious and gude
 Noz quhow blnd Lamech, rakkellie
 Did slay Cayn unhappelle.
 Adam as Clerkis doits discryue
 Begat with Eve his wofull wyue,
 Of Ben Chilozen, chyetie and two
 And of Dochteris alke also.
 Be this thow may well understand
 That Adam saw mony ane thousand,
 That of his body did descend
 O he out of the world did wend.
 Adam leuit in erth but weir
 Compleit, nyne houndyeth and thretty yere
 And all his dayis war bot sozrow
 Remembryng both eyn and moztow
 Of Dadaue the prosperitie
 And syne of his grete Miserte.
 His hart micht neuer bereioisit
 Remembryng quhow the heuin wes cloisit
 Frome hym, and his successioun,
 And that be his transgressioun.
 Efter his deith, as I heit tell
 His soule descendit to the hell
 And thare remanit prersonit
 In that Dungeoun, the thousand yere
 And mozt, so did both euill and gude.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

All Christ for shame had scheld his blude,
 Than be that most pious that found him;
 That ther deliuerd it of pious men when time
 I haue declarit now as I can, and standeth
 The Disease of the first man.

Quhom God

Destroyt all beauid Creaturs in
 with for syn, And pious
 shame beane terrible
 Flude, in the time of
 Noe.

PRUDENT Father Experience
 Declare to me, or se go hence
 What was the cause God destroyt
 All Creature in the time of Noe
 (Quhom he) I triumph for to tell
 That Infortune, quhom it befell

Courtesy

Experience

The cause hence so abominable
 And the matter so miserable
 Bot for to schew the Circumstances
 Manifeste of that mischance.
 First I mon get the vnderstand
 Quhom Adam gaff expres command

14. 3433

Gene. 22.

Gen

14. 3433

THE FIRST BVKE

That those quiblis come of Sethis blude
 Because that wer gracious and gude
 Suld nocht contract with Carnis kyn
 Quiblis wer Inclinit all to syn
 Till obserue that commandement
 Cayn past in to the Orient
 With his wyfe, callit Calmar
 Quiblis was his own Spidral wa.
 Quhare his offsprig did lang remane
 Beside the montane of Cathare
 And Seth did lang tyme lede his lyfe
 With Delboya, his prudent wyfe
 Quiblis was his syster gud and fair
 In Damascene maid that repair
 In that countre of Sethis clan
 Discendit mony-holy man
 So lang as Adam wes leuand
 Quiblis did obserue command
 Quhen he wes dede, and laid in ground
 And peple greitly did abound
 And Cayn slane, as I haue schawin
 And Sethis dayis, all ouer blawin
 The Sonnis than of Sethis blude
 Heand the pleisand purchour
 Of the Ladyis of Carnis kyn
 Quhowbeit that knew well it wes syn
 Oppressioun sentuall in his rage
 Tak thame in to Marriage.
 And so corruptit wes that blude
 The gude with euill, and euill with gude.

Sene. vi.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Tell that Image thay prayit all
 And changit his Name as I heir tell
 From Belus, to thare gret God Well
 In that tempill he did deuise
 Priestis for til mak Sacrifice,
 Be consuetude, than come ane law
 None vther God that thay wald know
 And als he gait to that Image
 Of Sanctuarie the Priuilege
 For quhat sum euer tragettour
 Ane homicide, or Oppressour
 Seand that Image in the face
 Of thare guilt gat the kyngis grace.

I Declare to me, sweet schir (said I)
 Wes thare no more Idolatrye
 Efter that this fals Idole Well
 Wes thronit vp, as ze me tell.

Courtes.

My Soune (said he) incontinent
 The nouellis throuch the world thay went
 Dubow kyng Ninus, as I haue said
 Ane curious Image he had maid
 To the quhilk all his Natioun
 Paid deuote adoration
 Than euery Countre take consait
 Thay wald kyng Ninus conterfait
 Duben ony famous man wes deid
 Sett vp one Image in his steid
 Dubilk thay did honour frame the splene
 As it Immozfall God had bene

Experien.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Imagis sum maid for the nonis
 Of fyne gold, sum of stobis and stonis
 Of syluer sum, and Cuier bone
 With diuers names till eueryone
 For sum thay callit Saturnus
 Sum Iuppiter, sum Neptunus
 And sum thay callit Cupido
 Thare God of lufe, and sum Pluto
 Thay callit sum Mercurius
 And sum the wyndie Colus
 Sum Mars maid lyke ane man of wele
 Enarmit weill with sworde and speir
 Sum Bacchus, and sum Apollo
 Of names thay had ane houndreth mo,
 And Ruben one Lady of greit fame
 Wes dede, for till exalt hit name
 Ane Image of hit portrat out
 Walde sett by in ane Natour
 The quhilk thay callit thare goddes
 As Venus, Iuno, and Pallas,
 Sum Cleo, sum Proserpina
 Sum Ceres, Vesta, and Diana,
 And sum the greit goddes Mynerue
 With curious colouris thay wald carue
 Among the Poetis, thou may see
 Of fals goddis, the genealogie,
 So thir abhominacionis
 Did spreid ouerthorral Nattonis
 Except gude Abraham, as we reid

Quhilk honourit God, in worde and dede
For Abzaham had his beginning

In to the tyme of Ninus king
Ninus begane with tyrannie
And Abzaham with humilitie
Ninus began the first Impyre,
Abzaham, of weir, had no desyre

Ninus began Idolatrie
Abzaham in spzeit and veritie
He prayit to the Lorde alone
Fals Imagerie, he wald haue none

Of him descendit, I heir tell
The twelf Tribis of Israell
Thir pepill maid adozatioun
With humyll supplicatioun
Tyll him quhilk wes of kingis king
That heuin and erth, maid of na thing
Dede Imagis, thay held at nocht
That wer with mennis handis wrocht
Bot the almyghtie God of lyfe,

Whi Sone now haue I done discryfe
Thir questionis, at thy commande.

The quhilkis thou did at me demande.

Quhat wes the cause (schir mak me sure)

Idolatrie did so lang indure
Outthrouch the warlde so generallie
And with the Gentilis specialle:

(Quod he) sum causis principall

I fynde in my memorie
First wes throuch Wyntis commandement
Quhilk did Idolatrie inuent

Courtes.

Experien.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Synne singular profite of the Preistis
 Payntour, Goldsmithis, Masonis, Wrightis
 Thir men of craft, full curiouslie
 Maid Imagis so plesandlie
 And sauld thame for ane sumptuous pryce
 So be thare crafty Merchandye
 Thay wer maid riche abone mesure,
 As for the Preistis, I the assure
 Large profite gat ouerthort all landis
 Throuch Sacrifice, and offerandis
 And be thare fayned sanctitude
 Abusit mony one man of gude,
 As in the tyme of Daniell
 The Preistis of this Idoll Well
 Quhen Nabuchodonosor King
 In Babilon royallie did ring
 Thir preistis the king gart vnderstand
 That Image maid be niennis hand
 He wes ane glorious God of lyfe
 And had sic ane prerogatyfe
 That be his greit power deupne
 Wald eit Beif, Buttoun, Bred, and hogne
 And so the king gart every day
 Afoze Well on his autler lay
 Fourty fresche hedderis fat and syne
 And sargeen Rowbouris of wiche hogne
 Twelf greit Louis, of bowtit flour
 Quhilk wes all eutin in one hour
 Nocht be that Image deif and dum

Daniell,
 iii.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Bot be the Priestis all and sum
As in the Bibill thow may ken
Whose noummer wer thzee scoze and ten,
Thay, and thare wyfis euerilk daye
Sit all that on the Altar lape
Than Daniell in conclusioun
Schew the King thare abusoun
And of thare subteltye, maid him sure
Whow vnderneath the tempill flure
Throuch ane passage thay come be nyght
And eit that meit with candill licht.

The King quhen he the mater knew
Thit priestis, with al thare wyffis he slew
Thus subtellie the kyng was splyt
And all the peple wer begplyt
My Sone (said he) now may thou ken
Whow be the Priestis, and craftismen
And be thare craftines and cure
Idolatrie, did so lang indure.

Behauld quhow Ihone Boccassius
Hes wyrtin worthis wondrous
Of Gentilis supersticioun
And of thare greit abusoun
As in his greit Booke thow may see
Of fals Goddis, the Genealogie
Of Demogorgon, in spectall
Foze Grandeschir, tyll the Goddis all
Honourit among Archadians
And of the fals Philistians

THE SECVNDE BVKE

iii. Reg.
xi.

With thare greitt deuylliche god Bagon
 With vberis Idolis mony one
 Bot I abhor the treuth to tell
 Of the Princis of Israell
 Chosin be God Omnipotent
 How thay brak his Commandement,
 King Salomon, as the Scripture sayis
 He dotit in his latter dayis
 His wantoun wyffis to compleis
 He curit nocht God till displeis
 And did commit Idolatrie
 Worshipping caruit Imagerie
 As Moloch god of Ammonites
 And Chamos, god of Moabites
 Asaroeth, god of Sydoniens
 So for his inodediens
 And so will abhominatioun
 Wer punist his successioun
 His sonne Roboam, I heit tell
 Cinte the ten Tribis of Israell
 For his fatheris Idolatrie
 As in the Scripture thou may see,

FINIS.

Of Imagis vsit

Amang Chyristin Men.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

FATHER sit ane thing I wald speir
Behalde in euery kirk and Queir
Throuch Chriſtindome in Burgh and land
Imagis maid, with mannis hand
To quhome bene geuin, diuers names
Sum Peter, & Paule, sum Ihone, & James
Sanct Peter caruit with his keyis,
Sanct Michael with his wyngs and wepis,
Sanct Katherine, with hir ſworde & quheill,
Anc Hynd sett bp beſyde ſanct Geill
It war to lang; for till diſcrpue
Sanct Francis with his woundis ſpue,
Sanct Credwall als thare may be ſene
Quhilk on ane pꝛick hes baich hir ene,
Sanct Paul weill payntit with ane ſworde
As he wald ſecht at the firſt worde,
Sanct Apolline on alter ſtandis,
With all hir teith, in tyll hir handis,
Sanct Roche weill ſeiſit men may ſee
Ane byll new brokin on his thee,
Sanct Cloy he dois ſtattly ſtand
Ane new hoſe ſcho in till his hand
Sanct Niniane of ane rottin ſtok
Sanct Doutho boꝛrit out of ane blok,
Sanct Andꝛow with his Croce in hand,
Sanct George vpon ane hoſe rydand,
Sanct Anthonie sett bp with ane ſow,
Sanct Byrde weill caruit with ane tow,

Courtes,

THE SECVNDE BVKE

With coullie colouris fyne and faire
 Ane thousande mo, I mycht declare
 As sanct Cosme and Damiene,
 The Sowtaris sanct Crispiniane,
 All thir on altare staitly standis
 Preistis cryand fo; thare offerandis,
 To quhome we Commonnis on our kneis
 Dois worschip all thir Imagereis,
 In kirk, in Queir, and in the closter
 Payand to thame our Vater noster,
 In Pilgramage frome town to town
 With offerand, and with oyloun
 To thame ay babland on our beidis
 That thay may help vs in our neidis
 Quhat differis this declare to me
 Frome the Gentilis Idolatrie

Experien.

Coff that be trew that thou reportis
 It gois richt neir thir samyn soztis
 Bot we be counsall of Clargie
 Hes lycence to mak Imagerie
 Quhilk of vnlearnit bene the bukis
 For quhen laic folk vpon thame lukis
 It bringis to remembrance
 Of Sanctis lyuis the circumstance,
 Quhow the faith for to fortifie
 Thay sufferit paine richt patientlie,
 Seand the Image of the Rude
 Men sulde remember on the Blude
 Quhilk Christ in till his Passioun

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Did schede for our Saluation,
O quhen thou seis ane portraiture
Of blyssit Marie Virgine pure
One bonny Babe vpon his knee
Chan in thy mynde remember thee
The wordis quhilk the Propheet said,
Quhow scho sulde be baith Mother & maid.

Bot quho that sittis down on thair kneis
Prayand tyll ony Imagereis
With Oylone or offerand
Kneland with cap in to thare hand
No difference bene I say to thee
Frome the Gentiles Idolatrie.

CRicht so of diuers Nationis
I reid the abhominatiounis
Quhow Grekis maid thair deuotioun haill
To Mars to saif thame in battaill
Till Iuppiter, sum tuke thare bayage
To saue thame frome the Roymis rage
Sum prayit to Venus, frome the splene
That thay thare luffis micht obtene
And sum to Iuno, for ryches
Thare pilgramage thay wald addres.

So dois our coummoun populare
Quhilk war to lang for till declare
Thare superstitious pilgramagis
To mony diuers Imagis
Sum to sanct Roche with diligence
To saif thame frome the pestilence

THE SECVNDE BVKE

For thare teith to sanct Ipolline,
 To sanct Tredwell, to mend thare ene,
 Sum makis offerand to sanct Cloy
 That he thare hoyle may weill conuoy,
 Thay ryn, quhen thay haue Iowellis tinte
 To seik sanct Syth oz euer thay stint,
 And to sanct Germane to get remeid
 For Malabets in to thare heid,
 Thay byng mad men on fute and hoys
 And byndis thame to sanct Mongois cros.
 To sanct Barbara thay cry full fast
 To saif thame frome the thonder blast
 For gude Nouellis as I heir tell
 Sum takis thare gait to Gabriel.
 Sum wyffis sanct Margaret dois exhort
 In to thare byrth thame to suppozt
 To sanct Anthony to saif the cow,
 To sanct Byrde to keip Calf and kow,
 To sanct Sebastiane, thay ryn and ryde
 That frome the schot he saif thare syde
 And sum in hope to get thare haill
 Rynnis to the auld Rude of Kerrail.
 Mowbeit thir simple pepill rude,
 Theynd thare intentioun be bot gude,
 Mo be to Preistis I say for me.
 Muhlil suld schaw thame the veritie.
 Prelatis quhilkis hes of thame the cure
 Sall mak answeir thair of be sure
 On the greit day of Iudgement.

Quhen no tyme beis fo; repent
Quhare manysfest Idolatrie
Sall punist be perpetuallie.

Ane exclamatioun

Aganis Idolatrie.

IMPRVDENT Peple, Ignorant & blind
Be quhat reason, Law, or auctoritie
Or quhat autentick Scripture can ye find
Lefum fo; till commit Idolatrie
Quhilk bene to bow your body or your kne
With deuote humpill adozatioun
Till ony Idoll maid of stone or tre
Seuand to thame offerand or oblatioun.

Quhy do ye giue the honour laude and gloze,
Vertenpung God, quhilk maid al thing of not,
Quhilk wes, and is, and salbe euer moze,
Tyll Imagis be mennis handis wrocht
Of sulysche folk, quhy haue ye succour socht
Of thame quhilk can not help yow in distress
Zit reasonably reuolf in to your thoche
In stok, nor stone, can be none holynes.

In the desert the peple of Israell
Moses remanyng in the mount Synay
Thay maid ane moltin Calf of fyne mettell,
Quhilk thay did honour as thare god betray
Bot quhen Moses descendit Thair lay
And did consider thare Idolatrie

Exodi.
xxxii.

Hii.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Of that peple, thre thousand gart he slay
As the Scripture at lenth dois testifie,

Daniell.
xliii.

¶ Because the holy Propheet Daniell,
In Babylon Idolatrie repretit
And wald not worschip thare fals idoll Bell,
The hole peple at him wer so aggreuit
To that effect, that he suld be mischeuit
Delyuerit him to rampand Nyonis seuin,
Bot of that dangerous den, he wes releuit
Throuch mirakle of the greit God of heuin.

Dant. lii.

¶ Behauld quhow Nabuchodonosor king,
In to the baill of Duran, did prepare
One Image of fyne gold, one muuallo^r thing
Thre scoze of cubitis hich, and sax in square
As moze cleitlie, the Scripture dois declare
To quhome all peple be proclamattoun
With bodyis bowit, and on thare kneis bare
Rycht humillie thay maid ado^rattoun.

¶ One greit wonder, that day wes sene also
Quhow Nabuchodonosor, in his Ire
Take Sidrach, Misach, and Abednago
Quhilk wald not bow thare kne at his desyre
Eyll that Idoll, gart cast thame in the fyre
For to be bynt, or he sterit of that stede
Quhen he beleuit, thay wer bynt bone & lyre,
Wes not cōsumit ane small hair of thair hede
¶ The Angel of the Lord wes w thame sene

OF THE MONARCHIE.

In that hate furnels passing vp and down
In tyll ane rosie Garth, as thay had bene
None spot of fyre, displaying cot nor gown,
At victorie thay did obtene the croun
And wer to thame, that maid adozatioun
To that Idoll, o: bowt thare body down
Ane witnessling of thare Dampnatioun.

Quhat wes the cause at me thou may demā
That Salomon vsit none Inragetie
In his triumphat Temple for till stāde
Of Abraham, Ysac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor of Moyses, thare sauegard throug p see
Nor Josue, thare battell and Campioun:
Because God did command the contrarie
Thay sulde not ble sic supersticioun.

Exod. xx
Deut. v.

Behald quhow the greit God omnipotent
To pserue Israell frome Idolatrie
Directit thame ane strait commandement
Thay suld nocht mak, none castit, Inagerie
Nothet of gold, of siluer, stone, nor tre
Nor giue wo: schip till ony similitude,
Beand in heuin, in erth, nor in the see
Bot onelie till his Souerane celliude.

The Prophet Dauid, planely did repleue
Idolatrie to thair confusioun
In grauit Rob. o: stone, that did belene,
Declaryng thame thare greit abusioun

Baru. vi.
Isai cxi

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Spekand in maner of derisioun,
 Quhow dede Idolis be mens hādīs w:ochē
 Quham thay honourēt, with humill oyloun
 Wer in the merket daylie sauld and bocht.

The Deuillis seand the euill conditoun,
 Of the Gentilis, and thare unfaithfulnes
 For tyl agment, thare superstitioun
 In those Idolis, thay maid thare entres.
 And in thame spak, as Rooyis dois expres
 Than men beleuit of thame to get releif
 Askand thame help, in all thare besynes
 Bot finallie that turnit to thair mischeif.

O Trast weill in thame, is none Diuinitie.
 Quhē reik & roust, thair fair colour dois said
 Thocht thay haue feit one fute thay cā not fle
 Quhowbit ē tempil bren abone thare heid
 In thame is nother freindschip noz remeid
 In sic figuris quhat sauour can ze finde
 With mouth & eiris, & ene thocht thay be mast
 All men may see, thay ar dum, deif, & blind.

Quhowbeit yat fal doun flattingis on ē flure
 Thay haue no strench thare self to rais agane
 Thocht rattontis outt yam rin yat tak no cure
 Howbeit thay bzek yat nek yat feil no paine.
 Quhy suld mē Psalmis to thame sing o: sane
 Sen growand treis, that zeirly deris frute
 Ar moze to p:asse, I make it to the plane
 Noz cuttit stockis wanting baith crop & rute.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Of Edinburgh, the greit Idolatrie,
And manifest abhominatioun,
On thare feist day, all Creature may see
Thay beir ane ald stok Image thow þ town
With talbzone, trumpet, schalme, & clarioun
Quibilk hes bene blit, mony one zett bigone
With prestis, and fteris, in to pzocestioun
Siclyke as Bel wes bozne throuch Babilon.

Escame ze nocht ze seculare prestis & fteris
Till so greit superstitioun to consente
Idolateris ze haue bene mony zettis
Expres agane the Lordis commādement.
Quharefoz byether I counsale zow repent
Giue no honour, to caruit stok, noz stoue
Giue laude and gloze, to God Omnipotent
Allanerlie, as wpselis wyttis Ihone.

Ip on zow fteris, that blis for to pzeche,
And dois assist to sick Idolatrie
Quhy do ze nocht the Ignorant peple teche
Quhow ane dede Image caruit of one tre
As it wer holy suld nocht honourit be
Nor bozne on Burges backis bp and down.
Bot ze schaw planelis zour Hypocritis
When ze pas forrest in pzocestioun.

Ip on zow fosteraris of Idolatrie,
That till ane dede stok dois sick reuerence

THE SECVNDE BVKE

In p[re]sens of the peple, publikehie.
 Feir ze nocht God, to commit sic offences
 I counsaile zow, do zit your diligence
 To gar suppressie sic greit abusoun
 Do ze nocht so, I dreid your recompence
 Salbe nocht ellis bot clene confusoun.

Had sanct fr[an]ces, bene bozne out thow þ[er] t[er]m
 O; sanct Dominik, thocht ze had not refusit
 With thame till haue past in p[ro]cessioun
 In tyll that case, sum wald haue zow excusit.
 Now m[er]e may see, quow that ze haue abusit
 That nobill toun, thouch your hypocritie,
 The peple trowis þ[er] thay may richt weill blit
 Duhen ze pas with thame in to companie.

Sum of zow hes bene quiet counsallouris,
 Prouokand Princis, to sched saikles blude
 Quhilk neuer did your prudēt p[re]decessouris
 Bot ze lyke furious Phariseis denude
 Of cheritie, quhilk rent Christ on the rude
 For Christis flok, without malice o; Ire,
 Conuertit fragill saltouris I conclude
 Be Goddis wo;de, without sword o; fyre.

Agathew
 xviii.

Reid ze not quow, þ[er] Christ hes geui cōmā,
 Giue thy b[ro]ther doith oucht the till offend,
 Than secretlie correct him hand for hand
 In freindlie maner, o; thou forþer wend.
 Giue he wil nocht heir the, than mak it kend

OF THE MONARCHIE

Tyll one oꝝ two, be trow narratioun.

Eyf he foꝝ thame, will not his mys amend

Declare him to the Congregation.

And giue he sit remanis obstinate

And to the holy kirk Inconueniabil

Chan like ane Turk bald him excommunicate

And with all faithfull folk abhominabil

Banishing him, that he be no moze abill

To dwell among the faithfull cumpnile

Quhen he repentis, be nocht vnmetabol

Bot him resauie againe rich tenderlie.

Bot our dum Doctours of Diuinitie,

And ze of the laste fonde Religions,

Of pure Transgressours, ze haue no pittie

Bot cryis to put thame to confusioun,

As cryit the Howis, foꝝ the effusioun

Of Christis blude in to thair birnand Ico

Crucifige, so ze with one vnioun

Cryis fy, gat cast that saltour in the fyre.

Unmercifull memberis of the Antichrist,

Extolland your humane traditioun

Contrathe Institutioun of Christ

Effet ze nocht Diuine punitioun

Thocht sum of zow be gude of conditioun

Reddy foꝝ to resauie new recent wyne

I speik to zow au lo Bokes of perditoun

Returue in tyme, oꝝ ze tyn to rewyue,

Mathew

xv.

Ephl. vi.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

iii. wes.
xviii.

As ran the peruerst Prophetis of Baall,
Quhilkis did consent, to the Idolatrie
Of wickit Achab, king of Israell
Quhose noumer wer four hundzeth & fyfthe,
Quhilkis honouret that Idoll oppinlie
Bot quhen Elias, did preue thare abusioun
He gart the peple slay thame cruellie
So at one hour come thare confusioun.

20 I praye you prent in your remembrence.
Quhow the reid freiris, for thare Idolatrie
In Scotlând, Inglând, Spaine, Italy, & Fra-
Upō one day, wer punisshit pietousslie. (ce
Behald quhow souer awin byethet now latly
In Duchelând, Inglând, Denmark, & Norway
Ar trampit down, with thare Hypocrisie,
And as the snaw ar meltit clene away.

I meruell your Bischoppis think no schame
To giue you freiris sick preeminence,
Till vse thare office, to thare greit defame
Byeeking for thame, in oppin audience.
Bot michtane bischop eik til his awin expens
For ilk Sermon ten Ducatis in his hand,
He wald or he did want that recompens
Go pryche him self, baith in to burgh & land.

¶ I traist to see gude Refozmation,
From tyme we get ane fatchful prudent king

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Quhilk knawis p̄truet̄h, and his vocatioun
 All Publiantis, I traist he will down th̄ing
 And will nocht suffer in his realme to ring
 Corruptit Scribis, nor fals Pharisiens,
 Agane p̄truet̄h, quhilk planely dois making
 Till that king cum, we man tak patience.

Now fairwell freindis, because I cā not flyte
 Quhowbeit I culd se man hold me excusit
 Nocht I againe Idolatrie Indyte,
 O; shame dyspyte that will nocht sit refusit,
 I pray to God, that it be no more vlit
 Among the reuolatis of this Regioun,
 That commoun peple be no more abusit
 Bot gif him gloze, that bait the cruell crown.

Quhilk teicht vs, be his diuine Scripture,
 Tyll richt prayer, the persyte redde way
 As wyttis Mathew, in his sext Chepture
 In quhat maner, and to quhō we suld pray,
 One schozt compendious oysone euerilk day,
 Most p̄ffitabill, for baith body and saull,
 The quhilk is nocht directit I heir say
 To Iohn, nor James, to Peter, nor to Paul,

I Nor to none ither of the Apostlis twelf
 Nor to no Sanct, nor Angell in the Heuin,
 Bot onelie tyll our Father God him self
 Quhilk Oysone it doith contene full euin
 Most p̄ffitabill for vs petitiouis sein,

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Quibilk we lauid folk, the Pater Noster call;
 Thocht we say psalmes, nyne, ten or elleuyn;
 Of all prayes this bene the princippall.

Be resoun of the maker, quibilk it mase;
 Quibilk wes the Sone of God, our saluour
 Be resoun als, to quhome it sulde be said,
 Till the father of heuin, our Creatour,
 Quibilk dwellis nocht in tempill no; in toun;
 He cleirly seis our thoche, will, and intent
 What nedis vs, at vtheris seik surcoun
 Quhen in all place, his power bene present,

Ze pynctis of the preistis, that sulde preche
 Quhy suffer ze so greit abusioun
 Quhy do ze nocht the sempill peple teche
 Quhow, & to quhome, to dres thair orisoun
 Quhy thole ze thame, to ryne fro toun to toun
 In pilgramage, till ony Imageris
 Hopand to get thare sum Saluatioun
 Prayand to thame, deuotlie on thare knels.

This wes the practik of sum Pilgramage.
 Quhen Fillokis in to spye, began to son
 With Ioke, & Thome, thā take pat thair day.
 In Augus, to the seuld chapel of dyon: (age
 Than bittok thare als cadye as aile Con
 Without regard other to syn or schame
 Gaue thome self, at laier to loup on
 Far better had bene, till haue biddin at hame,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

I haue sene pas, one inuuallo^r multitude
 Young men & women, flyng and on thair feet
 Under the forme, of fenseit sanctitude
 For till adozne, ane Image in Lozeit,
 Mony come with thare marrowis for to mett
 Committand thare soull Fornicatioun
 Sum kisset the claggit saill of the Armeit,
 Quhy thole ze this abhominatioun:

Of Fornicatioun and Idolatrie
 Apperandie ze take bot litill cure,
 Seand the maruellous Infelicitie
 Quhilk hes so lang done in this land indure
 In your defalt, quhilk hes the charge & cure
 This bene of treuth, my Lordis W^{or}our leue
 Sic pilgramage hes maid mony ane hure
 Quhilk gif I plesit, planelie I mecht preue,

Quhy mak ze nocht, the scripture manifest
 To pure pepill, twiching Idolatrie:
 In your preching, quhy haue ze nocht exprest
 Quhow many Kingis of Israell cruellie
 Wer punessit be God, so rigorousslie:
 As Jeroboam, and mony mo but dout
 For w^{or}schipping of caruit Inuagetic
 War frome thare Realmes rudlie rutit out,

lit. reg.
 xiii.

Quhy thole ze vnder your Dominatioun,
 Ane craftie P^{re}ist, or fenseit fals Armeit
 Abuse the peple of this Regioun

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Onelie for thare particular profite
 And speciallie that Prince of Laurell
 He pat the Commonn pepill in beleue
 That blind gat sight, & cruik gat thare felle
 The quhilk that Balhard no way cā appene

Ze marpit me that hes trim wantoun wyffis
 And lussy douchteris of young & tender age,
 Quhois honestie se sulde lufe as your lyfis
 Permit thame nocht to pas in pilgramage
 To seik support at ony stok Image,
 For I haue wittin, gude wemen pas fra hame
 Quhilk hes bene trappit with sic lustis rage,
 Hes done retorne baith w gret syn & schame.

Get vp, thou slepis all to lang, O Lord.
 And mak ane hailste Reformation
 On thame quhilk dois tramp dōn thy grati-
 And hes ane'daidly indignatioun (ous word
 At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun
 Of thy Gospell, schawing the veritie.
 O Lord, I mak thee supplicatioun
 Support our faith, our hope, and Cheritie.

FINIS.

How king Ninus

Beildit the gret Citie of Ninue. And quhow
 he Vincust Zoarastes the King of
 Bactria.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

THIS Ninus of Assyria King
 When he had maid his Conquesting
 To Beild ane Citie, he him drest
 Chusing the place, quhare he thocht
 Quhare he had first Dominion (best
 In Assyria his awin Region
 Thocht Assur as the Scripture sayis
 Quhilk come afoze King Ninus dayis
 And foundit that famous Citie
 The quhilk was callit Ninue
 Bot as rebellis Drobore
 Ninus that Citie did decoze
 So maruellous Triumphantlie
 As ze sall heir Immediatlie
 Upon the flude of Euphrates
 Quhilk to behauld, greit wonder wes.
 Twe hundreth and fiftie flagis
 That Citie wes of lenth I wis.
 The wallis ane hundreth fute of hicht
 No wonder was thocht thay wer wicht.
 Sic byid abuse the wallis thare was
 Thre cartis mycht sydlings on thame pas.
 Four hundreth flagis, and four scoze
 In circute but myn oz moze
 Of towris about thole wallis I wene
 Ane thousand, and fyue hundreth bene.
 Of hicht two hundreth fute and moze
 As wyrtis, famous Diadoze.
 The Scripture makis mentoun

Gene. x.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Jonas. liti Quhen God send Jonas to that town
To schaw thame of his punischement
Outthroughe the Citie quhen he went
The dayis Jorday, till him it wes
The Bibyll sayis, it wes no les.

Experien. My Sone, now haue I schawin to thee
Of the building of Ninue
For the agimenting of his fame
Ninus gart call it efter his name.

Quhen he that greit Citie had endit,
To conques moze zit he intendit,
And did depart frome Ninue
And rasit vp ane greit Armie
Of the maist stalwart men and Rout
Of all his Regionis round about.
In greit ordour take thare Jorday
Toward the Realme of Bactria.
Of mightie fute men, I vnderstand
He had seuintene hundreth thousand
Withouth horsmen, and weirlie cartis
Whome he ordourit in sundry partis
Nuhills till dyscrue I am nocht abill
Nuhole noumer bene so vntrowabill,

Zoroastes, that nobill King
Nuhills Bactria, had in gouerning,
That prudent Prince, as I heir tell
Did in Astronomie precell
And fande the Art of Magica
With Naturall Science mony ma

OF THE MONARCHIE.

He and king Ninus on the feild
 Ford warre he come, with speir and scheild.
 Four hundred thousand men he wes
 In his Armie there wes no les.
 And met king Ninus on the bordour
 Ryght bailzeantlie, and in gude ordour.
 On the Vangarde of his Armie
 On thame he ruscht ryght rudelle.
 And of thame slew as I heit say
 Ane hundred thousand men that day.
 The rest that chapit war vnslane
 To Ninus greit oist fled againe.

Of that king Ninus wes so noyt,
 He resist neuer tyll he distroyt
 All hole that Region vp and doun
 And frome the king did reif the croun,
 And maid the Realme of Bactria
 Subject tyll Affria.
 And in that samyn land I wis
 He tuke to wyfe Semiramis.
 Duha (as myne Auctour dois discryue)
 Was than the lustiest on lyue.
 That he and done without ludgeoyne
 Tyll Ninus he did returne
 With greit tryumphe of victorie
 As myne auctour dois specifie
 Boith Occident and Orient
 War all till him obedient.
 It wald abhoze the till heit red

THE SECVNDE BVKE

The saikles blude that he did shed.
 When he had rought as thou may heie
 The space of thye and fourty yeir
 Beand in his excellent gloze.
 The dolent deith did him deuoze.
 In quhat sozte I am nocht certane
 Sum ductoz sayis that he wes slane
 And left tyll byrke his heritage
 One lytle Babe of tender age
 Young Ninus wes the Chyldis name
 Whilk efter flourishit in greit fame.
 Sum sayis that be his wyffis treasoun
 King Ninus deit in presoun.
 As I shall schaw, or I hyne saie
 How Diodore hes done declair.

Of the wonderfull

Deidts of the Quene Semiramis.

NINVS luffit so ardentlie,
 Semiramis his fair Ladie
 Thare wes no thing scho wald command
 Bot all obeyit wes fra hand
 Scho leand him so Amorous,
 Scho grew proude and presumptuous,
 And at the king scho did desyre
 To gouerne his Empire.

OF TE MONARCHIE.

And he of his beneuolence
Did grant hit that preeminence
With Sceptour, Crown, and Rob Royall
And hole power Imperfall,
Tyll tyme dapis wcr cum and gone
That scho as king suld regire alone.

Than all the Pryncis of the land
Dur yng that tyme maid hit ane band
With bankat Royall merille
Scho treatit thame triumphantlic
So the first day the peple all
Come tyll hit seruyce bound and thall
Bot o; the secund day wes gone
Scho tike sick gloze to regne allone
Be one decreit maid thame amang
The king scho put in presone strang
I reid weill of his presonyng
Bot nocht of his deliuer yng
Quhow euer it wes in tyll his flouris
He did of deth suffer the schouris
And mycht nocht lenth his lyfe one hour
Chocht he wes the first Conquerour.
Quhole Conquessing for to conclude
Wes nocht but greit scheddyng of blude
Now haue ye hard of Ninus King
Quhow he began, and his ending
Quhowbeit myne auctoz, Diodoro
Of him haith wyrtin mekle moze.
Pryncis for w;angous conquessing
Botth mak oft tymes ane euyl ending. All

*Robert Marston
bushman
from
Libri
posse
re*

THE SECVNDE BVKE
Thocht he had lang prosperitie
He endit with greit miserie.

Of king Ninus

Sepulture.

THE Quene ane Sepulture scho maid
Quhare scho king Ninus bodie laid,
Of curious crafty wark and wicht,
The quhilk had staidis nyne of hicht
And ten staidis of byeid it wes
Diodoze sayis it wes no les.
For aucht staidis one myle thow tak
And thare efter thy noummer mak.
So be this compt. it wes full richt
One myle, and als ane staid of hicht
Except the tour of Babilone
So hich one werk, I reid of none.

Semiramis this lusty Quene

Considering quhat danger bene
To haue ane king of tender age
Quhilk might noch b[e] no wastage.
Scho toke one curageous consait
Thinkand that scho wald mak debatt
Geue ony maid Rebellioun
Contrar hir Sone, or his Regioun,
Quhome scho did foster tenderlie

And kepte hym full quiette
Scho laid apart hir awn cleything
And toke the Rayment of ane King.
Whan scho wes in full armour diche
Nicht no man knew hit be oue knight,
Scho baileantye went to the weir
And to geue Battell toke no feir
Danting all Realmes round about
That all the world of hir had doue
Moze fortunate in hir conquessing
Noz wes hir Husband Ninus King.

20 Babilon scho did fortifie,

Templs and towris triumphandis
So plesandis did thame prepair
Nihilk in the erth had no compair
Whowheid Nimrod, of quhome I spak
The hydduous doungeoun he gart mak
And of the Citte the foundement
To quhome God maid Impediment.
Whare Nimrod left thare scho began
And put to work mony one man.
Of all the Realmes round about
Of mozte Ingynne scho socht thame out
Scho had with hand with tre and stonis
Twelf hondyeth thousand men at onis
Go reid the buke of Hodoze
And thow sall find the noumer moze,
On euerylk spde of Euphrates
That nobill Citte beildit wes
And so that ruet of renown

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Ran thzough the midpart of the town.
 Querthozt that flude scho byggtis maid
 Of maruellous strength both lang and braid.
 Thay wer fyne staidis large of lenth
 On curtilk Byg scho maid one strength.
 The circuite as I said afoze
 Four houndzeth staidis, and foure scoze.
 The wallis hicht quha wald discerpue
 Thze houndzeth fute, thze scoze and fyue.
 Sax Cartis nicht pas rycht elalle
 Abuse the wallis of that Citie,
 Spylingis without Impediment.
 Consyder be your Iugement
 Geue those wallis wer hich oz nocht
 And also curiouseste wer wrocht
 As Diodoze hes done despyne
 Quhilk doith transcend my rude Ingyne.
 Of Babilon the magnificence
 To quhome ze walde geue no credence
 Geue I at lenth wald put in wyte
 Quhilk Diodoze hes done indyte.
 Compare of Citis fynde In none
 Tyll Antioe, and Babilone.
 Frome Antioe, in Assyria
 Tyll Babilon in Chaldea.
 Be Byggtis pleisandlie ze may pas
 Upon the flude of Euphrates
 Among the fludis of Paradyce
 This Euphrates may beir the pyece.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

All warlike quibils the Quene began
Transcendit the ingyne of man.
The proude Quene Penthesilea
The Princesse of Amazona
With hir Ladys tryumphandle
At Troy, quibik faucht so bailseandle
For it the faire Madin of France
Dancer of Anglis O; durance,
To Semiramis in hir dapis
Wer no compare as bukis sayis.
Except triumphand Julius,
Strong Hanniball, o; Pompeius,
O; Alexander the Conquerour
I find no greter wertour.

Wald I rehers as wyttis Clerkis
Hir wonderfull and bailand werkis.
It wer to me one grete laubour
And tedious to the Auditour.
What scho did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media,
Beildand Citis, Castellis, and Townis,
Parkes, and Gardingis of plesouris,
For the exalting of hir Name
And Immoztall to mak hir fame
Of Iarcius, the hich Montanis
Scho gart ryue down, & mak thame plants,
Gret Mountes that Montane wiche
Twenty and fyue Saidis of hicht
Till hir Balice to d;aw ane Loch

THE SECVNDE BVKE

By foys of men, scho raue it throuch.

Had scho kepit hir Chastitie

Scho micht haue bene one A. per se.

Quhen scho had oydoutit hir Impyre

Of Venus mark scho tuke desyre

One secret Mansioun scho gart mak

Quhare scho plesandlie mycht tak

Zoung gentill men for hir plesour

The quhilk scho vsit aboue mesour.

One man allone, micht noch be abill.

To stanche hir lust insatiable.

Quhen scho wes satisfyt of one

Scho gart ane bether cum anone

The lustiest of all the land

Come quiettly at hir command

Quhen thay at lenth had lyin hir by

Scho slew thame all richt cruelly.

Quhen hir done come tyll age perfyte

Of hym scho tuke so greit delpte

Scho causit hym with hir to lye

Amang the rest richt quiettly.

Sum sayis throuch sensuall lustis rage

Scho band hym in to Marriage

And held hym vnder tutouris

To vphald hir auctorytie.

How the Quene

OF THE MONARCHIE

Semiramis with the great Armie, sent to Inde, and
 fought with the King Saurabares. And
 of his chasteabill end.

QWHEN scho had long tyme leuit in rest
 To conquer more scho him aduizeth

Experien.

Because of diuers scho hard tell
 How that the Inde Openeth
 Recellit in great commodities
 As beestall, coyns, and fruitfull trees
 All kynd of wyppre delicious
 Gold, syluer, stomis precious
 And quhow that plenteous land did beare
 Cozne, frute, and wyppre, ewe in the yere
 With Oliphantis Innumerabill
 In Battell wouderferrfull
 Scho heit and this, and mekle more
 Belew and yll agment his gloze
 Gatt mak Gatt Proclamatonis
 In all, and sundrie Nationis.
 Scha wand quhow it wes his desyre
 All Princis under his Impyre
 In Egypt, and Arabia,
 In Pers, in Mede, and Chaldea,
 In Grece in Caspia, and Hyxane
 In Capadocce, Lidia, and Phrygiane
 In Armenia, and Phrygia,
 In Pamphylie, and Mysia,
 That ilk Land effect their degre

THE SEQUNDE BVKE

Shulde bring till hit ane greit Armie
 In all the gudeste haist thay may
 And meit hit in tyll Bactria
 Declaring thame that hit intent
 Was tyll pas to the Orient,
 And make weir on the king of Inde.
 From tyne thay knew qubat wes hit mynde
 Than be thare selfis ilk Region
 Come sojdwart toith thare Garnisoun
 Tryumphantly, in gude array
 Tyll Bactria take the reddy way
 And maid thare Mustouris to the Quene
 Bot sic one sycht was neuer sene
 In Battell say so mony one man
 Attonis, sen God the world began.
 Bot Spanze, France, Scotland, England,
 Ducheland, Denmark, norre Ireland,
 Wer nocht Inhabite in thole davis,
 Nor lang efter, myne Auehoz sayis.

¶ Ethelias, he dots specific
 The namber of this goeit Armie,
 Sayand thare come at hit command
 Fute men, threttie hundreth thousand,
 Of hors men, montit galzeardie
 Fyue hundreth thousand berallie
 Ane hundreth thousand Camellis toicht
 On euer ilk Camell, raid ane knicht,
 Prepatrit till pas into all partis
 Thare wes ane hundreth thousand Cartis.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Two thousand baris with the scho capys
On hoys, Cannells, and Bombar dia,
Biggis for to make scho did courtade
Querthort Indus, that furibous flabe,
Nubila bent of Inde, the outmain vordone
On the quibla flude, with right gude vordone
Of his Baigis, scho biggis maid
Nubareon his geer. With laillie can,

As father I wald with vnderstode

Nubis he ane marvellous multrope
Myght be stonish, chocht to the scill
Reddy to recht, with speir and scheid.
Sum men well Iuge, this bene ane sabill
The mater bene so vntrowabill.

It may well be my Sone (said he)

As be exempill we may see,

Quhow David king of Israell
His peple gatt noumer and tell
Be Joab, his cheif Capitane
As holp Scripture schawis plane
Of sechtand men, in to that land
He fand threttene bound:th thousand.
Sen David, in that small countre
Myght haue callit sic one Arme.
To this Lady, it does no woundes
The quibla had greter Realms and hunper
No; Davidis kille Regioun
Chocht scho had mony ane Legioun
Of men mo no; It staid afoze.

Cortcon;

Experien.

II. Sam.
xxiii.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Tharefoꝝ my Sone, maruell no moꝛe

Staurobates, the king of Inde

Grete his perturbit in his mynde

Periring of sick and multitude

To make defence he did conclude.

And sende ane Messaige to the Quene

Praying hit Watte serene,

That scho wald of hit speciall grace

Geue hym Licence to leue in peace

Fallze and of that chocht he suld des

That he sulde gar hit secht oꝝ flee.

And tyll his God and how he maid

Geue no peace might of hit be had.

And geue he wan the victorie

That he the Quene sulde Crucifie.

At this boasting the Quene maid bourdis

Saying it sall nocht be no woundis,

Sall gar me pas, fra my purpose

Bot michtie straikis as I suppose.

The Messinger schew to the King

Of hit presumptuous answering.

Than Staurobates wyle and wiche

Come foꝝdwart lyke ane nobill knicht

With mony one thousand speir and schello

Araynt Royallie on the feld.

Thinke and he wald his land defend.

Oꝝ in the Battell mak ane end.

The Quene vpon this vber spde

Full of presumptuous and of pryde

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Hir Baneris pleſandlie diſplayit
 With hardy hart, and vneſtrayit,
 Upon Indus, that famous flude,
 Thay met, quhare ſched wes mekle blude,
 In Bote, in Balingar, and Bargaris,
 The twa Armeis on vtheris chargis,
 Semiramis the Battell wan
 Quhare drownit and flane wer mony one mā
 So that the water of the flude
 Ran reid myrit with mannis blude
 The king of Inde, with all his might
 Frome Indus flude he take the fliche
 Till his cheif Cite, he receitit,
 Quhare in his preſens thare appeirit
 In Battell raye ane new Armie
 Of richt Inuincible Cheualrie
 With Elephantes, ane hyddous noumer
 Quhill eſterwart maid mekle rummer,
 Semiramis and hir rumpante
 In the meane tyme full cruellie
 Diſtroyit the Bordouris of that land,
 Take preſonatis, ma than ten thousand,
 Scho take ane curageous conſait,
 Greit Elephantis to contrefait,
 Scho had ten thousand Oxin hydis
 Weill ſewit to gidder bak and ſydis
 With mouth and noſe, teith, eiris and eſne,
 Quick Elephantis as thay had bene,
 Rycht weill ſuffit, full of ſtray and hay,

THE SECVNDE BYKE

Dubare of the Indianis take affray.
 Upon Camellis, and Domodareis.
 Those fals figuris with hir scho careis,
 Here Indianis, quhen thay saw that sight
 Effectlie thay take the flicht.
 For sic one sight wes neuer sene
 Seus naturall beistis thay had bene.
 The King him self, wes right affectis
 Tyll he the veritie had speitt,
 And knew be his Explozaturis
 Thay war bot fenzeit fals figuris.

Chan manfullie lyke men of weir
 Fordwart thay come withouttin feir.
 Richt so Semiramis the Quene
 Dubilk for one man wes ay fytene.
 Thir two Armys full cruellie
 Thay ruscht to gidder so rudellie
 With hydduous cry, and trumpettis sound
 Till thousandis dede lay on the ground.
 Semiramis had sic one noumer,
 Tyll ourdour thane it wes greit cummer.
 Chan the greit Elephantis of Inde
 Richt strong and hardy of thare kynde
 Fordwart thay come, and wald nocht cels
 Tyll throuch the middis of the preys
 Of the greit Dik, thay rudellie ruscht
 That men and hors till erd thay duschit.
 Those fenzeit beistis withouttin spzeit
 Wer fuschit and fulzeit vnder feit.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

The king of Inde with curage kene
Met with Semiramis the Quene,
He rydand on ane Elephand,
Bot scho with him faucht hand for hand,
And gaue the king so greit assay
That he wes neuer in sic assay
To strak at him scho take no felr
So weill scho vsit wes in weir.
His strakis scho had bot lytle comptit
Wer nocht the king wes so weill montit
Ether at ether strak so fast
Tyll thay wer tyrt at the last.

The king he thocht him self eschamit,
With one woman to be defamit,
And wes deservit nocht to flee
Thocht in that Battell he suld dee,
As man the quhilk disparit bene
He rudely ran vpon the Quene,
And throuch the arme gaif hit ane wound
Quhilk till hit hart gaue sic one sound
That scho constrainit wes to flee
Than all the rest of hir Armie
Quhen thay persauit that scho wes gone,
Tyll Indus flude thay fled ilk one.
The Quene ouerthort the flude scho raid
On biggys quhikys wer of botis maid,
With hit ane fower companie
Quhilk with hit fled assayle.
The Indians followit on the chais

THE SECVNDE BYKE

Chan on the Byggis come sit one preis
Of sleand folkis, quhilk wes greit wounder
So that the Bargis brak in schonpet,
Sum sank, sum down the ryuer ran,
Chan drownt thare, mony ane nobill man,
Quhilk wes greit pitte till deploze,
As wyttis famous Diodoze.

And finallie for to conclude
Wes neuer sched so mekle blude
At one tyme, sen the world began
Nor slane so mony one sailles man,
And all throuch the occasioun
And the prydefull perswasoun
Of this ambitious wickit Luene
Sick one wes neuer hard nor sene.

Staurobates the king of Inde,
Gretlye reioysit in his mynde
Of this tryumphe and victoize
Semiramis with hart full ioize
Sene so mony rane and slane
Till his countrie returnit agane,
Lamentand fortunis varlance
Quhilk brocht him to so greit mischance
Nor quhilk wes so forynate
And than of consorte desolate.

Dr. Some ane man of perfectioun
Considerand his subiection,
His libertie he did belye
That he might governe his Emper.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Seand his Mother vitious
And taitt that so ambitious
As myne Aucto; dois specifie
He slew his Mother cruellie
Quhat vther cause, o; Intention
I fynd no spectall mention,
Sum sayis to be at Libertie
Sum sayis, fo; hir Adulterie,
None vther cause, I can desyne
Except Punition deuyne.

Of this fair Lady corageous
Behald the endyng dolorous
Quhilk wes bot twenty zers of age
Quhen scho began, hir Vassalage,
And rang tryumphandlie but weir
The space of two and fourtie zers,
Quhen scho wes slane, scho wes thye scoze
With zers two, scho wes no moze,
As Diodoze, wyrtis in his buke
His Cronicle, quho list to luke.

Of this Lady I mak ane end,
Thynkand no way, I can commend
Women fo; till be to manlie
Nor men fo; till be womenlie,
For quhy, it bene, the Lordis mynd
All Creature tll vbe thare kynd,
Men fo; tll haue preeminence,
And women vnder obedience,
Thocht all women inclynit be

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Cyll haue the Soueranetie.
 As this Lady, quhilk wald nocht rest
 Till scho hit Husband had supprest
 Till that intent that scho micht ring
 Allone to haue the gouerning.

Ladyis no way I can comend
 Presumptuousslie quhilk dois pzetend
 Till ble the office of ane king
 O; Realmes tak in gouerning.
 Quhowbeit thay bailseant be and wiche
 Going in Battell lyke ane knicht
 As did proude Penthesilea
 The Wyntes of Amazona,
 In mennis habite aganis resoun.
 Siclyke I thynk derisoun
 One Wyntie to be effeminate
 Of knichtlie corage desolate,
 Neglectand his auctozitie,
 Throuch beistlie sensualitie,
 Accompanyit baith day and nychtis
 With weimen moze than bailseant knichtis
 Siclykis I discommend at all,
 Exempill of Sardanapall.

Courteo.

Experien.

20 father (said I) schaw me how lang
 The successoun of Minus range
 That sall I do with diligence
 My Sone (said he) o; I go hence,
 Sen I haue schawin at thy desyre

OF THE MONARCHIE.

What man began the first Emperre,
Now wold I it wet to the hend
Of that Emperre the fatall end.

Howking Sarda

napalus for his vicious lyfe, made ane
miserabill end.

BETWIX this Conquerour Ninus,
And sensuall Sadanapalus,
I can nocht find no speciall Noie
Worthy to put in memoire,
Except quhilk I haue done discryfe,
Of Semirame, king Ninus wyfe.
Bot I can find no guide at all
To myr of king Sadanapall,
Quhilk wes the fext and thyette king
Be lyne frome Ninus descending,
At lenth his lyfe for to declare
I thynke it is nocht necessarye,
Because that many cunning clerkis
Hes hym discryuit in thare werkis
Quhow he wes last of Assirianis
Quhilk had the hole preeminans,
That tyme of the first Monarchie
In Cronicles as thow may see.
The last, and the most vicious king
Quhilk in that Monarchie did ring.
That Prince wes so effeminate

THE SECVNDE BVKE

With sensuall lust intoricate,
He did abhor the companie
Of his maist nobill Cheualere,
That he mycht haue the moze deylte
Till he his selfe in appetyte
Conuentic with women rich and day
And clothit hym in thare array
So that na man that hym had sene
Culd Iuge aue man that he had bene.
So in huredome and harlatterie
Did keip hym selfe so quietlie,
The Prensies of Afficiens
Of hym thay could get no presens.
Thus leuit he continuallie
Agane Nature Inordinallie.

¶ When to the Darts and the spears
Repent war his bitious dears
With the Remularis of Babilone
Thay did conclude all in tyll one
Thay wold nocht suffer fortiling
Abuse thame selfe in a bitious king
Bot Arbaces aye Duke of Mro
He darlie take on hand that debr.

¶ Bot first he come to Rimule
To see the kingis Watellie
And tyll one of the kingis gardes
He gaff aue secretliche reward
Tyll put hym in a quiet place
Quhare he mycht see the kingis grace
And be vnsene with ony wiche

OF THE MONARCHIE

Bot he saw nother king nor knyght
 In yll his Maisteris companie
 Except wemen allanerlie,
 And as ane woman he wes cled
 With weimen counsalet and led
 And schamefullie he wes sittand
 With spindle, and with Rock spinnand.
 Quhen Arbaces that sycht had sene
 His curage rats by frome the splene
 And thocht it small difficultie
 For tyll depyue his Maistie,

¶ Than casit he the Persianis
 With Medis and Babilonianis
 Ennarmit weill with speir and scheildis
 Crymphanndlie thay tuke the feildis

¶ The King casit Assirianis
 To gyther with the Caldeanis
 And thame respyt as thay micht
 Bot synallie he tuke the flicht
 To laif hym self in Ninive,
 Than Segit thay that greit Cittle
 Continuallie two zeit and moze
 As wyrttis famous Diodoze
 Tyll that the flude of Euphrates
 Trais with sic one furiosnes
 Duhare throuch ane grett part of the tonn
 Be violence wes doun in down.
 Than quhen the King saw no remede
 Bot to be takin o; to be dede
 As mar vspatit full of Ire

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Gart mak ane tartous flamm and fyre
 And take his gold and Jewells all
 With Scepture, Crowne, and Rob Royall
 With all his tender Serrituris
 That of his Corps had greitest curis
 To gidder with his luffie Quenis
 And all his wantoun Concubenis,
 And in that fyre he did thame cast
 Syne sap hym self in at the last
 Quhare al wet bynt in pouldre small.
 Thus endit king Sardanapall
 Withouthin ony repentance
 As may be sene be this sentence
 Heir followyng, quhilk he did indyte
 Afoze his deich, in greit despyte
 Quhilk is ane ryche vngodly thing
 As ze may see, be his dyting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

*Ad CVM te mortalem roris, presentibus exple
 Delitij animum, post mortem nulla voluptas,
 Et venere, & canis, & plumis Sardanapali.*

Now haue I schawin with diligens
 The Monarchie of Assiriens
 The quhilk at king Ninus began
 And endit at this myschaunce man
 And did indure withouthin wele,
 Ane thousand, twa hundred and fourty yere
 As dois indyte Eusebius,
 Heir hym, and thou sall find it thus.

The thrid buke

A hand Narratioun of the Miserabil Destruction
of the fyue Cities, callit Sodom, Gomorre,
Seholm, Segor, and Adama, with thair
hole Region, and ane schort Descrip-
tion of the Secund, Thrid, and
Feth Monarchies. With the
Miserabil Destruction of
Iherusalem. And last of the
Spiritual Monar-
chie.

Q (*) Q

FATHER I pray you to me tell, Courtier.
What notabil thingis yae befel
During the regne of Allitius
Whilk had so lang preeminens
In me of yther Nationis
Under thair Dominationis.

That may be done in terms schort Experien.
(Said he) as Royis dois report
Induring this first Monarchie
Become that wofull miserie
Of Sodom, Gomorre, and thair Region Gen. xix.
As Scripture makis mentioun.
Whose people wer so sensuall
In fylthie Synnis vnnaturall
The quhilk in to my bulgar betis
My young abhorris to rebetis
I pke bytill beistis, by thair mypdis
Vnnaturally abuse thair kyndis

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Be sylthie Minkand Lecherie
 And thos abominabil Sodomitie,
 As holy Scripture dois discryue
 In that cognitie wer Citeis tye
 Quhilk wer Sodome, and Gomozs
 Seboim, Sego, and Adama.
 Among thame all, fund wes thare none
 Undefplit, bot Lorch allone.

Holy Abraham dwelt ners hand by
 Quhilk prayit for Lorch effectiuoullie,
 For God maid hym aduertysment
 That he wald mak sic punisshement
 To Lorch two Angellis God did send
 Bynt frome that furie tyll defend.
 Quhen the peple of that Region
 Saw the Angellis cum to the town
 Transfornit in to fast young men
 Thay purposit thame for to ken
 And woult thame unnaturalle
 With thare foule Minkand Sodomitie.
 Of that gude Lorch wes wounder wo
 And offerit thame his Douchteris two
 Thame at thare plesour for tyll vse
 Bot thay his Douchteris did refuse.
 And than the Angellis be thare micht
 Thos men deprivit of thare sight
 And so perforce leit thame allone.
 To Lorchis lugesing quhen thay wer gone
 Thay hym commandit haiffellie

OF THE MONARCHIE.

For tyll depart of that Citie.
 That foule vnnaturall Lecherie
 Ane vengeance to the heuin did crye
 The quhilk did moue God till sic Tye
 That frome the heuin Byntstone and fyre
 With a full thounding raris down
 And did consume that hole region
 Of all that land chapit no mo
 Except Loth, and his Doughteris two.
 His wyfe wes turnit in ane stone
 So wyfeles wes he left allone.
 For scho wes Inobedient
 And kepit no Commandement
 When the Angell gaif thame command
 Sone till depart out of that land
 He monischt thame vnder greit paine
 Neuer to luke bakwart againe.
 When Lothis wyfe hard the thounding
 Off flammand fyre, and lichtning
 The bgly cryis lamentabill
 Of peple mosse Espouentabill
 For none of thame had force to flee
 Scho zarnit that sozrowfull sight to see
 And as scho turnit hir anone
 Scho wes transfozmit in ane stone,
 Quhare scho remanis till this day
 Off hir I haue no moze to say.
 To schaw at lenth, I am nocht abill
 That pietuous proces lamentabill

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Quhow Citteis, Castellis, Townis, & towne
 Villagis, Bastallzeis, and Bowis, (ris,
 Thay wer all in to pouldeit byzein,
 Forrestis, be the rutis byzein.
 Thare king, thare Quene, and peple all
 Zoung and auld; bynt in pouldeit small
 No Creature wes left on lyfe
 Foullis, Beistis, Man, nor Wyfe
 The erth, the Corne, herb, frute and tree,
 The Babbis, vpon the Purise kne,
 Ryche suddandlie in one Instant
 Unwarly come thare Jugement
 As it come in the tyme of Noy
 Quhen God did all the world distroy
 For that self Syn of Sodome
 And most abhominabill Bowgrie
 That byce at lenth for to declare
 I thinke it is nocht necessarie.

Quhen al wes bynt, flesche, blude & bonis
 Hillis, valleis, stockis, & stonis,
 The countre sank for to conclude
 Quhare now standis ane vglie flude,
 The quhilk is callit the dede see,
 Nixt to the countre of Judee.
 Quhois stinkand strandis blak as tar
 The fleuour of it, men felith on far
 In tyll Oronius thow may reid
 Of that countre the lenth and byeld
 Of lenth fiftie mylis and two

OF THE MONARCHIE.

And fourtene myle in byrd also.

Loth of his wyfe was so agast
That he tyll ane wilde montane past
Of companie he had no mo
Except his lustie Doughteris two,
And be thare prouocatioun
As Moyles maketh narratioun
Allone in to that montane wilde
His Doughteris boith he gat with childe
For thay beleuit in thare thocht
That all the world wes gone to nocht
As it become of that Natioun
Thynkand that Generatioun
Wald faille, without thay craftelle
Gar thare fater with thame to lye
And so thay land ane crafty wyle
Quhow thay thare fater nicht begyle,
And causit hym to drinke wicht wyne
Quhilk men to Lycherie dois Inclyne
Quhen he wes full, and fallin on sleip
His Doughteris quiettelle did creip
In tyll his bed, full secrettelle
Prouokand hym, with thame to lye.
And knew nocht quhow he wes begyled
Tyll boith his Doughteris wer with chyld,
And bare two Sonnis in certane
Thay beand in that wild Montane,
Of quhome two Natiouns did proceed

Gen. xix.

THE SECVNDE BVKE

As in the Scripture thow may reid.
In the quhilk scripture thow may see
At lenth this wofull miserie.

¶ This miserie become but wele
Frome Noysis flude, thre houndzeth zeir,
To gyther with four scoze and ellewin
As comptit Carion full ewin.
And efter Noysis deith I ges
Ane and fourtie zeir thare wes
Quhen Abraham was of age I weue
Four scoze of zenis, and nyntene
Quhen this foule Syn of Sodomie
Was punisht so rigozouslie,
Greit God pferue vs in our tyme
That we commit nocht sic ane cryme.

Cedious it wer for me to tell

This Monarchie during quhat befell.

And wonderis that in erth wer wrocht
Quhilk to thy purpose langis nocht,
As quhow the peple of Israell

Exod. i. Did lang tyme in to Egypt dwell,
And of thare greit punitioun
Throuch Pharaois persecuttoun.

Exod. iiii. And quhow Moyles did thame conuop
Throuch the reid sey, with mekle Joy
Quhare king Pharao, richt miserablie
Wes drownt with all his huge armie.

Exod. xx. And quhow that peple wanderand wes
Fourtie zenis in wyldernes,
Moyles that, tyme as I heit say

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Resault the Lawe on Mount Sinay.

That tyme Iosue throuch Iordan

Iosue.iii

Led those peple to Canaan.

Quhare Saul, Dauid; and Salomone

With Hebreu Kingis many one

Did richely regne in that countrie

Anduring this first Monarchie.

The Sege of Thebes miserabill

Quhare blude wes shed Incomparabill

Of nobill men, in to those dayes

With vthetis reerbill affrayes.

As quhow the Grekis wrocht vengeans

Apon the nobill Troians

Becausc that Paris did conuoy

Perforce saie Helena to Troy

Quhilk wes king Menelaus wyfe

Quhare many one thousand lost thare lyfe.

That tyme the valiant Hercules

Outthrouch the world did hym addres.

Quhare he did many ane douttles deid

As in his Royme thow may reid.

And quhow throuch Delaueit his wyfe

That Campion did lose his lyfe

In flammand fyre full furiously

The deeth he sufferit cruellie.

That tyme Remus, and Romulus

Did found that Citie maist famous

Off Rome standing in Italie

As in thare Royme thow may see

THE SECVNDE BVKE

Wold thou reid Titus Lilius
How suld find warhis wondrous.
Whose douchie deidis ar weill kend
And salbe to the warldis end
Thocht thay began with crueltie
And endit with greitt miserte,
As bene the maner to conclude
Of all scheddaris of saikles blude.

In Grece the oymate Poetrie
Medicine, Musike, Astronomie
Dyrng this first Monarchie began
Be Homerus, that famous man,
To gidder with Hesiodus
As diuers Auctouris schawis us.
It wer to lang to put in tyme
The bukis that thay wait in thare tyme.
This war the Actis principell
That Monarchie during quiblk befell
As for gode Abraham, and his seid
In to the Bysill thou may reid
Whow in this tyme, as I heit tell
Began the kingdome Spirituell
As I haue schawin to the afore
Wharefor I speik of thame no more.

Gen.xviii

Ane schozt Descrip.

tion of the secund, thrid, and ferd Monarchie

OF THE MONARCHIE.

FATHER (said I) quhilk wes ymā Courtes,
That the nyxt Monarchie began:

Cypus (said he) the king of Perse,
As Cronicles hes done reherse,
Experien.

Prudent and full of Policie
Began the secund Monarchie.
For he wes the most godly king
That euer in Perse or Mede did ring,

For he of his benignitie
Delyuerit frome Captiuitie

The hole peple of Israell
In to the tyme of Daniell.

The quhilkis had bene prisioneris
In Babilon set in scoze of 3eris,
Tharefor God of his grace bening
Gaue hym ane Diuine knowleging,
During his tyme as I heir tell
He vsit counsaile of Daniell.

Carton at lenth doith specifie
Of his maruellous Natuittie
And of his vertuous vpbrynging
And quhow he vincust Cresus king
With mony vther bailzeand deid
As in to Carton thow may reid.

Whose Successoun did indure
Tyll the tent king, thareof be sure.

Bot efter his greit conquessing
Rich miserabill wes his ending
As Herodotus, doith discryue

f. Wara.
xxvi.

THE SECVNDEE BVKE

In Scythia he lost his lyfe
 Quhare the vndantit Scythians
 Vincust those nobyll Persians
 And efter that Cyrus wes deid
 Quene Compye hakit of his heid
 Quhilk wes the quene of Scythians
 In the dyspyte of Persians.
 Scho kest his heid, for to conclud,
 In tyll ane vessell full of blude,
 And said, thir wordis cruellie
 Dyrnk now thy fyll, gyl thow be dyle
 For thow did aye blude schedding thyll
 Now dyrnk at layser gyl thow list.
Cetter that Cyrus successoun
 Of all the watld had possessioun
 Gyll Alexander with swoorde and fyre
 Obtenit perforce the thrid Emppyre,
 Quhilk wes the king of Macedone
 With bailseand Grekis mony one
 In battell fell and furiaus
 Vincust the myghtie Darius,
 Quhilk wes the tent, and the last king
 Quhilk did efter king Cyrus ring,
 As for this potent Emppour
 Alexander the Conquetoire
 Geue thow at lenth, wald reid his ring
 And of his cruell Conquessing
 In Inglis toun, in his greit buke
 At lenth his lyfe, thare thow may lube,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Quhow Alexander that potent king
Wes twel zerts in his Conquering.
And quhow for all his greit conquest
He leuit bot one zert in telt
Quhen be his Seruand secrettlie
He popsonit wes full pietouslie.

E Lucane doith Alexander compare
Tyll thounder, or fyreflaucht, in the air
Ane cruell Planett, ane mostall weid.
Doun thyrngand peple with his sword.
Ganges that maist famous flude.
He myrit with the Indianis blude.
And Euphrates, with the blude of Pers
Quhole crueltie for to rehers
And sarkles blude, quhilk he did sched
Wor richt abhominabill to be red.
Efter his schozt prosperitie
He deit with greit miserie.

It wer to lang for to deuyde it,
Quhow all his realmes wer deuyde it.
By quhill that Cesar Julius
Quhen he had vincust Pompeius
Wes chosin Emperour and king
Abuse the Romanis for tpling.
That potent Prince, wes the first man
Quhilk the first Monarchie began
And had the hole Dominoun
Of euert land and Regioun
Quhose successours, did regne but wele

THE THIRDE BVKE

Quet the warld mony ane boundyeth rest.
 Bot gentill Julius allase
 Hang Empyrou, bot lytle space.
 Quhilk I think pette tell deplore
 In tyme Moneth, and lytle more
 Be fals exorbissant treloun
 That prudent Dyuce wes trampit down
 And murderit in his counsall hous
 Be cruell Brutus, and Cassius.

After that Julius wes slane
 Did regne the greit Octauiane.
 Of Empyrouis one of the best
 Duryng his tyme, wes peace, and rest
 Quet all the warld, in ilk Regioun
 As storys makis mentioun
 And als I mak it to the plane
 Duryng the tyme of Octauiane
 The Sone of God, our Lord Iesu
 Take mankynd of the Virgin treu
 And wes that tyme in Bethleem boine
 To salu mankynde, quhilk wes forlorne
 As Scripture makis narratioun
 Of his blisful Incarnatioun

Marth. ii.

Now have I told the as I saw
 Quhow the four Monarcheis began
 Bot in thy mynde thou may consider
 Quhow worldlie power bene bot slider
 For all thir greit Emperours are gone
 Thow seis thare is no Dyince allone

OF THE MONARCHIE

Quhill hee the hole Dominium
This tyme of every Regoun.

Father quhat reason, had those kings Courtier.

Reuaries to be of vtheris ringis

But ony ryght, or Iuste quertell

Quhairthrouch that thay might mak battell

And commoun peple to dounthying

To this (said I) mak answeringe

My Sone (said he) that sall be done Experien.

As I best can, and that rich sone

This monarchie, I vnderstand

Proordinat wer be the command

Of God, the Blasmatour of all

Foz to doun thying, and to mak thral

Dan. vii.

Undantit peple vicious.

And als foz to be gratiuous

To thame quhill vertuous wer and gude

As Daniell hee done conclude

At lenth in tyll his Propheceis.

Quhow thare suld be four Monarcheis?

His secunde Chepture, thow may see

Quhow efter the first Monarchie

Quhen Nabuchodonosor King

Ane Image saw in his sleping

With auskeir luke, in hicht and bryd,

And of fyne pure Gold wes his heid,

His bryist and armes of siluer brycht

THE THIRDE BVKE

His wame of Copper, hard and wight,
His loyns, and lymms, of Irne rich strang
His feet of clay, Irne myxt among.
Frome ane montane thare come alone
But haud of man, ane meble stone
Quhilk on that figours feet did fall
And dang all down in poulder small.

¶ Of quhois Interpretatioun

Doctouris doith mak Narratioun

The heid of gold, did signifie
First of Miciantis Monarchie.
The siluer brest, thar did apply
To Persianis, quhilk rang secundly.
The wame of Copper, or of Bras
Thridly to Grekis, compairit was.
His loyns, and lymms, of Irne and Steel
Clerkis bes thame compairit weill
To Romanis, throuch thare diligence
To haue the ferd pzeeminence
Abuse all ither Natioun
Be this Interpretatioun
The myxt feet, with Irne and clay
Did signifie the letter day
Quhen that the world, suld be deuydit
As efterward salbe decydit
So Christ is signifit the stone
Whose Monarchie sall neuer be gone,
For vnder his Dominatioun
All Princis sall be strampit down

OF THE MONARCHIE

Whien that greit King Omnipotent
Cummis to his generall Iugement.
His Monarchie than salbe knawin
As efter salbe to the schawin.

¶ And als the Scripture sall the tell
Whow in the aucht of Daniell,
He saw in to his visioun
Be ane plane exposition,
Whow that þe Grekis, suld with vengeans
Upon the Medis, and Persiens.
Comparand Grekis, tyll ane Galt
With ane boyne, fers, furious, and, hait
Whilk slew the Ram, with hoynis two
Comparit tyll Persie, and Mede also
And so be Dantells Prophecets
All this greit mychtie Monarchets
The quhilkis all ether realmes suppylie
Be the greit God, thap wer deuyflic
As he of Titus the Romane
Sone and aic to Vespasiane
Spaid him ane furious Instrument
To put the Iowis to greit torment.
Whilk I purpose o; I hyne fair.
Scholelie that pproses tyll declair.

Of the most Misera

bill, And most reuerbill Destruction
of Ierusalem.

X ltr.

THE THIRDE BVKE

Courteo.

Experien.

Baru. vi.

Father (said I) declare to me
 Indurping this ferd Monarchie
 The main Infortune that befelle
 My Sone (said he) that sal I tel
 The most and manifest miserie
 Become vpon the grete Cite
 Jerusalem, quhen it wes supprete
 As storys makis manifest
 Bot as the Scripture doith deuyse
 Jerusalem wes distropte twyse
 First for the grete Idolatrye
 Dubill thay committit in towre,
 The honour aucht to God allone
 Thay gaue to figuris of stock and ston.
 Afoze Chyristis Incarnatioun
 Come this first desolatioun
 Foure hundred yere, four scoze and ten
 In Cronicles, as thou may ken,
 Quhow Nabuchodonosor king
 That famous Cite did down thynge
 Thare king, with peple inony one
 Brocht thame all bound to Babilone,
 Quhare thay remanit prisioneris
 The space of thye scoze and ten yere,
 And that first desolatioun
 Wex callit the Transmigration.
 Wex no man left in all thare landis
 Bot Durellis labozand with thare handis
 Till mitchie Cyrus, king of Pers

OF THE MONARCHIE

As Daniell hes done reherse,
 Wes mouit be God, for tyll restoze
 The Iowis, quhare that thay wer afoze.
 Geue I neglect, I wer to blame
 The last Sege of Ierusalem,
 Quhose rewne wes most miserabill
 And for to tell ryght terribill.
 Wes neuer in erth, Cittle nor town
 Gat sic extreme destructioun.
 The townis of Tyre, Thebes, nor Troy,
 Thay sufferit neuer half sic noy.
 The Emprtour Uespastane
 He did deuyse that Sege certane.

¶ Thare wer the Prophecie compleit
 Quhilk Christ spake on mont Olyuett
 Quhen he Ierusalem beheld
 The teris frome his eine disteld,
 Seand be deuyne ptescience
 The greit destructioun and vengence
 Quhilk wes to cum on that Cittle
 His hart wes persit with pietie
 Sapand Ierusalem, and thow kneto
 Thy greit rewne, soze wald thow reuo
 For no thing I can to the schaw
 The veritie thow wyll nocht knaw,
 For hes in consideratioun
 Thy holp bisitacioun,
 Thy peple wyll no way consider
 Quham gatherit I wald haue to gidder

Luc. 19.
 Mat. 23.
 Mat. 24.

Mathe.
 23.

THE THRIDE BVKE

As errand scheip, bene with thare birdis
 As the Hen, gadderis hit birdis
 Under hit wyngis tenderlie
 Quhilk thay refusit dispitfullie,
 Quharefo; sall cum that dulefull day
 That no remeidie mak thow may.
 Thy Doungounis sal be doung in schonder
 So that the world sall on the wounder.
 Thy tempill now most triumphand
 Shal be tred down among the sand,
 And as he said, so it befell,
 As heit efter I sall the tell.

Marbels
 xliiii.

Courtes.

Experien.

Bo. ii.

Bo. xi.

20 Schaw me (said I) with circumstance.
 The speciall cause of that myschance?
 (Quod he) as Scripture doith conclude
 For schedding of the saikles blude
 Of Propheetis quhilkis God to thame send
 And als because that thay miskend
 Jesu the Sone of God Souerane
 Quhen he among thame did remane,
 For all the myraklis that he schew
 Maliciouslie thay hym misknew,
 Thocht he his greit power deuine
 The water cleit he turnit in wyne.
 And be that self power and miche
 To the blynd bozne he gaue the sight,
 And gaue the crukit men thare feit
 He maid the lipper haill compleit
 He healt all, and raisit the dede

OF THE MONARCHIE.

It held thay hym at moztall fede:
Because he schew the veritie

Math. xi.

Thay did conclude that he sulde be,
The Byschoppis, princis of the preistis

Mathew
xxvii.

Thay grew so boldin in thare bzeistis,
The Scribes, and Doctouris of the law
Of God no; man, quhilk stude none aw,

On Christ Jesu to wyth bengeans,

Kyght so the fals Phariseans

Ane Sect of fenzeit Religious

Deuplit his confusioun

And send thare seruandis at the last,

And with strang cordis thay band him fast,

Syne scurgit hym, baith back and syde

Mk. x.

That none for blude mycht se his hyde

Thare wes nocht left ane penny bzeid

Unwoundit frome his feit tyll heid

In maner of Derisioun

Thay plet for hym ane cruell Croun

Of prunseand thornis sharpe and lang,

Quhilk on his heuinlie hede thay thyang.

Syne gart him for the greiter lack

Beit his awin Gallous on his back

Tyll the hyle place of Caluarie

Quhare mony ane thousand man mycht see,

That Innocent thay tike perforce

And plat hym backwart to the Croce

Throuch feir & hādis greit naillis thay thrist

Tyll blude aboundantlic out byist

THE THRIDE BVKE

Without grunſching, clamour, or crye
 That pane he ſufferit patientlye.
 And for augmenting of his greuis
 They hang it him betwix two theuis
 Quhare men micht ſe the bludie ſtrandis
 Quhilkis ſprang furth of his ſelt and handis
 Frome thornis thysit on his heid
 Ran down bulleting ſtemis reid
 In the preſens of many one man
 That blude Royall on roches ran.
 Schoxtlie to ſay, that beuillie King
 In extreme dolour, thare did hing
 Till he ſaid, *Consummatus eſt.*
 With ane loude cry, he gaif the gair.
 Quhen he wes dede, they take one dart
 And perſit that Prince, outthrouch the hart,
 Fra quhame thare ran, water and blude
 The erth than trymlit to conclude.
 Phabus did hyde his beiris brycht
 That throuch y world thare wes no licht
 The greit Weill of the tempill rane,
 The dede men rais out of thare graue,
 And in the Cittle did appere
 As in the Scripture thow may here
 Than Joſeph of Arimathe
 Did bury him, rycht honeſtlye.
 Bot ſit he roſe full gloxtouſſie
 On the thrid day tryumphandlie
 With his Diſcipulis in certane

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Fourty dayis he did remane.

Actis. l.

After that to the heuyn ascendit

This Iouis no thing thare lpe amendit,

For gail no credence tyll his lawis

As at moze lenth, the stozie schawis

Bot cruellie thay did oppres

All men, that Christis Name did profes

And persecutit mony one

Thay p[re]sonit baith Peter and Jhone,

And S[te]uen thay stonit to the deid.

Actis. v.

Actis. vi.

Frome James the les thay straik the held.

This wes the cause in conclusioun

Of thare treuell confusioun

The p[re]sident Ioh[ann] Josephus sayis

That he wes p[re]sent in those dayis,

And in his booke makis mentioun,

Quhow efter Christis Ascensioun

The spate of twa and fourty yeris

Began those cruell mortall weris.

The secund zeir of Vespasiane

Quhare mony takin wer and slane.

Josephus plainely dooth conclude

Wes neuer sene sic one multytude

As the that tyme in to the town

Quhilk come for thare confusioun

Thare greit Infortune so befell

That all the P[ri]ncis of Israell

Conuenit agane the tyme of Pace,

Bot tyll retorne thay had no grace,

THE THIRDE BVKE

The bauld Romanis with thare Chiftane
 Titus the Sone of Vespasiane
 Thare Army ouer Judea spred.
 Than all men to the Cittie fled
 Beleuand thare to get releif
 Bot all that turnit to thare myscheif.

The Romanis lappit thame about
 That be no way thay mycht wyn out
 Sax Monethis did that Sege indure
 Dubare loſt wer mony one creature
 Dubils thare in miserie did remane
 Cpill thay wer takin all and flane.
 Duryng the tyme of this affaillie
 Thare meit, and dyynk, and all did fallie,
 For thare wes sic ane multytude
 That thouſandis deit for falt of fude
 Neceſſitie gart thame eit perſoys
 Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Aſſe, and Hogs.
 Ritche men behuſſit to eit thare gold
 Syne deit of hunger mony fold.
 Sic hunger wes without remeid
 The quick behuſſit to eit the deid.
 The fulth of Cloſetis mony eit
 To lenth thare lyfe thay thocht it ſweet.

The famous Ladyis of the toun
 For falt of fude thay fell in ſwoun.
 When thay micht get none bither meit
 Thay ſlew thare proper Bannis to eit
 Bot all for nocht diſpyefullie

OF THE MONARCHIE

That a win lowdouris full gredille
 Rest thame that flesche most miserabill
 And thay with murning lamentabill
 For extreme hounger zeld the spier
 That wes the Prophecie compleit
 As Chyrt also maid narratioun
 The day of his geym Passioun
 When that the Ladys for hym murnit
 Full piteuslie be to thame turnit
 And said, Douchteris murne nocht for me
 Murne on your awin Posterite
 Within schozt tyme fall cum the day
 That men of this Cietie sal say
 When thay ar trappit in the snare
 Blyst be the woame that neuer bare
 The baren papis, than thay sal blye
 That dulefull day se fall nocht mis
 This Prophecie it come to pas
 That day, with mony lowd alas
 Sic forrowfull lamentatioun
 Wes neuer hard in that Nation
 Seand those lustie Ladys sweet
 Deand for hounger in the street
 Thare husbandis, nor thair chldyng
 Mycht geue to thame no conforing
 Nor pitelene thame of thare harmis
 Bot atheris deand to vberis armis
 Efter this wofull Indigence
 Among thame rose sic Pessilence

Luc.
 xliii

THE THIRDE BVKE

Duhare in thare best mony hounder
Duhik tyll declare, it wer greit wounder.

And so; finall conclusioun

Those weiryke walks thap dang down
Prince Citus, with his Cheualrie
With sound of troumpe & trumphantlie
He enterit in that greit Cite.

Bot tyll declare I thynk pitie

The pamelull clamour hoitbill

Of bounden folk most miserabill

Thare wes nocht ellis, bot eat and slay

So; thare myghte no man wyne a way.

The grandis of blude, ran throuch the streit

Of dede folk trampit vnder feet

Buld Weddows in the pyes wer smoit

Young Virgins schamerallie defloir;

The greit Rampill of Salmone

With mony ane curious carutt ston

With persey pinnables on hiche

Duhikis wer sticht betwixfull and twiche

Duhare in rith Towellis bid abound

Thap ruscheit rudelle to the ground

And set in tyll thare furious Ire

Sancta Sanctorum in to fyre.

And with wylle confusioun

All thare wylle Dungeonis thap dang down,

Clare busin wer the boldin breinis

Of Bischoppis, Priests of the preistis,

Thare takin wes the greit bengeans

OF THE MONARCHIE

On fals Scribis, and Phariseans,
 All thare payntis, Inocillie
 That tyme might mak thame no topple
 That day thar dulefullie repensit
 That to the deith of Christ consentit
 Thocht it wes our Saluation
 It wes to thare Dampnation
 The dencease of the blude failes
 Frome Abel, till Zacharies
 That day upon Ierusalem fell
 Bot tedious is her to tell
 The grev extreme confusoun
 And of blude the effusoun
 Wes neuer flane in warr and man
 At on tyme, sen the world began
 The Towris that day gat thate day
 Dubills thar did all in to thate day
 As bene in Scripture specifit
 The day when Christ wes Crucifit
 When Pontius Pilat the President
 Said to thame, I am Innocent
 Of the Juste blude of Christ I lye
 Thar cryit, his Blude lieht upon us
 And on our Generatioun
 Thar gat thare Supplicatioun
 That day, with mony painfull crye
 Thare blude wes shed aboutantlie

Josephus writtis in his booke
 His Cronicle quho list to luke

Mattheu
xxiii.

Mattheu
xxiii.

THE THIRDE BUK

During that cruell Siege certane
 Wer alle win boundeth thousand flane
 Of prissonaris, well cauld and sene
 Four score of thousandis, and few meene
 Out of the land thay did expell
 All the peple of Israell
 And for thare greit Ingratitude
 Thay leue sit vnder Serupitude
 Thare is na Jow, in no countreis
 Dubillk hes one fate of prouertis
 No; neuer had withoutin weis
 Sen this day synetene hundred yere
 No; neuer sall, I to the schaw
 Tyll that thay come to Chynis law
 Sum saye, that Jowis inonytall
 Wer thair for aie pennytall
 As Judas saye the King of gloze
 For thretyt pennys, and no moze
 Greit that inonytall wer in pricheast
 Dubillk saye, that quene lag thay leue
 Upon thare Gaid withoutin doue
 Thay licke thair bellys to feteche it out
 The rest in Egypt thay did send
 Prissonaris to thare houses end
 Citus take in his compaignie
 Greit noumer of the moun wo;the
 With hym to Rome he led thame bound
 Syne cruellie bid thame confound
 His victorie for till decoze

OF THE MONARCHIE

And so, Augmenting of his gloze
Gart put thame in to publick plates
Whare all folk myght behauld thare faces
Syne with wyldie Lyons cruellie
He gart deuoye thame dulefullie,

20 This his Tryumphand myghtie toun
At Dalsche, wes put to confusoun
Because that in the tyme of pace
Thay Crucifye the King of grace.
Sam hes this water done indyte
More Dynastie than I can myte
Wharefo? I speik of it no more
Onely to God be laude and gloze.

Of the Miserabill

end of Certaine tyrannous Princes. And speciallie
the Begynnaes of the four Monarcheis.

¶

NOW haue I done declare at thy desyre
As thou demandst in to termes schole
And quha began the principall Emperys
As Cronicle and Scripture dois report
Wharefo? my Sone, I hartlie the exhort
Perfelle pzent in thy remembrance
Of this Inconstant warld the variance

¶

THE THIRDE BVKE

The Dynasts of this four grete Monarchels
In thare most hiest pomp Imperialis
Crashyng to be most sure set in thare seits
The fraudful warld gait to pain mortal sal-
For thare reward, bot they immortalis. (As
Thocht our y warld, thay had preeminence
Of it thay gat none vther recompence.

For siclyke as the swaw dois, melle in May,
Throuch the reflex of Phebus beinis bucht
This grete Impyris, rpeht so ar went away
Gone bene thair gloie, thair powet and thare
Because pat wet reuaz, woutin richt (michte
And blude scheddaris, full cruell to conclude
With cruellite tharefor, wes seled thair blude.

Behold quhow God, ay sen the warld began,
Wes maid of tyrane Kingis Instrumētis
To scourge peple, and to keist mony one man
Quhilk to his law wet Inobedientis
Quhe thay had done peruerencis his ententis
In dampnyng wylingous peple schamefullie
He sufferit thair to be scourgit cruellie.

Quin as ye senle maister, dois mak ane wand
To dant and ding scolaris of rude ingyne
The quhilkis wyl nocht study at his cōmand
He scourgis thame, and onely to that syne
That thay suld to his trow counsale inclyne
Quhen thay obey, and meisit bene his Ice

OF THE MONARCHIE

He takis the wand, and castis in to the fyre.

God of king Pharao, maid one Instrument
Publik wes the grete king of Egyptians
His awyn peculiar peple to torment.

That beand done, he wrought on hym venges Exo. vii

And lete hym sal, throuch Inobediens.

And finallie, he with his grete Traile

In the reid sey, thame drownit dulefullie.

O Ryght so, of Nabuchodonosor king,

God maid of hym ane furtyous Instrument

Jerusalem and the Towris, to down thyring

Quhen thay to God wer Inobedient.

Dan. iiii.

Syne rest hym frome his riches and his rent.

And hym transcomit in ane beist brutell

Seuin yeres and more, as wyttis Daniell

Alexander throuch pyrdfull tyrannie

In yerts twelf did mak his grete conquest

By scheddand lakles blude full cruelle

Uyll he wes king of kingis he take no rest,

In all the world, quhen he wes full posses

In Babilon thronit triumphandlie

Throuch payson strang, decelie dulefullie

Duke Hanniball the strang Chartagiane

The dancier of the Romanis pomp and gloze

A. ii.

THE THIRDE BOKE

Be his power wet mony one thousand slane.
As may be red at lenth in tyll his storie
At Canidas, whar he was the victosse
On Romanis hadis & dede lay on ye ground
Ther heipt Butchellia war of ringis sound.

¶ Into that moxtall battell, I heir sane
Of the Romanis, most worthy werrouris
By presonaris, wet fourty thousand slane
Of quho thare was thretty wyle senatouris
And xx. Lordis, & quhilk had bene Pretouris
That deit to in defence of thare cuntre
And for tyll halo thare land at libertie,

Quhat reward gat this cruell Campstoun
Quhen he had slane so greit one myltitude
And quhen the glas of his gloire was rane
Ane schamefull deith, a schortlie to conclude
This bene reward of all scheddouris of blude
For he gat sic extreme confusoun
He slew him self in dinking strang poyson.

Behald the two most famous Championis
(That is to say) Julius, and Pompey
Quhilkis did conqueis all erdlie Regionis
All weill maine land, as Iltis in the sey,
And to the toun of Rome gatt thame obey
For Pompeius subdewit the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

OF THE MONARCHIE

But finallie this two did stryue for state
 Quhare they w the hūdzeth. **I**n the wter slane
 Bot Pompeius efter that greit debatt
 He murthered wes, the stoye tellis plane.
 Chan Julius wes prince and Souerane
 Abuse the hole world, Emptour and king
 Bot in to rest, schozt tyme induric his ring.

And for within fyue monethis, a lytle more
 Ampd his Lordis in the counsaile hous
 He murthered wes, quhat nedis more
 As I haue sayd, the wite and tellis
 Of thou wold know, thare dehis odorous
 Thou most at lenth, go reid the Romane stoye
 Quhilk hes this mater put in memoire.

Gone is the goldin world, of **A**fricans
 Of quhom king **A**inus, wes first a principall
 Gone is the syluer world of **P**ersians
 The Copper world of **G**reks now is thair
 The world of **I**rne, quhilk wes the last of all
 Comparit to the Romanis in thare glorie
 At gone rychtis, the heir of thame no more.

Now is the world of **I**rne myrit with clay
 As **D**aniell at lenth, hes done indyte
 The greit **I**mpyre ar melted clene away
 Now is the world of dolour and despyte
 He nocht ellis, bot troubill infynite

Miii.

THE THRID BVKE
Ouharefoꝝ my Sone, I was into the hend
This warld I wat is drawnd to aue end

Tokning of death, honnger, and pestilence,
With cruell weris, baith be sey and land
Healme aganis redme, with myght violence
Ouhilk rightis, I last buye with at hand.
Ouharefoꝝ my Sone be in thy faith condaund
Raising thy hart to God and crye for grace
And mend thy lyfe, quhil I hes tyme & space.

The fift Spirituall

And papall Monarchie.

Contra.

Father Is thare no Prince regnand
Ouhilk hes the warld now at command.
As had the Kingis of Assyrians
The Persis, Grekis, oꝝ the Romanis
Who hes now main Dominoun
Of eueryll land and Regtoun.

Experen.

Thare is no Prince, my Sone (said he)
That hes the principall Monarchie
Abuse the warld vniuersall
With hole power Imperiall
As Alexander, oꝝ Darius
Oꝝ as had Cesar Julius
Foꝝ Orient and Occident
To thame wer all obedient.

OF THE MONARCHIE

Nochtwithstanding, I find one king
Dubilk in tyll Europe doth ring,
That is the potent Pope of Rome
Emperand ouer all Christindome.
To quhome no prince may be compass
As Cannon lawis can declar.
All Princes of the Occident
At tyll his grace obbedient.
For he hes hole power complet
Boith of the body and the spere
Dubilk neuer had no Prince afore
Excepte the myghtie king of glorie.
To Christ he is greit Lementour
In holy Peteris Salt sitour
So he is of all kings king
Dubilkis in to Europe now doth ring.

And as the Romane Emperouris
Hauing the world vnder thare curis
Had Princes knichtis, and Campionis
Rewlaris in tyll all Regionis
Uphalding thare Authoritie
Using Justice and policie,

Wyche to this potent Pope of Rome.
The Souerane king of Christindome
He hes in tyll ilk countie
His Princes of greit grauntie
In sum countreis his Cardinalis
In thare most precious apparailis
Archibischoppis, Bischoppis thow may se

THE THIRDE BVKE

Defending his auctoritie,
 With beher potent Patriarkis,
 Collegis full of cunning Clerks.
 Abbotis, and Bishoppis, as se hen
 Misericordis of Religious men.
 Officialis, with thare Procuratouris
 Whose langsum law, pulzeis the puris.
 Archdeenis, and Deenis, of dignitie
 Greit Doctouris of Divinitie.
 Thare Chantouris, and thare Sacristanis
 Thare Tresoureris, and thare Subdenis,
 Regionis of Prebendis Secularis
 Personis, Vicaris, Monks, and Frekis,
 Of diuers Orders many one
 Whilk langsum hier for tyll expone,
 In syndre habitis as se hen
 Different frome beher Christen men.
 Fair Appris of Religion
 Possessit in every Region.
 Fals Heremitis, factionis lyke the frekis
 Browde parische Clerkis, and Hardoneris,
 Thare Gyntaris, and thare Chamberlanis
 With thare temporall Courtisanis
 Thus all the world be land and ley
 His Sanctitude thay do obey
 Nocht onely his spirituall Kingdome
 Bot the greit Emperour of Rome
 And kingis of euery Region
 That day quhen thay resaue thare crown

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Chap mak aith of fidelitie
 Tyll defende his auctoꝛitie.
 Hoꝛeouer, with humyll reuerence
 Chap mak tyll hym obedience
 Be thare selfis, oꝝ Ambassadours
 O; vtheris Dynate Oratours.
 Quho doith ganeſſand his Maieſtie
 His Lawes oꝝ his Libertie
 O; haldis ony Opinioun
 Contrair his greit Dominious
 Other be way of deid oꝝ wordis
 Ar put to deith, be ſpye oꝝ wordis.
 Sanct Peter ſplit wes, Sanctus.
 Bot he is callit, Sanctiſſimus.
 His ſtyle at lenth, geue thow wald knaw
 Thow moſt go luke the Cannon Law
 Boith in the ſixt and Clementene
 His ſtatly ſtyle thare may be ſene.
 Thare ſall thow find, reid giue thow can
 Quhow he is noether God noꝝ man.

Quhat is he than, be your Iudgement
 Quod I, me thynk hym different
 Far frome our Souerane Loyd Ieſus
 And tyll his kynd contrations.
 Io; Chriſt wes God, and naturall man
 Geue he be nother, quhat is he than?

The Cannon law, my Sone (ſaid he) Experi.
 That queſtioun wyll declare to the.
 It dois transcend my rude Ingene

Courtes.

Thon.t.

THE THIRDE BVKE

His Sanctitude for tyll desyne
 Or to schaw the auctoritie
 Pertaining to his Maestie
 So greit one Prince, quhare sall thow find
 That Spirituallie may lous and bind.
 For be quhare synnis ar forgeuen
 Be thay with his Discipulis schreuen
 Quhare euer he bindis be his might
 Thay boundin ar in Goddis sight.
 Quhare euer he lousis in erth heit down
 It lousit be God in his Regioun.
 Als he is Prince of Purgatorie
 Deluering saulis frome paine to glorie.
 Of that dirk Dungeoun but dout
 Quhare euer he plesis, he takis thame out.
 Our secret synnis euery zeit
 We mon schaw to sum prest or freit
 And tak thare Absolutioun
 Or ellis we get no remissioun.
 So be this way, thay cleirly ken
 The secretis of all secular men.
 Thare secretis we know nocht at all
 Thus ar we to thame bound and thall.
 Quhat euer thare Ministeris commandis
 Most be obeyit without demandis.
 Quharefor my Sone, I say to thee,
 This is ane metuelous Monarchie
 Quhilk hes power Imperiall
 Boith of the body and the Sull.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Father (quod I) declare to me
 Who did begin this Monarchie
 (Quod he) Christ Iesus God and man
 That Emperie graciouslie began
 Nocht be the syre, nor be the sword
 Bot be the vertew of his word.
 And lest tixtill his Testament
 Mony one deuote Document
 With his Successouris to be vsit
 Thocht mony of thame be now abusit
 For Peter and Paule, with all the rest
 Of thare Bzethzen maid manifest
 The law of God with trew intent
 Precheing the auld and New Testament.
 Thay led thare lyfe in pouertie,
 Deuotion and Humilitie
 As did thare Maister Christ Iesus.
 And war nocht half so gloriois
 As thare Successour now in Rome
 Emperand ouer all Christindome.

After the deith of Peter and Paull
 And Christs trew Discipulis all
 Thare Successouris within few zerris
 As at moze length, thare Roie beris
 Full craftelie clam to the hicht
 Frome Spirituall lyfe, to tempoial micht.

Father o, we pas forther moze
 When did begyn thare tempoial gloze
 Sone (said he) thou fall vnderstand

Courtes.

Experien

Exhe. i.
 Luc. ix.

Courtes.

Experien

THE THIRDE BAKE

O; ever ane Daip gat ony land
 Twa and thretty gude Daipis in Rome
 Restaut the Crown of Martirdome,
 Bot nocht the Chynfald Diadame
 To weir thre crowns thay thocht gret schame
 Tyll Siluester the Confessor
 Frome Constantine the Emptour
 Restaut the realme of Italie
 Ryche of Rome the gret Citle.
 That wes the ruts of thare riches
 Than sprang the well of welchines.
 Duben that the Daip wes maid ane king
 All Princis bowit at his bidding.
 This Act wes done withouthin weir
 Frome Chyrlis deith, thre hundreth zeir

E Than Lady Sensualitie
 Take Lugeting in that gret Citle,
 Dubare scho sensyne hes done remane
 As thare awin lady Souerane.
 Than Kingis in tyll all Nattonis
 Maid Dreistis gret foundattonis
 Thay thocht gret merite and honour
 To conterfait the Emptour
 As did Dauid of Scotland King
 The quiblk did found, durynge his ring,
 fiftene Abbays, with tempo;all landis
 Withouthin teindis, and offerandis
 Bequhose holy simplicitie
 He left the Crown in pouertie

OF THE MONARCHIE

Now haue I schawin the as I can
 Quhow thare tempoꝛall Emppye began
 Ascending by ay gre by gre
 Abuse the Emppouris Mateſtie
 So quhen thay gat amang thare handis
 Of Italie, all the Emppouris landis,
 Efter that in ilk countrie
 Sprang by thare tempoꝛalitie
 With so greit riches and sic rent
 That thay gan to be negligent
 In making Ministꝛatioun
 To Chꝛis̄tis trew Congregatioun,
 And toke no more pane in thare pꝛeching
 And farles trauell in thare teshing
 Changeing thare Spiritualitie
 In tempoꝛall Sensualitie.

¶ Father thynk ze that thay ar sure
 That thare Emppye sall lang indure
 Apperandlie, it may bekend
 (Quod hē) thare gloze sall haue ane end.
 I mene thare tempoꝛall Monarchie
 Sall turne in tyll humilitie
 Thꝛough Goddis word without debat
 Thay sall turne to thare first estat.
 As Danieſis Propheete apperis
 Thareto sall nocht be mony yeris
 Quhowbeit Chꝛis̄tis faith, sall neuer fail
 Bot moze and moze, it sall pꝛeuail.
 Thocht Chꝛis̄tis trew Congregatioun

Courtes.

Experien.

THE THIRDE BVKE

Suffer greit tribulatioun.

Courteo.

Father (said I) be quhat resoun

Thynk ze thare Imppre may cum down

Experien.

Considering thare preeminence?

(Quod he) for Inobedience

Abusing the Commandement

Marthe
xv.

Quhilk Chyist left in his Testament,

Using thare awin Traditioun

More than his Institutioun.

For Chyist in his last conuentioun

The day of his Ascensioun

Marthe
xviii.

Tyll his Discipulis gaue command

Job. xv.

That thair sulde pas in euery land

Act. i.

To teche and pierce, with itew intent

His law, and his commandement.

None vther office, he to thame gaue

He did nocht bid thame seik noz craue

Cors presentis, noz offerandis

Noz get Lordschippis of temporal landis.

Bot now it may be hard and sene

Barth with thyne eris, and thyne elne,

Quhow Prelatis now, in euery land

Tak the pte care of Chyistis command

Other in to thare dedis noz lawis

Neglecting thare awin Cannon lawis

Using thame selfis contrarioun

For the maiest part to Chyist Iesus.

Mat. xiii

Chyist thocht na schame to be ane precheour

And tyl all peple, of treuth ane techeour

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Anē Pope, Bischop, nor Cardinall
 To teche nor preche, wyll nocht be thall.
 They send furth sceris, to preche for thame
 Quhilk garris & peple, mok yame w schame.
 Christ wald nocht be anē tempoꝝall king
 Richely in to no realme to ring

Abon. 61.

Bot fled tempoꝝall auctoritie
 As in the Scripture thow may see
 All men may knaw, quhow Popis ringis
 In Dignitie abuse all kingis,
 Als weil in tempoꝝalltie
 As in to Spiritualitie
 Thow may see be experience
 The Popis princely preeminence.

In Cronicles geue thow list to luke
 Quhow Carlon wyttis in his buke

Anē Notabill Narratioun
 The zelt of our Saluatioun
 Ellwein houndzeth, and sex and fyfte
 Pope Alexander presumptuouslie,
 Quhilk wes the thrid Pope of that name,
 To friderik Emptiour did defame,
 In Venets that triumphand town
 That nobill Emptiour gart ly down
 Upon his wame, with schame and lack
 Syne tred his feet vpon his back
 In taikin of Obedience.
 Thare he schew his preeminence

100. 100

And Caukt his Clerge for to sing
Thir wordis eftter following.

QSVPER Aspidem & basiliscum ambulabit:

psalme.
lxxxvi.

Et conculcabis leonem & draconem.

That is, thou shalt gang vpp the edder & the Loketree:
And thou shalt tread down the Lion & the Dragon.

I Than said this humill Emptiour

I do to Peter, this honour

The Pope answerit with wordis worth

Thow shalt me honour and Peter boith.

Christ for to schaw his humill spreit

Did wasche his pure Discipulis feit.

The Popis holynes I mys

Wyll suffer Kingis his feit to kys

Luc. ix.

Birdis had thare nestis, & Toddis thare den

Bot Christ Iesus, Sauffer of men

In erth had nocht ane penny breid

Quhare on he myght repose his heid.

Whohwert the Popis excellence

Hes Castellis of Magnificence.

Abbotis, Bischoppis, and Cardinalis

Hes plesant palices copallis

Lyke Paradyse, at thos pzelatis places

Actu. iiii.

wanting no plesour of fair faces

Thome, Androw, James, Peter nor Paull

Had few houses among thame all

Frome tyme thay knew the veritie

Thay did forsake all propertie

And wer richt hartfully content

OF THE MONARCHIE

Of meit dypnk, and Abuilzement.

To saie Thankyng that wes forloznie Iho. xix.

Christ bure ane cruell crowne of thorne
The Pope thre Crowns for the nonis
Of gold, poulderit with precious stonis.
Of gold and syluer, I am sure.

Christ Iesus tuke bot lytle cure
And lest nacht quhen he seild the speit
To by hym self, ane wynding scheit.
Bot his Successour gude Pope Ihone
Quhen he decessit in Ruinione
He left behynd hym one tresour
Of gold and syluer by mesour
Be one Iuste computatioun
Weill spue and twentye thousand
As doith Indyte Palmerus
Weid hym and thow sall fynd it thus.

Christis Discipulis wer weill knawin
Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be thame scha-
In speciall fervent cheritie (win)
Greit patience, and humylitie.
The Poptis floke in all regions
It knawin best be thare clippit crowns.

Christ he did honour Matrimonie Ihon. ii.
In to the Cane of Galilie
Quhare he be his power Dispyne
Did turne the water in to wyne.
And als cheisit sum Marpit men
To be his seruandis as ye ken

A.1.

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THE THRIDEVKE

And Peter during all his lyfe
He thocht no Syn, to haue ane wyfe.
Ze sall nocht fynd in no passage
Quhare Chyist forbiddith Mariage
For leiffum tyll yk man to Marie
Quiblk wantis the gift of Chastitie.

¶ The Pope hes maid the contrar lawis
In his kyngdome, as all men knawis
None of his preistis dar marie wyfis
Under no les paine nor thair lyfis
Thocht thay haue Concubynis systene
In to that case, thay ar ouersene
Quhat chastitie, thay keip in Rome
Is weill kend ouer all Chyristindome.

Mattheu
xvii.

Chyist did schaw his obedience
Onto the Emptouris excellence
And causit Peter for to pay
Tribute to Cesar, for thame thay.
Paule biddis vs be obedient
To kyngis as the most excellent.

¶ The contrar did Pope Selestene
Quhen that his Sanctitude serene
Did crown Henry the Emptoure
I thynk he did hym small honoure
For with his feit he did hym crown
Syne with his fute, the crown dang down
Sayand, I haue Authortie
Men tyll exalt to dignitie
And to mak Emptouris and kingis

OF THE MONARCHIE.

And hyne depprue thame of thare ring(s):

Peter be my Opintoun

Did neuer ble sic Dominoun.

Apperandlie be my Jugement

That Dope red neuer the New Testament

Geue he had lernit at that loze

He had refusit sic hane gloze

As Barnabas Peter and Paul

And rycht so Chyffis Discipulis all

The Capitane Cornelius

Act. 10.

Quhen Sanct Peter come tyll his hous

Tyll worschip hym fell at his feet;

Bot Sanct Peter with honnyll spych

Did rais hym vp with diligence

And did refuse sic Reuerence

Rycht so Sanct Jhone the Evangelist

Apoca.

The Angellis seit he wald haue bit

11. 1. 11.

Bot he refusit sic honour;

Sayand I am bot seruitor

Rycht so thy fallow, and thy brother

Geue gloze to God, and to none viher.

And lythwyle Barnabas and Paul

Act. 11. 11.

Sic honour did refuse at all

In Listra, quhare thay wrought greet works

The priest of Iuppiter, with his clerkis

And all the peple with thare auyce

Wald haue maid to thame Sacrifice

Of quhilk thay wer so discontent

That thay thare clothyng raue and rent

Act.

THE THRID BVKE

And Paule among thame rudely ran
 Sayand, I am ane mortall man
 Geue gloze to God, of kingis king
 That maid heuin, erth, and euery thing:
 Sen Peter and Paule bane gloze refusit
 With Doptis quhy sulde sic gloze be vsit.
 Peter, Androew, Thome, James, and Paull,
 And Christis trew Discipulis all
 Be Goddis word thare faith defendit,
 To bren, and skald, thay neuer pretendit
 The Pope defendis his traditioun
 Be flammand fyre, without remissioun,
 Quhobest men byek the lawe & wyne
 Thay ar nocht put to so greit pyne
 For huredome, nor Idolatrie
 For Incest, nor Adulterie,
 Or quhen young Virginis ar deflozid
 For sic thing men ar nocht abhozid.
 Bot quho that eitris fleische in to lent
 Ar terribilit put to tozment
 And geue ane preist happynnis to marie
 Thay do hym banis, curs, and warte
 Thocht it be nocht aganis the lawe
 Of God, as men may cleirly knawe
 Betwix this two, quhat difference bene
 Be faithfull folk it may be sene
 Sic Antitheses mony mo
 I mycht declare quhilkis I lat go
 And may nocht tary to comyle

OF THE MONARCHIE

Of ilk ozdour, the staitlie stile.
 The sillie Nun wpll think greit schame
 Without scho callit be Madame.
 The pure Priest thinks he gettis no richt
 Be he nocht split lyk ane knicht,
 And callit Schir, afoze his name,
 As schir Thomas, and schir Willame
 All Honkis ze may heit and se
 He callit Denis, for Dignitie
 Quhowbeit his mother milk the koto
 He mon be callit Dene Androw
 Dene Peter, dene Paull, and dene Robart
 Wuth Chyist thay tak ane painfull part
 Wuth dowbyll clethyng frome the cald
 Citand and dyinkand quhen thay wald
 Wuth curious Countryng in the queir
 God wat gyl thay by heuin full deir.
 My lord Abbot, richt venerabill
 My marschellit bpmost at the tabill
 My lord Bischop, most reuerent
 Set abuse Erlis in Parliament
 And Cardinalis duryng thare ringis
 Followis to Princis, and to Kingis.
 The Pope exaltit in honour
 Abuse the potent Emptour.
 The proude Persone I think trewles
 He leidis his lyfe rycht lustelle,
 For quhy, he hes none vther pyne
 Bot tak his tyme, and spend it spene

THE THRIDEBVKE

Bot he is obliſſit be reſoun
 To preiche vntill his Parichoun
 Thocht thay want preiching ſe wintene yete
 He wyll nocht want ane boll of beir.
 Sum Perſonis hes at his command
 The wantoun xxenthis of the land,
 Als thay haue gret pꝛetogatyuis
 That may depart ay with thare wyuis
 Withouth Diuoyce, oꝝ ſummonding
 Syne tak ane vther but wedding.
 Sum man wald think ane luſtie lyfe
 If quhen he liſt, to change his wyfe
 And tak ane vther of moꝝe betotie.
 Bot Secularis wantis that libertie
 The quhilk ar bound in mariage
 Bot thay lyke Rammis in to thare rage
 Unpiſſilit ryuntis among the ſowis
 So lang as Nature in thame growis.

And als the Vicar, as I trow
 He wyll nocht fail to tak ane kow
 And bymaist claithe (thocht babis thame ban)
 Frome ane pure ſelie houſband man
 Quhen that he lyis foꝝ tyll be
 Hauyng ſmall barnis two oꝝ thꝛe
 And his thꝛe ky withouttin mo
 The Vicar moſte haue one of tho
 With the gray cloke, that happis the bed
 Howbeit that he be putlie cled.
 And gif the wyfe be on the moꝝne

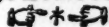
OF THE MONARCHIE

Thocht all the babis sulde be forloyme
The vther how he cleikis away
With his pure coit of toploch gray
And gif within twa dayis oʒ thye
The eldest Chyld hapnis to de
Of the thrid how, he wyl be sure.
Quhen he hes all than vnder his cure
And father, and Mother boith at dede
Beg mon the babis, without remede.
Thay hald the Cozps at the kirk stile
And thare it most remane ane quhyle
Tyll thay get sufficient souertie
For thare kirk richt and dewitie
Than cummis the landis Lord perfoʒs
And cleikis tyll hym ane heriold hoʒs.
Pure laubouraris, wald that law wer down
Quhilk neuer wes foundit be resoun
I hard thame say vnder confessioun
That law is brother till Oppressioun.

My Sone I haue schawin as I can
Quhow this fyft Monarchie began,
Quhole gret Impyre for to report
It lenth, the tyme bene all to schoʒt.

Ane Descriptioun of

The Court of Rome.



THE THIRDE BVKE

Courteo.

Father (said I) quhat reul help thay i rom e
 Quhilk hes the Spirituall domintoun,
 And Monarchie, abuse all Chyristindome
 Schaw me I mak 30w supplicattoun:

Experien

My Sone, wald I mak tiew narrattoun
 (Said he) to Peter, & Paul, thocht pai succeid
 I think thay pzeue nocht that in to thair deid.

Foꝛ Peter And 30w & Ihon wer fischear: fyne
 Of men and weimen, to the Chyristin faith
 Bot that haif spꝛed thare Net w hulk & lyne
 On rentis riche, on gold, and vther graith
 Sic fischting to neglect, thay wyl be laith
 Foꝛ quhy, pai haif fischit in ouerthort & stran-
 Ane gret part treuly of al répozal landis. (Dis

With that the tent part of all gude mouabil.
 Foꝛ the vphalding of thare Digniteis.
 So bene thare fischting wounder pꝛoffitabill
 On the dry land, als weil as on the seis
 Thare herpwater, thay spꝛed in all conntreis
 And w thair hois net, daylie dꝛawis to Rome
 The most fyne gold, that is in Chyristindome.

I dar weil say, within this fiftie zeit
 Rome hes relauit furth of this Regioun
 Foꝛ Bullis & benefice (quhilk pai by ful desc)
 Quhilk mꝑ ful weil haif payit ane king: ran-
 Bot war I worthie foꝛ to weir ane croun (fōn
 Þreis: suld no moze our substance so cōsume

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Sending zeir lie so gret ryches to Rome.

In to thare train a't net, that sangit ane fische
Moze no; ane quhail worthe of memoze
Of quhome yat half had mony daintie dische
Be quhome thay ar exaltit to gret gloze
That maruelo⁹ monstour, callit Purgatoze
Howbeit tyll us, it is nocht amfabil
It hes to thame, bene veray profitabil.

Lat thay yat fructeful fische eschapp thair net
Be quhome thay haue so gret commoditeis
Ane moze fat fische, I traist thay sall not get
Thocht thay wald serche ouertho; p^r oceane
Abow the daylie dolo;ous Dirigeis (seis
Helie pure preistis, may sing wth hart ful soze
Want thay that painful palice Purgatoze.

Fair well Monke, wth Chanoun Run a freis
Allace thay wyl be licheleit in all landis
Cowlis wil no moze be kend in kirk no; queis
Lat thai p^r fructful fische eschapp thare handis
I counsall thame to bind hym fast in bandis
For Peter, Andro^e, 10; Ihon, culd neuer get
So profitabill ane fische, in to thair net.

Thare Merchandise, in tyll all Nattons
As pzentit leid, thare walk, and parchem ent
Thare pardonis and thare Dispensattonis
Thay do excheit sum tempo;all p;ncis rent

THE THIRDE BVKE

In sic Traffique, thay ar nocht negligent.
Of Benefice, thay mak gude merchandyce
Thow symonie, quhilk thay bald lytle vyce

3ho.xxi. Chyist did command Peter, to feid his scheip
And so he did feid thame full tenderlie,
Of that command thay tak bot lytle keip
Bot Chyistis scheip, thay spolie pietuouslie.
And with ye wol thay cleith thame curiouse
Lik gormad wolfs pai tak of pain pair fude
Thai eit pair flesh & drink both milk & blude

For that office thay serue bot lytle hye.
I think sic Pastouris, ar nocht so, to pypse
Quhilk can not gide pair scheip about þ nyte
Thay ar so besie in thare merchandyse

mat.xvi Thocht Peter wes porter of Paradyse
That pleisand passage, craftelic thay close
Thow pain richt few, gett entres I suppose

**mathew
xxiii.** Chyist Iesus said, as Mathew did report
Wo be to Scribes, and to Phariseanis
The quhilkis did close, of Paradyse þ port
Of thame we haue the same experience
To enter thare, thay mak small diligence
thay tak sic cure in tempozall besines
Rycheslo frome vs, thay stop the plane entres.

Those spiritual keis quhilk Chyist to Peter
Thair coloz cleit w reik & roust ar fadit (gail

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Unoccupie, thay haile thame: in thair: naile;
Of that office, thay serue to be degradit
With Goddis word, wour pat thay remeidit
Oppining þ post, quhilk lang tyme hes bene
that we may enter w pain & be refoist.

Contrair tyll Christis Institutionn, Ihou. x.
To thame that beis, in habite of ane prest
Rome hes thame grantit full remission
To pas til heuyn, straucht way wouttin weis
Quhilk bene in Scotland blit mony ane zeir
Be thare sic vertew in ane feditis hude
I think in vane, Christ Iesu sched his blude.

wald God the hope quhilk hes. preeminence
With aduyle of his counsall generall
That thay wald do thare detfull diligence
That Christis law, micht keipit be ouer all
And trewly preichit, baith to greit and small
And geue to thame spirituall authoritie
Quhilk could persitellie schaw the veritie.

Quho can not preche, ane prest suld noche be
As may be preuit be the law diuine (namis
And be the Canon law, thay ar defamit
That takis preistheid, bot only to that syne
Till all vertew thair hartis thay suld inclyne
In speciall to preiche with trew intentis.
And minister the neidfull Sacramentis.

THE THIRDE BVKE

As for thare Monkis thair chanounis & pater
 And lustie Ladyis of Religoun (Heir is
 I knaw nocht quhar to thare office effeiris
 Bot men may se thare greit abusoun
 Thay ar nocht lyke, in to conclusioun
 Nothir in to thair wordis, nor thare workis
 To the Apostilis, Propheis, nor Patriarkis.

But presentlie this Prelatis can not preiche
 Than let ilk Byschop haue ane Suffragane
 Or successour, quhill can the peple teiche
 On thare expensis zeirlic to remane
 To cause the peple frome thare byce refrane.
 And quhen ane prelate, hapnith to decease
 Than put ane persone preichour, in his place.

Do thay nocht so, on thame fall by the charge
 Geuand vnable men Authortie
 As quho wald mak ane steirmā til ane barge
 Of ane blind boine, quhill can no dainger se
 Geue that schip droun, forsooth I say for me
 Quho gair that steirman sic commusioun
 Suld of the schip mak restitution.

The humane Lawis, that ar contrarious
 And nocht conforming to the Law diuine
 Thay sulde expell, and hald thame obdious
 Quhe that persauie, thame cū to no gude fyne
 Inuentit bot be sensuall mennis Ingyne

OF THE MONARCHIE.

As that law quhilk forbiddis Marriage
Causing young Clerkes birt in lustis rage.

Difficill is Chaſtitie tyll obserue
But ſpectall grace, labour, and abſtinnence
In tyll our fleſche ay regnis tyll we ſterue.
That firſt Originall ſyn, Concupiſcence,
Quhilk we throuch Adamis Inobedience
Bes done Incur, and ſall indure for euer
Quhill that our ſaull and body deith diſſeuer.

Rom. vii.

Tharefor God maid of Marriage the band
In Paradyſe (as Scripture doith recoyde)
In Galilie, tycht ſo I vnderſtand.
Wes Marriage honourit be Chyiſt our Lord,
Auld Law, & New, thare to thay do concoyde
I think for me, better that thay had ſlepit
For tyll haue maid ane law, and neuer kept.

Gene. ii.

1 Ion. ii.

Take nocht Chyiſt Jeſus his Humanitie
Of ane Virgine, in Marriage contractis
And of his fleſche, cled his Diuinitie,
Quhy haif thay done þe bliſſful band deſectie
In thare kingdome, wald god it wer correctie
That ſong prelatiſ, micht marie luſtie wylis
And nocht in ſenſuall luſt, to leid thare wylis.

Math. i.

Luc. i.

Did nocht Chyiſt cheiſe of honeſt maryit men
Alſweill as thay that kept Chaſtitie
For to be his Diſcipuliſ as ze ken
As in the Scripture cleirlye thow may ſee

Q

THE THIRDE BVKE

Chay helpit styl chare wyfis with honestie
As Peter, and his spousit byethen all
Obscruit Chastitie Marrimoniall.

12m. lll Bot now apperis the Prophecie of Paull
Quhow sum suld ryis in to the latter age
That frō the trew faith suld depart and fall
And suld forbid the band of Martage
Als thow sall find, in to that sam passage
Thay suld cōmand from meitis till abscene
Quhilk God creat his peple to sustene

Bot sen þ̄ hope our spiritual pynce & king
He dois ouerle sic byres manifest
And in his kingdome, sufferith for to ring
The men be quhome the vertite bene suppress
I excuse nocht hym self, moze than the rest
Allace how suld we membrys be weil vsit
Quhen so our spirituall heidis bene abusit.

¶ The famous ancient Doctoꝝ Auicene
Sapis quhē euil reuome descendis frō þ̄ heid
In to the membrys, generith mekle pane
Without thare be maid hastelle remeid
Quhē that cald humour dōntwart dois preid,
In Sennounis it causis Arthetica,
Rychis in the handis cramp Chiragra.

Of Maledyis it generis mony mo
Bot geue men get sum Souerane p̄serue

OF THE MONARCHIE

As in the theis Scythica Passio,
And in the brest, sunnypne & strang Caterue
Quhilk causis men richt hardelle to sterue,
And Podagra, difficill for to cure
In menis feit, quhilk lang tyme dois indure.

So to this most triumphand court of Rome,
This symilitude, full weill I may compar
Quhilk hes bene herschip of al Chyristindome
And to the world ane euill exemplair
That vniquhyle was Lod Serre, & lumnate
And the most sapient Salt of Sanctitude
Bot now allace bair of Beatitude.

Thare kyngdome may be callit Babilone Apo. xviii
Quhilk vniquhyle wes ane bicht Jerusalem
As planelle menis the Apostill Thone
Thare most famous Citie, hes tint the same,
Inhabiteris thair of thare nobyll Name:
For quhy, thay haue of Sanctis Habitable
To Symon Magus maid ane Tabernacle,

And horribill baill of euerilk kynd of byce
The faithlie Loch of Sink and Licherie,
The cursit Coue corrupt with Couatrye,
Bordourit about with pryde and Symonis
Sum sayis ane Cisterne full of Sodomie
Quhose byce in speciall, gif I wald declair
It war yneuch, for tyll perturb the air.

THE THIRDE BVKE

Of treuth the hole Chyristin Religioun
Througthame ar scandalizat and offendit,
It can nocht fail, bot thare abusoun
Afoze the Throne of God it is ascendit
I dyeid but vout, without that thay amend it
The platgis of Ihonis Reuelatioun
Sal fall vpon thare Generatioun.

Luc. xlii.

Apo. xvii

O Lord quhilk hes the hartis of eueryk king
In to thy hand, I mak the Supplicatioun
Couert that court, that of thare grace bening
Thay wald mak generall reformatioun
Among thame selfis, in eueryk Natioun
That thay may be ane holy exemplare
Tyll vs, thy pure lawit commoun populare.

Houngerit allace, forfalt of Spirituall fude
Because frome vs bene hid the veritie
O prince, quhilk sched for vs thy pious blude
Bendle in vs, the fyze of Cheritie
And saif vs frome Eternall miserie
Now laubourpng in to thy kirk Militant
That we may all cū to thy kirk triumphant.



OF THE MONARCHIE.

The fourt buke ma

hand mettoun of the deith. Of the Antichrist,
Of the Generall Igement, of Certane plesours of
the Glorifit Bodys, And quhow every Creature
desires to se the last day. With ane Echo:
satioun be Experience to the Courteour.

cc.
174

PRVDENT father Experience.
Sen se of your beneuolence
Hes causit me for to consider
Quhow warldlie Pomp, & gloze bene
Be diuers Bodys miserabill (slidder
Quhilkis to rebers bene Lamentabill
Zit oz we pas furth of this baill
I pray so to geue me your counsaill
Quhat I sall do in tyme coming
To haif the gloze Euerlasting

Courtesy

20 My Sone (said he) set thy intent
To keip the Lordis Commandement
And preys the nocht to clym ouer hie
To no warldlie Authortie
Quhow in the warld both most relos
He farrest ay frome thare purpos
Wald thou leue warldlie vanities
And thynk on four extremitis

Experien

D.f.

THE FOVRT BVKE

Quhilkis ar to cum, and that schoyllie
 Thow wald neuer syn wylfullie,
 Rent thir four, in thy memozie
 The Deith, the Hell, and Deuinis glozie
 And extreme Iugement generall
 Quhare thow mon rander compt of all
 Thow sall nocht fail to be content
 Of quiet lyfe, and sober rent.
 Considering no man can be sure
 In erth one hour for tyll indure
 So all warldlie prosperitie
 Is myxit with greit miserie.

¶ Wer thow Emptour of Asia
 King of Europe, and Aphysa,
 Greit Dominatoz of the sey
 And thocht the Deuinis did the obey
 All fischis swiming in the Grand
 All beist and foull at thy command
 Concluding thow wer king ouer all
 Under the heuin Impertall
 In that most hich Authozitie
 Thow suld synd leis tranquillitie
 ¶ Exempill of king Salomone
 More prosperous lyfe had neuer none
 Sic ryches, with so greit plesour
 Had neuer king noz Emptour
 With most profound Intelligence
 And super excellent Sapience
 His plesand Habitationis

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Preellit all other Nationis
 Gardingis and parkis, for hartis and hyndis
 Stankis with fische of diuers kyndis
 Most profound maisteris of Musike
 That in the world wes none thame lyke.
 Sic resour of gold, and precious stonis
 In erth, had neuer no king at onis.
 He had seuin hundred lustie Quenis
 And thye hundred fair Concubenis
 In erth, thare wes no thing plesand
 Contrarious tyll his command.
 At all this gret prosperitie
 He thocht it bane, and vanitie
 And mycht neuer find repose compleit
 Withouth afflictoun of the sprett.

Father (quod I) it matuellis me
 He hauand sic prosperite
 With so gret riches by mesour
 For he had infinite plesour
My sone the suith gif thou wald knaw
 The veritie I sail the schaw
 Thare is no warldlie thyng at all
 May satysfie ane mannis Hauill
 For it is so Insatiabill
 That heuin and erth, may nocht be abill
 One Hauill allone to mak content
 Tyll it se God Omnipotent

iii Reg.
 xi.

Eccle. 5

Courtes.

Experien.

THE FOVRT BVKE

Math. vi.
 Luc. xii.

 Wes neuer none, no; neuer salbe
 Sattiate, that syche tyll that he se.
 Quharefoze my Sone, set nocht thy cure
 In erth, quhare no thing may be sure
 Except the deith allanetlie
 Quhilk followis man continuallie
 Tharefoz my Sone, remember the
 Within schozt tyme that thou man-de
 Nocht knowing quē, quhow in quhat place
 Bot as it plesith the King of grace.

Of the Deith,

O Miserie moste Miserabill
 As Deith, and moste abhominabill
 That dreidful Dragone is his dar-
 Ky reddy fo; to pers the harris (tis
 Of eueryll Creature on lyue
 Contrar quhose strength may no man stryue,
 Of doleful Deith, this soze sentence
 Wes geuin thow Inobedience
 Of our Parentis, allare tharefoze,
 As I haue done declare afoze
 Quhow thay, and thare Posteritie
 Wer all condemnit fo; to be
 Quhowbeit the flesche to deith be thzall
 God hes the Soull maid Immoztall,

OF THE MONARCHIE

And so of his benignitie
 Hes myrit his Justice with Mercie
 Tharefoz call to remembrance
 Of this faine world the variance
 Whow we lyke Pilgram, ewin & moztow
 At traueilling throuch this baill of soztow
 Sum tyme in hane prosperitie
 Sum tyme in greitt miserie
 Sum tyme in blis, sum tyme in baill
 Sum tyme rich seik, and sum tyme haill
 Sum tyme full riche, and sum tyme pure
 Wharefoze my Sone, tak lytle cure
 Nothor of greitt prosperitie
 Noz it of greitt Miserie
 Bot pleisand lyfe, and hard mischance
 Wonder thame boith in one ballance
 Considering none authozite
 Ryches, wysedome, noz dignite
 Emppye of Reaknes, be wotie, noz strenght
 May nocht one day, our lpuis lenth
 Sen we ar sure, that we mooste de
 Fair weill all hane felicite.

CGreittie it doith perturbe my mynd
 Of dolent deith, the diuers kynd
 Thocht deith till euery man resoztis
 Zu Gephth he in syndze soztis
 Sum be hait Feueris violence
 Sum be contagious Pestilence

THE FOUERTH BVKE

Sum be Justice recurlous
 Bene put to deith, without Remission
 Sum hangit, Sum doith losethere heidis
 Sum byne, Sum foddin in to seidis
 And sum for thare vnliffum actis
 Ar rent and rewin vpon the ractis
 Sum ar dissoluit be popfoun
 Sum on the nyche ar murdrell down
 Sum fallis in to frenesie
 Sum deis in Hydropolis
 And beheris strange Infirmitis
 Mubarein mony ane thousand deis
 Quibik humane Nature dois abhor
 As in the Gut, grauell, and goy
 Sum in the flux, and feuer quarane
 Bot ay the hour of deith vncertane
 Sum ar dissoluit suddandise
 Be Catharre, or be Apoplexie.
 Sum doith distroy thame self also
 As Hanniball, and wyle Cato.
 Be thounder deith sum dois consume
 As he did the thrid king of Rome
 Callit Cullus Hostilius,
 As wyrtis greit Valerius
 For he and his houshold atonis
 Wer bynt be thounder flesche and bonis
 Sum deis be extreme excres
 Of Joy, as Valeric doith expres
 Sum be extreme Melancholie

OF THE MONARCHIE.

wyll be but hyer Maladie.

In Cronicles thou may weill ken
Quhow mony houndyeth thousand men
At slane, sen first the world began.

In battell, and quhow mony one man
Upon the see doith lose thare lyues
Quhen schippis vpon roches ryues,
Choche sum dee Naturallie thzouch age.

Far ma deis rauand in one rage,
Happys he, the quhilk hes space
At his last hour, to cry for grace.

Quhowbeit deith be abhominabill

I thynk it suld be conforzabill

Uill all thame of the faithfull noumer

For thay depart frome cair and coumer

Frome troubyll, trauell, Curt, and stryfe

Uill Joy and euerlestand lyfe.

Dolidorus Virgilius

To that effect, he wyttis thus

In Thrace, quhen ony Chylde be bozne

Thave kyn, & freindis, climis thame befozne

With dolent Lamentatioun

For the greit tribulatioun

Calamite cuimmer and cure

That thay in erth ar to indure.

For at thare deith and buryng

Thay mak greit Joy and Banketting

That thay haue past frome miserie

To rest and greit felicitye.

Esen deith bene finall conclusioun

THE FOVRT BVKE

What baillie warldlie prouisioun
 What wysedome may nocht contramand;
 Nor strengh that flout may nocht ganestand;
 Ten thousand Mylleioun of tresour
 May nocht prolong thy lyfe one hour
 Efter quhoſe volent departing
 Thy ſpyrit ſhall pas but tarying
 Straucht way tyll Joy Inestimabill
 Or to ſtrang pane Intolerabill.
 Thy vyle corruþpit carlioun
 Shall turne in Putrefaction
 And ſo remane in poulder ſmall
 Unto the Iugement Generall.

Ane ſchozt Deſcrip-

tion of the Antechriſt.

Courteo.



VOD I) Father I heir mē ſay
 That thair ſal ryle afore þ day
 Quhilk ſe cal general iugemēt
 One wickit mā frō ſathan ſent
 And cōtrar to þe law of Chriſt
 Callit the cruell Antechriſt
 And ſum ſayis that myſcheuous man
 Diſcend ſhall of the Crybe of Dan
 And ſulde be bozne in Babilone
 The quhilk diſſaue ſhall mony one.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

In these fall of every art
With that fals Prophet tak one part.
And quoth Enoch, and Elias
Shall p[re]che contrarie that fals Messias.
Bot finallie his fals Doctrine
And he sall be put to rewine
Bot nocht be the fyre nor sword
Bot be the vertew of Christis word.
And yf this be of verite
The suith I pray you schaw to mee.

My Sone (said he) as wyrtis I hone *Experien.*
Thare sall nocht be one man allone
Hauing that name in speciall
Bot Antechristis in generall *1. Thon. 10*
Hes bene, and now at mony one
And ryght so in the tyme of I hone
Wer Antechristis, as him self sayis
And presentlie now in this dayis
Ar ryght mony withoutin doubt
Wer thare fals lawis well soucht out.

Muham was one greiter Antechrist
And more contrarious to Christ
Nor the fals Prophet Mahomet
Quhilk his cursd Lawis maid so swett
In Turkesteyn at obseruance
Quhare throuch the hell he hes deseruance.
All Turkis, Sarazenis, and Jewis
That in the Sone of God nocht reuowis
Ar Antechristis I the declare
Because to Christ thay ar contrare

OF THE MONARCHIE

Dan. viij

That Daniell sayis in in his Prophecie
That after the greitt Monarchies
Shall rylse ane maruellous potent king
Dubill with ane schameles face fall sing
Mychie and wyle in dirk speakings
And prosper in all plesand thingis
Threuch his falsched and craftines
He shall slawe in co welchines
The Godly peple he shall noy
By cruell deith, and thame distrop.
The king of kingis he shall ganestand
Spne be distropit withoutt in hand.

II. Pet. ii

II. Pet. ii

Pauls sayis afoze the Lordis comming
That thare salbe one departing
And that man of Iniquitie
Till all men be fall oppennit be
Dubill fall sit in the holy lair
Contrary God, to mak debat.
Bot that Sone of Perditionn
Salbe put to confusioun
Be power of the holy Spereit.
When he his tyme hes done compleit

Beleue nocht that in tyme cumming.

One greiter Antechrist to ring
No; thare hes bene, and presentlie
At mow, as Clerkis can espie
Tharefoz my wyll is that thow knaw
Quhat euer thay be, that makis one Law
Thocht thay be callit Christin men
By naturall reason thow may ken

THE FOVRT BYKE

Be thay neuer of so greit balue
 Pape, Cardinall, King, or Emperour
 Exolland thare Traditounis
 Abuse Chyrlis Institutionis
 Makand Lawis contrar to Chyrl
 He is ane verray Antechyrl
 And quho doith forstise, or defend
 Sic law, I mak it to the kende
 Be it Pape, Emperour King or Quene
 Greit sorow sall be on thame Seue
 At Chyrlis extreme Jugement
 Withouthat thay in tyme repent

Ane schozte Re-

membrance of the most Terribill Pap
 of the Extreme Jugement.

FATHER (said I) with your Licence
 Sen ze haue sic Experience

zit one thing as you wald I speir
 Quhen sall that byristall day appere
 Quibilk ze call Jugement Generall
 Quhat thynge is that day sall fall
 Quhat sall appere that byristall day
 O quhow may salouris gett refuge

(Quod he) as to thy first question
 I can mak no solution
 Quharefo; perturo noch thyne intent

Courtes.

Experien.

THE FOVRT BYKE

To know day, hour, or moment
To God allone, the day bene knowin
Nubilk neuer wes to none Angell schawin
How best be diners confectionis
And princypall Expositouris
Of Daniell, and his Prophecie
And be the sentence of Elie
Nubilkis hes declarit as thay can
How lang it is sen the world began
And for to schaw, hes done thare cure
How lang thay traist it fall indure
And als quoth many agis bene
As in thare markis may be sene.

For till declare this questionis
Thare bene diuers opinions

Sum wyttaris, hes the world deuydit
In sechages, as bene deuydit

In to Fascidius Temporum

And Cronica Cronicarum

Bot be the sentence of Elie

The world deuydit is in thre

As cunying Maister Carlson

Hes maid plaine expositoun

Nubow Elie sayis withoutin weie

The world fall stand for thousand yere

Of quhome I follow the sentence

And latis the nyther Bukis go hence

Frome the Creatioun of Adam

Two thousand yir till Abraham

OF THE MONARCHIE

Frome Abraham, be this narration
 To Christs Incarnation,
 Rightso hes bene two thousand yers.
 And be this Prophecie apperis
 Frome Christ, as thap mak tyll vs kend
 Two thousand tyll the worldis end.
 Of quibylkis ar by gone sickerlie
 fyue thousand, fyue hund:eth, thye & fiftie.
 And so remanis to cum but weie
 four hund:eth, with sewin and fourtie yers,
 And than the Lord Omnipotent
 Shuld cum tyll his greet Jugement
 Christ sayis the tyme sal be maid schoyt Mathew
xxiii.
 As Mathew planelie doith rejoyt
 That for the worldis Iniquitie
 The latter tyme sall schoytit be
 For plesour of the tholin hummer
 That thap may pas frome casr and cummer.
 So be this compt it may be kend
 The world is bysband neir ane end.
 For Legionis ar cum but dout
 Of Antichristis wet thap soucht out
 And mony to knis doith apper
 As efter schoytill how sall here
 Duhow that sanct Iherome doith indyte
 That he hes red in Hebreu wyte
 Of syene sights in speciall
 Afoze that Jugement Generall,
 Of sum of chame, I tak no care

THE FOVRT BVKE

Dubills I find nocht in the Scripture,
One part of thame thocht I declair
First wpll I to the Scripture sair.

Mat. xlii
Matthew
xxiii.

Christ sayis, afore that day be done
Thare sal be signis, in Sone and Mone.

The Sone sall hyde his beinis brycht
So that the Mone sall geue no licht
Steeris be mennis Iugement
Sall fall furth of the firmament

Of this signis o; we forther gone
Sum mo; all sence we wpll expone

As cunning Clerkis hes declairit
And hes the Sone and Mone comparit

The Sonne, to the stat spiritual
The Mone to Princis tempo; all
Rychis to the Reris thay do compare
To the lawit common populare
The Mone and Reris, hes no licht
Bot be reflex of Phebus brycht
So quhen the Sonne of lycht is dirl
The Mone and Reris, mon be mirk
Rychis to quhen Dastouris spiritualis
Popis Bischopis, and Cardinalis
In thair beginning, schew greitliche
The tempo; all stat, wes remlie richte.

Bot now allace, it is nocht so

Thos schynand Lampis bene ago
Thare radious beinis ar turnit in cask
For now in erth, no thing thay seek

OF THE MONARCHIE

Except riches, and Dignitie
 Following thare Sensualitie
 Mony Prelatis at now regnand
 The quiblis no moze dois vnderstand
 What dois pertene to thare office
 No; thow can kendle fyre with Ire.
 Wo to Popis I say for me
 Nuhilk suffers sic Chormistle
 That Ignorant worldlie Creaturis
 Suld in the kirk haue ony curis.
 No maruell thocht the peple styde
 When thay haue blind men to thare gyde.
 For ane Prelate, that can nocht preiche
 No; Goddis law, to the peple teiche;
 Clay comparith hym in his work
 Tyll ane dum Dog, that can nocht bark.
 And Christ hym callis in his greif
 Most lyk ane murtherer of ane theif
 The cunning Doro; Augustine
 Wolfis, and Deuillis, doith thame de fyne.
 The Canon law doith hym defame
 That of ane Prelate beris the name
 And wyl nocht preiche the Diuine Lawis
 As the Decreis plainely schawis.
 Bot thos that hes authoritie
 To prouyde spirituall Dignitie
 Mycht geue thay plesit to tak pane
 Gar thame licht all thare Lampis agane.
 Bot euer allace, that is nocht done

Clay. lvi

Abne. x.

IN THE FORTH BUK

So derknt bene boith Sonne and Mone
war kingis lyuis weill declarit

The quiblis ar to the Mone comparit

Men micht consider thare estat

Frome Charitie degenerat

I thynk thay suld think wele schame

Of Christ for to tak thare surname

Syne leif noch tyke to Christians

Bot more lyk Turbis and to Paganis

Turk contrair Turk makis lytle weir

Bot Christiane Princis takis no feir

Muht his suld age as brother to brother

Bot now ilk one dyngis downe ane vther

I knawe no resonabill cause nurefore

Except Wyde Couetyse and vaine gloze

The Emptour mouis his Ordinance

Contrair the potent king of France

And fenge rightis with greit rigour

Contrair his freind the Emptour

And rightis France agane England

England also aganis Scotland

And als the Scottis with all thare micht

Worth fight for to defend thare right

Be tair thir Realmes of Albione

Muht Battellis bes bene mony one

Can be maid none Innitie

Nor no Consanguinitie

Nor be no way thay can consider

That thay may haue lang Peice to gadder

OF THE MONARCHIE.

I deid that weir makis none ending
 Tyll thay be baith vnder one king.
 Thocht Christ the souerane king of grace
 Left in his Testament lufe and peace.
 Our kings frome weir wyll nocht refrane
 Tyll thair be mony ane thousand slane
 Greit beischippis maid be see and land
 As all the warld may vnderstand.

Father I thynk that tempoꝝall kingis.

May fecht foꝝ tyll defend thare ringis.

Courtes.

For I haif sene the spirituall state
 Mak weir thare richtis tyll debait.
 I saw Pope Julius manfullie
 Was to the feild trumphantlie
 With ane rycht afulf Ordinance
 Contrair Lowes, the king of France
 And foꝝ to do hym moꝝe despyte
 He did his Regioun interdyte.

My Sone (said he) as I suppose

That langis weill tyll out purpose

Experien.

How Sone and None, ar boith denude
 Of lycht, as Clerkis doith conclude
 Comparing thame, as ze hard tell
 To spirituall state, and tempoꝝell
 And comoun peple half despairit
 Quhilk to the sterris bene compairit
 Laitit peple follow ay thair heidis
 And speciallie in to thare deidis
 The most part of Religioun

THE FOUERT BVKE

Bene thent in abussoun.
 Quhat doith anall religious wordis
 Quhen thay ar contrat in thare deidis
 Quhat holpries is thare within
 The wolfeled in ane wedder skin
 So be thir takynnis dois apper
 The day of Jgement drawis nere,
 Now lat vs seil this hroall sente
 Wjocelding till our purpose hence
 And of this mater speik no moze
 Begynnyng quhare we left afoze.

Marbels
 xxiii
 Mar xlii
 Luk. xxi

The Serpente sayis: efter this signis
 Salbe seene many matuellous thingis
 Than sall rpe tribulationis
 In erth, and greif mutationis
 Als well hest vnder as aboue
 Quhen vertewis of the heuin sall mone
 Sic cruell weillalbe as than
 Wes neuer seene sen the world began
 The quhilk sall cause greif Indigence
 As deth, honger, and pestilence
 The ho; sibil foundis of the see
 The peple sall perturb and flee
 Jerome sayis, it sall rpe on hiche
 Abone montanis be mennis sicht
 Bot it sall nocht spjed ouer the land
 Bot lyke ane wall euin straucht vpstand
 Syne sattil down agane so law
 That no man sall the water know.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Greit Dubalis sall cummeis rout and rale
 Dubole sound redound fall in the air.
 All fische and Monstouris maruellous
 Sall cry with soundis odious
 That men sall widder on the erd
 And weping wate sall thare weith
 With lowd allace, and wellaway
 That ever thay baid to se that day
 And speciallie those that dwelland be
 Upon the coasts of the see.
 Rycheso as Sanct Jerome concludis
 Sall be sene ferleis in the fludis
 The see with moning maruellous
 Sall burn with flaminis furious
 Rycheso sall burn fontane, and fude
 All herb and tree sall sweit lyke blude
 Fowlis sall fal furth of the air
 Wold beists to the plaine repaire
 And in thare maner mak greit mone
 Sowland with mony grillie gone.
 The bodels of dede Creaturis
 Apper sall on thare Sepulturis
 Than sall boith men, women and barnis
 Cum crepand furth of hobb Cauernis
 Dubare thay for dreid wer hld afoze
 With sich and sob and hartis soze
 Wandring about as thay wat mode
 Effamischit for falt of fude
 None may ma's hithertis consoyting

Mr. n. s. c.
 1550

Deerebet.
 1550

of the
 1550

THE FOVRT BVKE

Bot bale for bale and Lamenting
 Ouhat may thay do, bot weip and woundes
 Ouhen thay se roches schalk in schoundes
 Chyow trumblpng of the erth, and quaking.
 Of sozrow than sall be no slaking
 Ouh that bene leuand in those dayis
 May tell of terribill affrayis.
 Thare riches, rentis, noz tressour
 That tyme sall do thame small plesour
 Bot quhen sic wounderis dois appett
 Men may be sure, the day drawis nerr
 That Iust men pas fall to the gloze
 Inlust to paine for euer more.

Van. xlii
 Courtes.

Father (said I) we daylie reid
 One Article in to our Creid
 Sayand that Chyist Omnipotent
 In to that generall Iugement
 Shall Iuge boith dede and quik also
 Ouharefoze declare me oze go
 Geue thare sal ony man o; wyfe
 That day be foundin vpon lyfe

Expone:

(Quod be) as to that questiou
 I shall mak some solutioun

magabets
 cxliii.

The Scripture planely doith expone
 Ouhen all takynnis, bene cum and gone
 Zit mony one hundzeth thousand
 That samyn day, sal be leuand
 Howbeit thare sall no Creature
 Noether of day no; houre be sure.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

For Chyrls call cum so suddanlye
 That no man tell the tyme afoze
 As it was in the tyme of Roy
 Quhen God did all the world distroy.
 Sum on the feild salbe laubozand,
 Sum in the tempillis Marland,
 Sum afoze Jugis makand pley
 And sum mch sailland on the sey.
 Those that be on the feild going
 Shall nocht returue to thare luing.
 Quho bene apou his hous abuse
 Shall haue no laser to remuse.
 Two salbe in the Mill grinding
 Quhilk salbe takin but warning
 The one tyll euerlasting gloze
 The vther lost for euer moze.
 Two salbe lying in one bed
 The one to plefour salbe led
 The vther salbe left allone
 Greitand with mony gristle grone
 And so my Sone thow may weil crow
 The world salbe as it is now
 The peple vling thare belines
 As holy Scripture doith expze.
 Sen no man knawis the hour nor day
 The Scripture biddis vs walk and pray
 And for our Spn be penitent
 As Chyrls wald cum Incontinent.

The maner quhow

Chyſt ſall cum to his Iugement.

¶ (*) - ¶



Whe al ſaknis benebrycht till
 chā ſal þ ſee of god diſcreo (end
 as fire ſlaucht baſtely glaſting
 Diſcreo ſal þ moſt heuynly big
 As Phobus in the Orient
 Richtwis in haſt to Occident

Experiens

Deb. xii.

Luc. xxi.

Zech. t.

Mat. xxi.

So pleſandſte, he ſall appeir

Among the heuynlie cluobis cleir
 With greit power and Watſhe
 Abone the countre of Judee
 As Clerkis doith concluding haill
 Direct aboue the luſtie Walll

Of Joſaphat, and Mont Oliuet
 All Propheſie thare ſalbe compleit

The Angellis of the ordouris Wyne
 Inueroun ſall that Chyone Diuyn
 With heuynlie conſolatioun
 Makand hym Minſtratioun
 In his preſence thare ſalbe boyn
 The ſignis of Cros, and Crown of thorne
 Pillar, Balles, Scurgis and Spere
 With eueryk thing that did hym deſe
 The tyme of his grym Paſſioun
 And ſoz our conſolatioun
 Spere ſall in his handis and ſell

OF THE MONARCHIE.

And in his syde, the pyent complet
 Of his syue woundis p'ectious
 Schynand lyke Rubes Radious,
 To Reprobat confusioun,
 And for finall conclusioun
 He sittand in his Tribunal
 With greit power Imperiall
 These fall one Angell blowe one blast
 Quibik fall mak all the world agast
 With hydduous voce, and beheiment
 Rype dede folk, cum to Iugement.
 With that, all resonabill Creature
 That euer wes formit be Nature
 Shall suddantlie start vp attonis
 Cōtonit w' saul, flesche, blode, and bonis.
 That terribill Trumpet I heir tell
 Weis hard in Heuin, in erth, and hell
 Those that wer drownit in the sey
 That bousteous blast thay fall obey
 Mahate euer the body burpit was
 Ill salbe founden in that plas.
 Angellis fall pas in the four arttis
 Of erth, and bying thame frome all parttis
 And with one instant diligence
 Present thame to his excellence.

¶ Sanct Jerome thocht continuallie
 On this Iugement so ardentlie
 He said, quibidet I eit oz drink
 Oz walk, oz sleip, forsuch me thitak

1. Cor. xii.
 Carhep
 xxiii.

1. psc. xx.

psal. xlii

THE FORT BVKE

That terrible Crumpe lyke ane bell
So quiklie in myne eie doth knell
As Instantlie it wet present
Ryse dede folk, cum to Jugement
Geue Sanct Ierome take sic ane frai
Allace quhat sall we Symonis say

All those, quhilk fund in bene on lyfe
Salbe Immortal maid belyfe

ape. iii.
i. lvi. xv.

And in the twinkling of one Ce
With fyre thay sall translatie be

And neuer for to see agane

As Diuine scripture schawis plane

Als reddy both for pane and gloze

As thay quhilk deit lang tyme afore.

The Scripture sayis, thay sall appete

In age the thre and thretty seir

Quhither thay deit young or auld

Quhose greit houner may nocht be sauld

no schete
xxvi.

That day sall nocht be missit one man

Quhilk beane wro sen the world began.

The Angell sall thame separat

As Hird the schep doith frome the Gait,

And those quhilk bene of Belialis band

Crymning apoun the erth sall stand

On the left hand, of that greit Iuge

But esperance to get refuge.

i. lvi. iii.

Bot those quhilk bene predestinat

Sall frome the erth be cleuat

And that most happy companie

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Sall ozdour it be triumphantlie
At the ryght hand of Christ our King
Which in the air, with loud louing,
Full Gloriouslie thare sall compeir
More bright than Phobus in his speir
The Virgine Marie, Quene of Quenis;
With mony anethousand blyche Virgents
The fatheris of the auld Testament
Nuhilk wer to God obedient
Father Adam, thame conuoy
With Abel, Seth, Enoch, and Noe,
Abraham with his faithfull warkis
With all the prudent Patriarkis
Thone the Baptist thare sall compeir
The Principall, and last Wellinger
Nuhilk come bot half ane zeir afore
The cummyng of that King of gloire
Moses, Elias, honorabill
With all trew Prophetis Venerabill
Dauid, with all the faithfull kingis
Nuhilk vertuouslie did reuill thair ringis,
The nobyll Christiane Josue
With gentill Judas Machabe
With honor one nobill Campfoure
Nuhilk in thare tyme with greit renown
Manfully till thare lyuis end
The Law of God thay did defend.
With Eue, that day sal he present
The Ladyis of the auld Testament:

THE FOVRT BVKE

Deboys, Adamis Doughter deir
 with the four lussy Ladyis cleir
 Dubilk kept twer, in the Ark with Noe
 Sara, and Cethura with Joy
 The quiblis to Abraham wyffis bene
 with gude Rebecca thare salbe sene
 The prudent wyffis of Israchi
 Gude Lea, and the lair Rachell
 with Judith, Hester, and Susanna
 And the richt sapient Queene Saba.

20 Thare sall compete Peter and Paul
 with Chyrlis trew Discipulis all
 Lawrence and Steuyn, id thare blyst band
 Of Martyris mo, than ten thousand
 Gregoys, Ambrose, and Augustyne
 With confessouris, ane tryumphand tryne
 with Sanct Frances, and Dominick
 Sanct Bernard, and sanct Benedick
 with small noumer, of Monkis and Freiris
 Of Carmelites, and Coydelleiris,
 That for the lufe of Chyrl onelie
 Renuncit the world vnsenfelle.

With Elizabeth and Anna
 All gude wyffis sall compete that day
 The blyst and holy Magdalene
 That day afoye hir Souerane
 Rycht plesandlie scho sall pfeene
 All Synnaris that wer penitene

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Du hill of chare gill beir ashit grace.
In heuin with hir, sall haue ane place.

Bot mo beis to that bailfull hand

Du hill sall stand law at his left hand.

Mo than to kyngis, and Emperouris

Du hillis wer vrichteous Conquerouris

For chare gloze, and particular gude

Gart sched so mekle saikles blude.

But Sceptour, Crown, and Rob Royall

That day thay sall mak compt of all

And so; thare cruell tyrannye

Sall punis be perpetuallie.

Ze Loydis, and Bartronis, moze and les

That your pure Tennantis dois oppres

Be gret Gersome, and dolbill maill

Moze than your landis bene auall

With soze exorbitant cariage

With merchettis of thare marriage

Comentit both in peace and weir

With burdinnis moze than thay may beir

Be thay haue payit, to you thare maill

And to the Dyett thare teindis baill

And quhen the land agane is lawin

Du heretis behynd, I wald wer knowin

I traist thay and thare pure houshald

May tell of hounger, and of cauld

Withouth ze half of thame plete

I dyeid ze sall get no Mercie

That day, quhen Christ Omnipotent

THE FOWRT BVRNE

Cummis to generall Iugement
 Wo betis to public Oppressours
 To tyrannis, and to Transgressours
 To Murderaris, and common theifis
 Quiblk neuer did mend thare gret mischeifis
 Fornicatouris, and Ocheraris
 Common public Boulteraris
 All pertinat wylfull Heretikes
 All fals defaitfull Schismatikes
 All salbe present in that place
 With mony Lamentabill allace.
 The cursit Cayn, that neuer wes gode
 With all scheddaris of sailles blude
 Remrod, foundar of Babilone
 With fals Idolateris mony one.
 Ninus the King of Assiris
 With gret dule sall compeir that day
 Quiblk first Inuentit Imagerie
 Quibarethouch come greit Idolatrye
 For makyng of the Image Bell
 Chadday his hye salbe in hell.
 The greit Oppressour king Pharo,
 The tyrane Emprour Nero
 Sall with thame cursit king Herode byng
 With mony uther casfull king
 The cruell king Antiochus
 With the most furious Olofernes
 Gret Oppressours of Israell
 That day thare hye sall be in hell.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

With Iudas shall compare one shall be
Of fals Traitors to God and man
Thare shall compare of every land
With Donce plat one baufull band
Of tempoall and spirituall Ratts
Fals Iugis, with thare Advocats
Thare shall our Schismatics of the Sestoun
Of all thare falsis thair dier confestoun
Thare shall be tene, the fraudfull sailers
Of Schismes, Journeis, and of Bailers
Officialis, with thare Conscience Clergis
Shall mak compt of thare wondrous werkis
Thay and thare pervert Advocatours
Oppressours boith of riche and puris
Throug Delatours full of defalt
Nobill mony one gart beg thair melt
Grest dule that day to Iugis bene
That cumis nocht with thare conscience cleene
That day shall pas be Peremptours
Withour Cawtele, or Dilatours
No Duplicandum, nor Triplicandum
Bot shortly pas to Sentenciandum
Withour Continuacions
Or ony Appellacions
That sentence shall nocht be retraitit
Nor with no man of Law debaitit.
Ze Laboureris be see and landis
Perfite Craftismen, and riche Merchandis
Leve your defalt and craftie wylis

THE FOURTH BOOK

Quhilk fillie sumppil folk begittis
 That recompence beir as se may
 Remembryng on this dyidfull day
 With which dymett fals compett but doubt
 Of Intechristis one bynduous rout
 Bischop Annas and Cathphas
 With Synne in companie fall pass
 With Sceybis, and fals Pharistenes
 Quhilk wrought on Christ greit violences
 With many one Turk, and Saracene
 With greit sorrowe thore fals bene
 Dalpis for thare traditonis
 Contrair Christis Institutionis
 With many one to will, and clippit crown
 Quhilk Christis lawis stampit down
 And wold nocht suffer for to preche
 The verite, nor the peple seche
 Nor lawis men put to greit torment
 Quhilk hit Christis Testament
 All kingis and Quenis thare fals be kend
 The quhilk sic lawis did defend
 In that court fall sum many one
 Of the blak byik of Babilone
 The Innocent blude that day fals spand
 One loud vengeance full personis
 On thore cruell bludie boucheouris
 Harryng of Propheetis, and Precheouris,
 Sum with the fyre, sum with the sword
 Quhilk plainly prechtit Goddis word

OF THE MONARCHIE.

That day thap sall rewardit be
Conforme to thate Iniquitte

The Sodomitis and Gomorance

On quhom God is oght to geue penceance
With Coz, Bathan and Abyone

With thate assistance many one
The holy Scripture will the tell

Quhom thap sent all down to the hell
With Symon Magus sall resorte

Of proude Dyabls, laue schamefull sorte
That samer day, thare sal be sene

Many one cruell and full Quene
Quene Semiramis King Ninus wyfe

Ane Gyger full of furr and wyfelup
To gydder with Quene Jezabell

Quhilk wes couraous and cruell
The fals desaitfull Dalida

The cruell Quene Clytemnestra
The quhilk did murders on the niche

Agamemnon, boith wyfe and wyche
The quhilk wes hir awin souerane Lord

As Grekis Booke doith record
With cruell Quenis many one

Quhilk langsum wer for till exone
Ze wantoun Aodis and burges wyfis

That now for sydest tatills wyfis
Flappand the filch, amang our seic

Rasing the dust up to the streit
That day for all your pomp and pryde

THE FORTY BVKE

Your tasselis shall nocht zone: hippis hyde
 Thir banetels, ze shall repent
 without that ze be penitent
 Mouth phylomilla, I heit tell

Dubillk callit the Spirit of Samuella
 That day with his thare shall refoyte
 Of rank wycheis and sorowfull foyle
 Dyche from all paces mony one myle
 Frome Hauoy, Athole, and Argyle
 And fro the ryndis of Galloway
 With mony wofull walloway.

Ze Brother of Religion

Indreleis, ze shall zone

With quibill ze haue the world abasit

O ze that day salbe refusit

I speik to ȝow all generallie

Nocht tyll ane Dyoun specialle.

That day all Ceraturs shall ken

Geue ȝower Sanctis oȝ warldlie men.

O ze geue ȝe take the Shapellaris

That ze mycht leif moȝe pleandlie

And get ane gude gude Portioun

O foȝ Godlie Devotioun

That day ze ȝowr semel Sanctis

Shall nocht be knawin be ȝowr hubis

ȝowr Superstitious Ceremonies

Participant till Idolatreis

Coyd, currie schone, noȝe clippit heid

That day, shall stand ȝow in no field.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

For Cowllis plak, gray, noȝ begait
 Ze sall that day get no reward
 Your Polite payntit flattre
 Your Dissimulate Hipocrisie
 That day thay salbe cleirly knawin
 When ze sall scheyr, as ze haue sawin.
 Tharefoze in tyme, be penitent
 Or ellis that day, ze wyll be schent.

I pray you hartlie as I may
 Remember on that dyrdfull day
 Ze Abbot, Bpōz, and Bpōzes
 Consider quhat ze did pofes
 And quhow that your promotion
 Woes no thing for Deudition
 Bot tyll obtene the Abbacie
 Ze maid your Uow of Chastitie
 Of Puertie, and obedience,
 Tharefoze remoyd your conscience
 Quhow thir thre bowis bene obseruit
 And quhat reward ze haue deseruit
 Quharefoze repent, quhill ze haue space
 Sen God is liberall of his grace.

O father (quod I) declare to me
 Quhare sall our Prelatts ordourit be.
 Quhill now bene in the world lenand
 With quhome sal cum that Sprituall bande?
 (Quod he) as sanct Barnard discypuis
 Withouthat thay amend thare lyuis
 And leif thare wantoun vicious workis

Courtes.

Experien.

D.f.

THE FOVRT BVKE

Nocht with Propheitis, no; Patriarkis
 Nocht with Martyrs, no; Confessouris
 The quhilkis to Christ, wer tiew preichouris.
 Thare Dyceffouris, Peter and Paull
 That day wyll thame misken at all
 So sall thay nocht, I say for me
 With the Apostillis oydourit be
 I traist thay sall dwyll on the doordour
 Of hell, quhare thare sal be none oydour
 Endlang the flude of Phlegeton
 Or on the brygis of Acheron
 Cryand on Charon, I conclude
 To ferrte thame ouer that furious flude
 Tyll Eternall confusioun
 Withouth thay leif thare abusoun
 I traist those Prelatis, moze and les
 Sall mak cleir compt of thare ryches
 That dyidfall day, with hartis soze
 And quhat seruice, thay did thairsoze
 The Princely pompe, no; appattall
 Of Pope, Bischop, no; Cardinall
 Thare Royall reuis, no; dignite
 That day sall nocht regardit be
 Thare sall no taillis, as I heir say
 Of Bischopis, be boyne vp that day
 Cum thay nocht with thair conscience cleue
 On thame gret soztow sal be sene
 Withouth that thay thare lyfe amende
 In tyme, and so I mak ane end.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

The maner quhow

Christ shall geue his Sentence.



When all this Cōgregationis
beis broucht furth fro al natiōs
Quhilk salbe about lāg pres
chocht I haif maid sū lāg di-
fo: i þ thinklig of a Ce(gres
All mankynd shall presentit be

Experien.

Afoze that kyngis Excellence.

Than schoztie shall be geue sentence

first sayand to that blissit band

Quhilk beis oydourit, at his richt hand

Cum with my fatheris Benisoun

And resauē your possessioun

Quhilk bene for 30w preordinate

Afoze the world wes first create

Quhen I wes hungre, ze me fed

Quhen I wes nalkit, ze me cled

Ostymes ze gaue me herbery

And gaue me drink, quhen I wes dry

And despit me, with myndis meik

Quhen I wes preronat and seik

In all sic tribulatioun

Ze gaue me consolatioun.

¶ Than shall thay say, O Potent King

Quhen saw we the desyre sic thing

¶.

Exat. xrb

THE FOVRT BVKE

we neuer saw thyne Excellence
 Subbe wit to his Indigence
 This (saith he say) I sow assure
 When euer se did ressaue the pure
 And for my sake, maid thame supple
 That gift but dout, se gail to me
 Therefore sall now begin your gloze
 Whilk sall indure for euer moze.

¶ Then sall he luke on his left hand

And say vnto that bailfull band

Was with my Maledictioun
 Till Eternall Afflictoun
 In company with seinthis fell
 In euerlasting fyre of hell
 When I stude naikit at your set
 Hungrie, thristie, cauld and wet
 Ryght febill, seik, and lyke to de
 I neuer gat of sow supple
 And when I lay in presoun strang
 For sow I myght haue lpin full lang
 without your Consolatioun
 Or ony suppoztatioun.

¶ Crying for dyed than sall thay say
 with mony hydduous harmisay
 Allace gude Loyde, quhen saw we the
 Subiect to sic necessite
 When saw we thee, cum to our dure
 Hungrie, thristie, naikit, pure
 When saw we the in presoun ly

OF THE MONARCHIE.

O; the refuse herberge

¶ Chan sall that most precellent king

Tell those wretchedis maid answering

That tyme, quhen ze refuse the puris

Quhilkis neidfull cryit at your duris

And of your superfluite

For my sark maid thame no supple

Refu and thame, ze me refusit

With wretchednes so ze wer abusit

Tharefo; ze sall haue to your hye

The euelasting birnand fyre

But grace, but pece, o; conforting

Chan sall thay cry, full soze weiping

That we wer maid, allace gude Lord

Allace, is thare none Misericord

But thus, withoutin hope of grace

Thy presence of thy plesand face.

Allace fo; vs, it had bene gude

We had bene smoit in our cude.

¶ Chan with one raie, the erth sall cryt

And I wolle thame boith man and wyf.

Chan sall those Creaturis forlozne

Waste the hour, that thay wer bozne,

With, mony zamer, setw and sell

Frome tyme thay seill the flammis sell

Apon thare tender bodpis byte

Quhose toymet salbe Infynite.

The erth sall close, and frome thare sicke

Shall cabin be, all kynd of lichte

THEFOVRT BVKE

Thare salbe gowling, and greiting
 But hope of ony conforting
 In that Inestimabill pane
 Eternallie thay sall remane
 Birnand in furious flammis reid
 Euer deand, bot neuer be deid
 That the small Minute of one hour
 To thame salbe so greit dolour
 Thay sall think thay haue done remane
 Ane thousand zeit in to that pane
 Allace I trimill to best tell
 The terribill tormenting of hell
 That painfull pit, quho can deploze
 Quhilk mon indure for euer more?

Than sall those glouyfit Creaturis
 With mirth and infinite plesuris
 Conuoyit with Joy Angelicall
 Pas to the heuin Impericall
 With Christ Iesu, our Souerane King
 In gloze Eternallie to ring
 Of man quhilk passis the Ingyne
 The thousand part, for tyll desyne
 1. pet. iii. Allanerlie of the leist plesure
 Preordinat for one Creature.

Than sall one fyre, as Clerks sane
 Mak all the hillis, and ballis plane
 Frome erth, vp to the Heuin Empyre
 All beis renewit be that fyre
 Purgig all thyng materiall

OF THE MONARCHIE.

Under the heuin Imperiall.

Boith erth, and water, fyre, and aile
Salbe moze perfyte maid and faire
The quiblis afoze had mixit bene
Shall than be purifyt and maid cleane
The erth lyke Chyrtall salbe cleir
And eueryk Planett in his spheir
Shall rest withouten moze mouing
Boith heryn heuin, and Chyrtalling
The first and best heuin nouabill
Shall stand but turning firme and stabill
The Sonne in to the Orient
Shall stand, and in the Occident
Rest shall the Mone, and be moze cleir
Noz now bene Phebus in his spheir,
And als that Lantern of the heuin
Shall geue moze licht, be greis leuin
Noz it gaue sen the warld began.
The Heuin renewit salbe than,
Rychtso the erth, with sic deupse
Compair tyll heuinlie Paradyse.

apo. xxi.

So heuin and erth, salbe all one
As menyth the Apostill Thone
The greit see shall no moze appeir
Nor lyke the Chyrtall pure and cleir
Passing Imaginattoun
Of Man, to mak narrattoun
Of gloze, quiblis God, haith done prepaire
Tyll euery one that cummis thair

1. Cor. ii.

THEFOVRT BVKE

The quibllk with eiris, no; with ene
Of man may nocht be hard no; sene
With hart it is vnthinkabill
And with toungis Inpronunciabill
Whose plesouris salbe so perfyte
Hauing in God, so greitt desyre
The space now of ane thousand yere

1 Pet. iii. That tyme fall nocht, ane hour appeir
Quibllk can nocht comprehendit be
Till we that plesand sight fall se.

1 Cor. xli. Quhe Paule wes reuifcht in the spyzett

Tyll the thyrd Heum, of gloze repleit
He saith, the Secrettis quibllk he saw
Thay wer nocht leiffum for to schaw
To no man on the erth leuand
Quharefor preys nocht till vnderstand
Quhowbeit thare to thow haue desyre
The Secrettis of the Heum Emppye
The moze men luteis on Phebus bycht
The moze sebill, salbe thare sicht
Rychtso lat no man set thare cure
To serche the hich Deuyne Nature.
The moze men Audie, I suppose.
Salbe the moze frome thare purpose
To know, quhareto sulde men Intend
Quibllk Angellis can nocht comprehend
Bot efter this greitt Jugement
All thing till be salbe patent.

Lat vs with Paule, our mynd addres

OF THE MONARCHIE.

He beand fall of humilitie
Fall humile, he teichit vs
Nocht to be to curious
Quhoweit men be of greit Ingyne
To seek the hich Secretis Deupne
Whose Iugement ar vnsetchebill
His wayis strange and vnsearchabill
(That is to say) past out finding
Of quhome no man may find ending.
It sufficis vs for tyll Impleye
Gret God, to bring vs to his gloze.

Mon. pt.

Of certane plesuris

Of the glorifyit Bodyis.

SEn there is noe in erth, may comprēd
The beuuite gloze & plesour infynite
Quharfor my sone, I pray þ not frend
Quest for to seek, that mater of deyle
Quhilk passit Naturall reason till Indyte
That God also that he the world creat
Preparit to thame, quhilk ar predestinat.

Experien

All mortall men, falshe maid Immozall
(That is to say) neuer to be agane
Impassibil, and so Celestiall
That speir no sword, may do to paine no pane

THE FOVRT BVKE

For best, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor raine
 Choct sic thing wer, may do to paine no daine
 Those Creaturis, rich so salbe also eke.

As flammand Phebus, in his Mansioun
 Consider thou, geue thare salbe greit lichte
 Duben every one, in to that Region
 Shall schyne lyke to y sone, and be also bycht,
 Lat vs with Dauid desyre to see that lichte
 To be dissoluit, Dauid had ane greit desyre
 With Christ, to be in tpe the heuin Emprye.

And mozeatour, as Clerks can discerne,
 Thare maruellous mirthis, beis inoparabill
 Among the rest, to all thare wrytis fyne
 They shall haue sensuall plesouris delectabill
 The beuthly sount, quhilk salbe Inenarrabill
 In thare eiris, continuallie sall ring
 And also the sight of Christ Iesus our King.

In his triumphant Throne Impertall
 With his mother, y Virgen quene of Quenis
 Thare salbe sene, the Court Celestiall
 Apostolls Martyris, Confessoris, y Virgens
 Richtir thā Phebus, in his spheir y schyntis
 The Patriarkis, and Propheis, Venerabil
 Thare salbe sene, with gloze Inestimabil.

And with thare Spirituall Eis salbe sene
 That lichte, quhilk bene most superexcellent

OF THE MONARCHIE.

God as he is, and euermore hes bene
 Continuallie that sight contemplant.
 Augustine sayis, he had leuer tak on hand
 To be in Hell, he seing the essence
 Of God, no; be in Heu'n, but his presence.

Who seis God, in his Diuinitie
 He seis in hym, all v'het pleasand thingis
 The quibik with toung, can not pronuacit be
 What pleour bene, to se that king of kingis
 The grettest pane, & damnit folk down thingis
 And to the Deuill's, the most punitioun
 It is of God, to want fructioun.

And mairatrouer, thay sall seill sic ane smell,
 Surmonting far, & flewour of erdly floures
 And in thare mouth, ane tast as I here tell
 Of sweet, and Supernatural Saporis.
 Als thay sall se, the heu'nlie brycht coloures
 Schynning amang those Creaturis Dugne
 Quibik til discryue, transcendis man's ingyne

And als thay sall haue sic Agilitie.
 In one Instant, to pas for thare pleour
 Een thousand mylis, in twinkling of ane eie
 So thare Joyis, salbe without mesour
 Thay sall Melopis, to se the grett dolour
 Of dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment
 Because of God, it is the Juste Jugement.

THE FOU RT BYKE

Subestite thay sall haue maruellouslie
 Suppoung that thare wer one mal of byas
 One glorifyit body, may ryght harsellie
 Out throw that mal, without impedimēt pas
 Siclyke as dois the sone heme throwē glas
 As Chyist till his Discipulis did appeir
 All entres clos, and none of thame did steir.

Subowbeit in heuin, thocht euertilk creature
 Hauē nocht alpe felicitye no; gloze
 Zif euertilk one sall haue so greit plesure
 And content, thay sall despye no moze
 To haue moze Joy, thay sal no way imploze
 Bot thay sal be all satisfyit and content
 Lyke to this rude exempill subsequent.

Take ane crowat, ane pynt skop, & ane quart
 One guloun pitchais, ane punsion & ane tun,
 Of wyne, or balme, gif euertilk one thair part
 And fill thame full, til that thay be ouer run
 The litle crowat in compariscun
 Selbe so full, that it may hald no moze
 Of sic mēuris thocht thair be twenty scoze.

As to the Tun, or in the Punsioun
 So all these behcellis, in one qualite
 May hald no moze, without thay be ouer run
 Zif haue thay nocht alpe in quantite

OF THE MONARCHIE.

So be this rube gremill thow may se
 Thocht eueryll one, be nocht all the gloze
 Ar satisfie so, that thay desyre no more.

Thocht presenle be Goddis puruiance
 Beikis, foulls, and filchis in the seis
 Ar necessar now, for mannis sustenance
 With cornis, herbis, flouris, & fructful treis,
 Than tall thare be none sic commoditeis
 The erth sall beir no plant, nor beir brutaill
 Bot as the heuyns brycht lyke beuall.

Suppone the erth, walkand beir down,
 O, hich abone, quhare euer thay pleis to go
 Of God, thay haue ay cleir fruttour
 Boith est o, west, by down, o, to o, fro
 Clerkis declaris pleisouris many mo
 Quhilk dois transcend al mortal mannis ignye
 The thousand part of those pleisouris diuine

In to the heuin, thay sall perspyke knaw
 Thare sebet freindis pair fader & pair moder
 Thare predecessouris, quhilk thay ned saw
 Thare sponis, barnis, syster, & thair brother
 And eueryll one, sall haue sic lufe till vther
 Of vtheris gloze, and Joy, thay sall reiose
 As of thare awin, as Clerkis doith suppose.

That salbe sene, that brycht Jerusalem.
 Quhilk Ihone saw, in his Reuelatioun

Apoc. xxi

THE FOUERT BVKE

226. lxxi

we mortall men, allace as far to blame
That will nocht haue consideration
And are continually contempruous
With hote desyre, to cum by to that gloze
Quhilk plesour sall indure for full tyme.

226. lxxii

O Lord our God, and King Omnipotent
Quhilk knew o' the heuin, and ert, create
Quho wold to the be disobedient
And so be sette; for to be reprobate
Thow knew the hounier of predestinate
Quho thou did call, and hes thame Justitie
And sall in heuin with the be glorified.

Grant vs to be Lord, of that chosin soze
Quhame of thy Mercy Superercellent
Did purifie, as Scripture doth repute
With the blinde of that holy Innocent
Yhesu quhan maid hym self Obedient
Unto the deith, and sterrit on the Rude
Lat vs O Lord, be purgit with that blude.

226. lxxiii

All Creature, that ever God Create
As wyrtis Paull, thay wis to se that day

1201. xv.

Quhen the Children of God predestinate
Sall do apper in thare new fresche array
Quhe corruption beis clengit clene away
And changit beis, thare mortall qualite
In the greit gloze, of Imortalite.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

And mozeatour, all dede thyngis corpo:all.
Under the Concaue, of the Heuin Emprye
That now to labour, subiect ar and thall
Some, mone, a fteris, erth, water, air, a fyre,
In one maner, thay haue ane hote desyre
Willing that day, that thay may be at rest
As Erasmus, exponeeth Manifest.

Soe is the gret Globe, of the flemment
Continuallie, in mouing maruellous
The seven Planets, contrary thare intent
Be rest about, with cours contrarious
The wynd, and sey, with fomes furious
The troubleit air, w frosts, snaw, and rane,
Onto that day, thay trauell euer in pane.

And all the Angellis, of the Oydouris nyne
Hauand compassioun of our Misereis
Thay wils ester that day, and to that tyme
To be vs freed, frome our Infirmitieis
And clengt frome this grett, Calamiteis
And troublous lyfe, quibik neuer sal haif end
Unto that day, I mak it to the kend.

Ane Exhortatioun

Geu'n be fater Experience, vnto
his Sone, the Courtour.

THE FOVRT BVKE

Experien.

My sone now mark well i thy memozye
Of this fals world & trublous trowble
Whose dreidfull dayis & nightis nett a
Tharefore call God to be thy adiutoye (end
And every day my Sone, *Memento mori.*
And wat not quhe, nor quhe & thou sal wed
Heir to remane; I pray the usht pretend
And sen thou knowis the tyme is very schort
In Christis blude, set all thy hole confort

Mat. vi.

Benot to muche solyst in tempoꝛall thyngis
Sen þ personis Dape Emptiour no byngis
Fute the erth, hath no place permauent
Thou seis þ deth, paym dullfully don thyngis
And tauls paym fro yale rent, riches & ringis
Tharefor on Christ confirme thyne hole intent
And of thy calling, be richt weill content
Than God, that fedis the fouls of the air
All needfull thyng for thee, he sall prepar.

Job. xlii

Consyder in thy contemplation
By sen the worldis first Creation
Hankyd hes tholit this misery mortall
By torment with tribulation
With bloud, dreed, and desolation
Grantes, and Chosin peple of Israell
To this unhape, all subject ar and thall
Dubilt misery but dont sall euer indure
Tyl the last day, my Sone that of be sure.

That day, as I haue maid Martallottin,
Salbe the day of Consolatioun
Tyll all the Childzen of the chosn noumer,
Thare endit beis thare desolatioun.
And als I mak the supplicatioun
In erthlie materis, tak the no moze cummer.
Dreid not to de, for deith is bot ane slummer.
Leue ane Iust lyfe, and wane Ioyous hart,
And of thy gudis tak plesandlie thy part.

Of our talking, now lat vs mak ane end,
Behald quhow Phebus, dounwart dois descend
Toward his Palace, in the Occident.
Dame Cynthia I se scho dois pretend,
In tyll hir watterie Regioun tyll ascend,
With vissage patll, by frome the Orient.
The dew now donkis the Rosis redolent.
The Martiguldre, that all day wer reioisit
Of Phebus heit, now craftily at closet.

The blyssfull Birdis bowtis to the treis,
And ceissis of thare heuynlie harmonies.
The Coznectack in the croft, I heit hir cry,
The Bak, the Howlat, febyll of thare eis,
For thare pastyme, now in the eunning fleis.
The Richtingauill with myythfull melody,
Hir naturall notis, peirleth thzouch the sky,
Tyll Cynthia, makand hir obseruance,
Quhilk on the nycht dois tak hir dalyance.

Thē Polcartick in the north appeer,
And Venus ryling with beims cleir,
Quhatefor my Sone, I hald it tyme to go.
Wald God (said I) ze did remane all zeir,
That I mycht of your heuillie Lessonis leir.
Of your departing, I am wounder wo.
Tak pacience (said he) it mon be so.
Perchance I sall retorne with diligence
Thas I departit frome Experiēce.

And sped me home, with hart syching full soze,
And enterit in my quyet Dyttoze.
I ruke paper, and thare began to wypte
This Diserte, as ze haue hard aloze.
All gentyll Redaris, hartlie I Imploze
For tyll excuse my rutall rude Indyte.
Thocht Phariseis wyl haue at me despyte,
Quhilk wald not that thair craftines wer kend.
Lat God be Iuge, and so I mak ane end,

FINIS.

QVOD LYNDESAY.
.1569,

The testament and

Complaynt of our Souerane Lordis Pa-

pyngo, King James the fift. And

soe woundit, and was nocht deytill

euery man haue hard what scho

sayis. Quharfor gentyl red-

eris haist to that scho wer

out of paine, and

Compyllt be Schir David Lyndesay of

the Spont Knight, And your King of

Armes.

Linor post fara quiescit.



THE PROLOG.
Suppos I haue Ingynne Angelicall:
 With sapience more than Salamon call
 I not quhar mater put in nemozie,
 The Poetisauld, in style Heroicall,
 In these subtile termes Rethoricall,
 Of eueryk mater, tragedie, and floze,
 So ornatly, to thare hich laud and gloze
 Haich done Indyte, quhose supreme sapience
 Transcendith far, the dulle Intelligence
 Of Idyllis now, in till our bulgar song,
 (For quhy) the beill of Rethorick bene sounng
 Be Chawcer, Gower, and Lidgate laureate,
 Quho dar presume, this Poetis tyll Impung
 Quhose sweet sentece throuch Albion bene sounng
 O; quho can now the workis comersat
 O; of Kennedie, with termes aureat.
 Of Dunbar, quha language had at large,
 As may be sene, in tyll his goldin targe.

Quintrin, Werler, Botol, Pederson, Hay, & Hol:
 Choche thay be deid, thair libellis bene leuad, (lād
 Quhilkis to rehers makis redartis to reiose,
 Allace for one, quhilk Lamp wes of this land
 Of Eloquence the flowand balmy Brand,
 And in our Inglis Rethorick the rose,
 As of Rubels, the Carburncle bene chose,
 And as Rhebus, dois Cynthia pzeell,
 So Gawine Dowglas, Bischop of Dunkell.

THE PROLOG

Had quhen he wes in to this land on lyue,
 Abuse vulgar poetis prerogatyue,
 Boith in practick, and speculation.
 I say no more, gude rebaris may discreue
 His worthy workis, in no wret. mo. than lyue,
 And speciallie, the treem Translatioun
 Of Virgill, quhilk bene consolatioun
 To cunnynge men, to know his greit Ingynne
 His weill in Naturall Science, as Deuynne.

And in the Court bene present in this dayis,
 That Ballattis breuis, lustellie and layis,
 Quhilkis is our place, daylie thay do present.
 Quho ca say more, thā schit James Inglis sayis
 In ballattis, fairs, and in pleasant playis.
 Bot Culrose, bes his pen maid Impotent.
 Kid in cunnynge, and practick richt prudent.
 And Stewart, quhilk desirith one haillie spile
 Full of gude workis daylie dois comple.

Stewart of Lozne, wylf catchicht curloullie,
 Galbraith, kynloch, quhe thay liff thame applie
 In to that art, at craftie of Ingynne.
 Bot now of lait, is farr by haillie
 One cunnynge Clerk, quhilk wyrtith craftellie,
 One plant of poetis, callit Ballendyne,
 Quhole oynat workis, my wit can nocht desyne.
 Set he in to the Court auctoullie
 He wyl pzeell Quintyne and Kennedie.

THE PROLOG

So thocht I had ingyne, as I haue none,
 I wat nocht quhat to wyte be swete lamer, I bone
 (For quhy) in all the gath of Eloquence
 Is no thing lese, bot therane stok and ston.
 The bolite termes ar pullit eueryk one,
 Be this sozenamit Poetis of pjudence
 And sen I find, none vther new sentence,
 I sall brek it, or I depate yow fro,
 The Complayne of aine wouindit Dapingo.

Quharefo, because myne mater bene so rude,
 Of sentence, and of Rethorike denude,
 To rucall folk, myne dyng bene detrecte,
 Far them frone the liche of men of gade,
 For cunning men, I kna w myll sone conclude,
 It dow no thing, bot for to be detrecte.
 And quhen I heir myne mater bene detrecte,
 Than sall I wete, I mard it bot in motie,
 To landwart lantis, quibilk Reply by goddys



The complaint of the

Q Who elymis, go high, pforce, his leit mon
Expeme I fall that be Expertence, (saill

Geue that yow pleis, to her one pietebus taul,
How one faine Bird be fatall violence
Deubzle wes, and miche mist, no defence
Contrast the dech, to fathre to fathrell strength,
As efter I fall schaw yow at moze genthy

One Bapengo, rich pleland, and perfyte,
Presentit was tyll our most nobill King
Of quhoim his grath on langyngme had depte,
Moze fair of forme, I wat flew neuer on toing,
This proper bled he gaue in gouerning
To me quiblk wes his synpyll struiture,
On quhome I nid my diligence and cure,

To lerne his language, and to fathrell
To play platfate, and quibill fute befoze,
Bot of his Incipnation, Naturall
Scho countrafalte all fowls, les and moze,
Of his tucage, scho wald without my loze,
Sing lyke the Mole, and cress lyke to the cob,
Pew lyke the Cuckoo, and chane lyke the Whurtok,

Bark lyke ane Dog, and hebill lyke ane ha,
Blatt lyke ane Dog, and buller lyke ane bull,
Gaill lyke ane goit, and geue quiblk scho tuc

THE COMPLAINT

Unto the time, that I had said myne hountis,
 This Bird I set vpon onebranche me by.
 Bot scho began to speill with speedine,
 And in that tre scho did so bly attend,
 That be no way I might hit apprehend.

Sweet bird (said I) be war more nocht ouer by,
 Returne in tyme, perchance thy fest may laste,
 Chowartt the rat and nocht least bit to the,
 The greibler glo I heard scho the assaie,
 I will said scho attend, vntill scho haillie,
 It is my kynd, to rymar to the bicht,
 Of fether and bone, I wat weill I am wicht.

So on the bichen scho tender was
 With byng bicht, scho sat till wantounie,
 Bot Bozas blew one blast, of enee scho will,
 Quiblk byk the branche ad blew hir suddanlike
 Down to the groun, with many callallie
 Vpon ane tree, scho frount on the well,
 The blude ruscht out, and scho cryt for a prell.

God wat yet than my hart was wo begone,
 To se thar was flichter among the floutis,
 Quiblk to greet murthering, gan to mak the moner,
 Now cummynar (said scho) the fatal hountis
 Of bitter detch, down mon I thole the schoutis,
 O dame Parace, I pray the of thy grace,
 Lett me laiser to speik one lytle space,
 For to compleite my fate Inteminate,
 And to dispoine my geit or I depart,
 Den of all consoyt I am desolate

OF THE PAPINGO

Alone, except the death here with his dart,
With a full cheir, redde to pers myne hart.
And with that word, scho take one passion,
Syne flasingis fell, and smappin in to smoun.

With soyy hart, perster with compassion,
And salt teiris, distilling frome myne Cheir.
To heit shas bettis lamentation,
To appoche, and mane hant bove ground.
Dubare I mischeit, and se, and he halene,
And quhen this bit had frome his topse, of thysle,
Scho gan to speke, saying, on this wyse,

O fals fortune, why bes thou the beggler,
This day at myne quho knew this sautfull cease,
Vane hope in the myrre, haith cryn,
Hauyng sic traist in to chy fenset face,
That euer I wes brocht in to the court allace,
Had I misfortid sloun among myn teiris,
I mycht full well haue leuit myn teiris,

O prudent counsell, allace I do refuse,
Agang reloun, hysing myne appetyte,
Ambitious dyd to myne hart abuse,
That Colas, had me to greit dyspore,
Doettis of me haith in are to myrre,
Dubill I am to bich, and wo is me therefore,
Nocht douring, that the death durst me deuore,

This day at myn myrre and seddyen fast,
Abuse the proude Iacob war precelland,
And now one carpe full of care

THE COMPLAINT

Barthand in blude, down from my hart distilland
And in myne eie, the bell of death bene knelland;
O fals world, fy on thy felicitye
Thy Byde, Auarice, and Inimandicitye.

In the I se no thing bene permanent,
Of thy schozt solace, soztow is the end.
Thy fals Infortunate giftis bene bot lent;
This dayful proude, the moztne no thing to spend;
O ze that doest pretend ay tyll ascend,
Thy fatall end, haue in remembrance,
And sozt defend, frome sic vnhappy change.

Quhydder that I was stricken in extasie,
Oztchough one stark Imaginattoun;
Bot it appeit in myne fantasie,
I hard this dolent lamentattoun.
Thus dullit in to desolattoun,
Oztchocht this btyd, did byrue in hie maner,
Hie counsaill to the king, as sefall heir.

The first appoynt of the Maryng, Directe
to king James the first.

PRepotent Pience, peicles of pulchritude
Gloze, honour, laud, tryumphe and victorie,
Be to thy hie excellent Cellitude
With Martiall beids, signe of memoire,
Shen Atropos consumit hath my gloire
And dolent death allace mon vs departe
I test to the my trewe vnfeizelt hart,
To gidder, with this Cedull subsequent,

OF THE PAPINGO.

With most reuerent Recommendation.
I grant thy grace, gettis many one document
Be famous fatheris predication,
With many notabill Paration,
Be plesande Poetis in style Heroicall
Dubow thou shulde gyde thy Sait Imperiall.

Sum doth deploze the greit Calamities,
Of diuers Realmes Transmutatioun.
Sum piteouslie doth reit of Tragedies,
All for thy graces Informatioun.
So I intend, but adulation
Into my harbour rusticall indyte,
Among the rest, schir, sum thing for to wyte.

Souetane conserue this simpyll similitude,
Of officiaris, seruing thy Senzeoyte.
Dubo gydis thame well gettis of thy grace greit
Dubo bene Inuiss, degradit ar of gloze (gude,
And Cancellat out of thy memoze,
Prouiding syne moze plesand in thare place,
Beleue ryght so, sall God do with thy grace,

Consider weill, thou bene bot officiare,
And wastall, to that king Incomparabill.
Prais thou to preis that puissant pynce preclare,
Thy riche reward salbe Inestimabill,
Exaltit high in gloze Interminabill
Aboue Archangelis, Victues, Potestatis,
Plesandlie placit among the Princypatis.

Of thy berethw, **P**oetis perpetuallie,
Shall make mention, vnto the warld be ende,
So thou exers thyne office prudenlie,
In heuin, and erth, thy grace false commendis,
Subarefoz effect, that he be nocht offendit,
Quik be exaltit the to honours and glory,
Of his peple to be one gouernour.

And in the erth, haith made sic **O**rdinance,
Under thy feet, all thing represent,
Be subiect to thy plesour and pascance,
Both fowll and fische, and beestis pastozall,
Men to thy seruice, and womē, they bene thyall,
Halking, hunting, armes, and leiffull amoure,
Id, thy what at be Gods, fo, thy plesour.

Masteris of Musike, to recreate thy spere,
With dautie voce and plesand Instrument,
Thus thou may be of all plesouris replent,
So in thyne office thou be diligent,
Bot be thou found sleuthfull, oz negligent,
Or Id, in thyne Execution,
Thow fall nocht failt Deuine punition.

Subarefoz, sen thou bes sic **C**apacite
To lerne to play so plesandlie, and sing,
Hyde hois, ryn spereis, with greit audacite
Schir with hand bow, crof bow and culuering,
Among the rest (Schir) lerne to be ane king.
Lyth on that craft, thy pregnant fresche ingyne
Grantit to the, be Influence Deupne.

And sen the Definitiou of ane king,
Is fo, to haue, of peple gouernance,

OF PAPINGO.

Wodres theſeſt, abuſe all beher thing,
Tyll put thy body, tyll ſic Oꝛdinance,
That thyne beſteſt, thyne ehonour, may auance,
For qwhow ſuld Wyntis gouerne greit regions
That can not deuolp gyde, thare awin perſonſe.

And geue thy grace wald ſeif cycht pleaſandlie,
Call thy counſall, and caſt on thame the cure,
Thare Juſt Deſteſtis defend, and foꝛtiſie,
But gude counſall, may no Wyntelang indure,
Worke with counſall, than ſall thy worke be ſure,
Cheis thy counſale, of the moſt Sapient,
Without regard, to blode, riches, oz rent.

Among all whet payme and pleaſour,
How in thy Woleſtent xris ſing
Wald thou ſit day, Rude bot half one hour,
The Regimēt of Wyntelie gouerning,
To thy peple wat ane pleaſand thing
Thate mycht thou ſynd thyne awin vocatioun,
Anyow ſuld be thy leepour, ſwerd & crown.

20 The Counſailles to knowe I the Erhoꝛt,
Quibik may be Wyntour to thy Wateſke,
Thare ſall thou ſynd, both gude & euill repoꝛt
Of euerik Wyntce, efter his qualite.
Choct thay be dede, thare deidis ſall nocht be,
Traiſt weill thou ſalbe ſylit in that Roꝛte
As thou deſeruis, put in memoꝛie.

Requeſt that Roy, quibik rent wes on the rude,
The to defend frome deidis of deſame,

THE COMPLAINTE

That no Poett report of the bot gude,
For Dinces dayis Induris bot ane dyame,
Sen first king fergus bure ane Dyahame,
Whow art the last king, of fyue scoe and fyue,
And all at bede, and none bot thow on lyue,

Of quhose number, fittle and fyue bene clane,
And moost part in thare awin misgouernance.
Quharfoz, I the beseik my Souerane,
Consider of thare lyuis the Circumstance.
And quhetow knowis I cause of thare mischace
Of vertew than, exale thy saillis on his,
Trailling to chait that fatall destenie,

Creit ilk cress Barroun, as he war thy brother,
Quhilk mon at neid, the and thy Realme defend,
Quhen suddandlie one doith oppres one ither,
Lat Justice myrie with mercy thame amend.
Haue thou thare hartis, thou hes ynough to spede,
And be the contrair, thow are bot king of bone,
Featyme thine heiris hartis bene from the gone,

I haue no lazer, for to wyte at lenth,
Myne hole intent, vntyll thyno Excellence,
Decreit so I am in wit, and stenth,
My mortall wound doith me sic violence,
Vpele of me may haue Experience,
Because allace, I wes Incounsolabill,
Now mon I be ane Catpue Miserabill.

¶

The Secunde Epitill of the Pappis, streit
to his Brother of Court.

BBETTER of court, with myn pꝛecord fall
To the greet God, hartlie I comend zow,
Impꝛent my fall, in zour memoꝛ fall,
To gibber with this Cedull that I send zow.
To pꝛeis ouer hich, I pray zow not pꝛesend zow.
The vane ascens of court, quho wyl consyder,
Quho sitteyth most hie, sal find þ̄ saie most sloder,

So ze that now, be lankyng by the ledder,
Tak tent in tyme, schynnyng zour kyngaris fast,
Quho climmis most hich, most dinct hes of þ̄ wed-
And lest defence aganis the bitter blast, (Der
Of fals fortune, quhilk takith neuer rest,
Dot most redoutte daylie scho down thyngis,
Aþt sparyng þ̄ alpis, Conquerouris, no; kyngis.

Thocht ze be monnit by abone the skyis,
And hes boith kyng, and court in gouernance,
Sū was als hich, quhilk now richet lawoly lyeis,
Complaynyng soze the courtis variance.
Thare pꝛeteryt tyme, may be experience,
Quhilk throw vane hope of court did clym so hie,
Syne wātte wingis, quhē thay wend best to fle.

Sen ilk court bene vntꝛaist, and transitoꝛe,
Changyng als oft, as weddercock in wind,
Sum makand glaid, and vther sum richet soze,
Fozmaist this day, the moꝛne may go behind,
Lat not vane hope of court zour resone blind.
Cꝛaist weill sum mē, wyl gif zow laud as loꝛdis,
Quhilk wald be glaid, to se zow hang in cordis,

THE COMPLAINT

Thus declair the miserabilitie,
Of diuers courtis, wat not any tyme bene schole
The dyedfull change, hane gloze, and bilite
The painfull plefour, as Doctis doct report
Sum tyme in hope, sum tyme in disconfort,
And how sū me dois spend thair youthesd hall
In Court, syne endis in the hospytall.

Quhow sum in court bene quiet counsalouris,
Withouth regard to commoun weill oꝝ kingis,
Casting thare cure foꝝ to be Conquerouris.
And quhen thay bene hich raisit in thare ringis.
How change of court pain oulfully down thingis,
And quhen thay bene frome thair estat. deposit
Quhow mory of thare fall bene richt retolit.

And quhow fond senset fullis and flatteraris
Foꝝ small seruice obtenis greit rewardis.
Dandaris, pykthankis custromis, ad clatteraris,
Loupis by fro laddis, syne licheis amang lardis,
Blasphematoris, beggaris, & comoun baldis,
Sum tyme in Court hes moze auctozite,
Noꝝ deuote Doctouris in Diuinite.

Quhow in sum countre bene barnis of Bellall.
Full of dissimulit payntit flatterie,
Prouocand be Intoxicat counsall
Duncis till huredome, and till hafardye.
Quho dois in Duncis pzent sic harlotrie
I say foꝝ me sic peccat prouocatouris
Suld punischt be abuse all strang tratouris.

OF THE PAPINGO.

What trauers, troubill and Calamities
 Hath bene in court, within this boundzeth seits
 What mortal changis, and quhat miserie
 What nobil men, bene byocht vpon thair betris,
 Traist weill my freindis, follow ze mō your seitis
 So sen in Court bene no tranquillite
 Set nocht on it your hole felicitye.

The court changis sumtyme with sic outrage,
 That few or none, may makin resistance
 And spairis not the Prince, more than the page,
 As weill apperith be Experience:
 The Duke of Rothelay, micht mak no defence,
 Quhilk wes perrenand Roy of this regioun
 Bot dulefully deuozit in p̄soun.

What dyid quhat dolour, had that nobil king
 Robert the thrid, from tyme he knew the cace
 Of his two Sonnis dolent departing:
 Prince David deid, and James captiue allace,
 Till trew Scottis mē quhilk wes a cairful cace.
 Thus may ze knaw, the court bene variand,
 Quhē blude royal, the change may not ganeſād.

Who rang in court, more hie and triumphand,
 For Duke Murdok, quhil that his day inourte
 Was he nocht greit Protectour of Scotland:
 Zit of the court, he was nocht well affairt.
 It changit so, his lang seruice was smurit,
 He and his Sone, fair Walter but remeid
 Forfaltit war, and put to dulefull deid.

THE COMPLAINTE

King James the first, the patroun of prudence,
 Gem of Engyne, and prell of policie
 Well of Iustice, and fūde of Eloquence
 Whose vertew doith transcend my fantasie,
 For tyll dyscreue, sit quhen he stude most hie,
 Be fals Exorbitant conspiratioun
 That prudent Prince, wes piteouslie put downe.

Als James the secund, Roy of greit renown,
 Brand in his super excellent gloze
 Throuch rakles schuting of ane greit cannone
 The dolent deith, allace did hym deuore.
 One thing thare bene, of quibill I meruell moze,
 That fortune had, at hym sic moztall feid
 Throuch fiftie thousand, to wail hym be the heid.

My hart is perst with panis for to pance,
 O myte that Courtis variatioun
 Of James the thrid, quhen he had gouernance,
 The dolour, dydd, and desolatioun,
 The change of Court, and conspiratioun,
 And quhow that Cochane with his companie,
 That tyme in Court clam so presumptuouslie.

It had bene gude, that bernis had bene vnboine
 Be quhome that nobill Prince wes so abusit.
 That grew as did the weid abuse the cozne,
 That prudent Lordis counsall wes refusit,
 And held hym quiet, as he had bene inclusit,
 Allace that Prince, be thare abusoun
 Was finallie bocht to confusioun.

OF THE PAPINGO.

Thay clam so hich, and gat sic audience,
 And with thare Prince, grew so familiar,
 His Germane brother, micht get no presence,
 The Duke of Albane, nor the Erie of Mar,
 Lyke banest men, was holdin at the bar,
 Tyll in the King, thare grew sic mortall feid,
 He flemit the Duke, and pat the Erie to deid.

Thus Cochane, with his catvye companie
 Forst thame to fle, bot zit thay wantt ledderis
 Abuse the hich Cederis of Libane,
 Thay clam so hie, til thay lap out thair ledderis,
 On Lawder brig, syne katppit wer in tedderis,
 Stranglit to deith, thay gat none ither grace,
 Thair king captiue, quhilk wes ane cairful care.

Tyll put in forme, that fast Infortunate,
 And mortall change, pecturbith myne ingyne,
 My wit bene walk, my syngeris fatigate,
 To dyte, or wyte, the rancour and rewyne
 The Ciuill weir, the battell Intestyne,
 How that the Sane, with baner braid displayd
 Agane the father, in Battell cum arrayt.

wald God, & prince had bene that day confortis
 With Sapience of the prudent Salomon,
 And wye strength of strang Sampson supportit,
 With the bauld Dist of greit Agamemnon.
 Quhat suld I wis, remedie wes thare none
 At moyne ane king, w/ sceptour sword and crown,
 At ewln, ane deid defozmit catfoun.

THE COMPLAYNT

Allace quhare bene, that richt redoutit Roy,
 That potent prince, gentill king James þ feird
 I pray to Christ, his Saule for to conuoy,
 Ane greiter nobill, rang nocht in to the erd.
 O Acropus, warre we may thy weid
 For he wes Witroun of humilitie
 A lode sterne, and lamp of liberaltie,

During his tyme, so Justice did preuall,
 The Savage Fles, trymbllit for terrors.
 Eskdale, Cusdale, Liddillsdaill, and Annandall
 Durst nocht rebell, douting his dyspatis dour,
 And of his Lordis, had sic persyte fauour
 So for to schaw, that he effrit no lone
 Out throuch his realme, he wald ryde him alone.

And of his court, throuch Europe sprag þ fame,
 Of lustie Lordis, and lufesum Ladyis 3ing,
 Tryumphand toznapis iusting & knichtely game,
 With all pastyme, according for ane king.
 He wes the gloze, of Princelie gouerning
 Quhilk throuch the ardent lufe he had to France
 Agane England, did moue his O;dinance.

Of flobdoun feild, the rethyme to reuolue,
 O; that most dolent day for tyll deploze,
 I nyl for dreid, that dolour 3ow dissolue,
 Schaw how that prince in his tryumphad gloze
 Destroyt was, quhat nedith p;oces more,
 Nocht be the better of Inglis ordinance,
 Bot be his awin wilfull misgouernance,

OF THE PAPINGO.

Allace that day, had he bene counsalabill
 He had obtenit laud, gloze, and victorie.
 Quhose piteous proces, bene so lamentabill,
 Inyll at lenth, it put in memozie.
 I neuer red, in Tragedie nor storie,
 At one Jorday, so mony Nobillis slane
 For the defence, and lufe of thare Souerane.

Now byether mark, in your remembrance,
 The Mirrour of those mutabilitis.
 So may ye know, the Courtis inconstance,
 Quhen princis bene thus pullit frome thare seis.
 Efter quhose deith, quhat strange aduersiteis,
 Quhat greit misewill, in to this Regioun rang
 Quhe our zong prince could nother speik nor gāg

During his tender youth, & innocence, (chāce
 Quhat stouth, quhat reis, quhat murthur & mis-
 Chair wes not ellis bot wakening of vengeance,
 In to that Court thare rang sic variance.
 Diuers rebularis, maid diuers ordināce.
 Sum tyme our Deuene, rang in auctoritie,
 Sum tyme the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Sum tyme the realme, was reulit be Regentis,
 Sum tyme Lufetenentis, leidaris of the law.
 Than rang so mony Iobedientis,
 That few or none, stude of ane vther aw
 Oppressioun did so lowd his Bugill blaw,
 That none durst ryde, bot in to feir of weir,
 Iok vponland, that tyme did mps his meir.

But

THE COMPLAINT

Dudo was moze rich, in honour eleuate,
 Noz was Margarete, our rich & michtie pynesse
 His power, was to hit appropriate
 Of king, and realm: scho was gouernoress.
 Zit come one change, within ane schoyt proces,
 That pette pcedate, that lussy plesand quene,
 Lang tyme durst nocht in to the court be sene.

The Archebisshop of saltadjes James Betoun,
 Chancellor, and pimate in poher Beozall
 Claim myt the king, most rich in this region.
 The ledder schuke, he lap and gat one fall,
 Succozite, noz power spirituall,
 Riches, freindschip, micht not that tyme pzeuall,
 Duben dame Curia began to steir hit taill.

His rich pudence auallit hym nocht ane myte,
 That tyme the court bair hym sic moztall seid;
 As pzeonett, thay kept hym in despyte,
 And sum tyme wist not, quhare to hyde his heid.
 Bot disagysit, lyke Jhone the raif he seid.
 Had nocht bene hope bair hym sic compante,
 He had bene stranglit, be melancholie.

Quhat cummer & cair, was in the court of france,
 Duben king Francis, was takin pzeonett:
 The Duke of Burboun, amyd his Ordinance
 Deid at ane straik, trecht bailfull bzocht on belte:
 The court of Rome, that tyme ran all aite,
 Dubé Pape Clement, was put in strang pzeoun
 The nobill Cille, put to confusioun.

OF THE PAPINGO.

In England, quho had greiter gouernance,
 No; thare tryumphand courtly Cardinall,
 The cominoun weill, sum sayis he did auance
 Be Equall Justice, boith to greit and small,
 Thare wes no B;relate, to hym peregall.
 Inglisemen sayis, had he rounge langer space,
 He had deposit Sanct Peter of his place.

His princely pompe, no; papale grauite,
 His palice ropall, riche, and radious,
 No; sit the flude of Superfluite
 Of his riches, no; trauell tedious,
 Frome tyme Dame Curia, held hym odious
 Qualit hym nocht, no; prudence most profound,
 The ledder brak, and he fell to the ground.

Quhare bene the douchtfulle Erles of Dowglas
 Quhil his royallie, in to this regoun range
 Foxfalt and flane, quhat nedith moze processe
 The erle of Marche, wes merscheillit yalm amag,
 Dame Curia thame dulfullie down thyang.
 And now of lait, quho clam moze hich amang vs
 No; did Archebald vinquyle the Erle of Angus.

Quho with his B;ince wes moze familiar,
 No; of his grace, had moze autorite:
 Was he nocht greit Wardane, and Chancellor
 Zit quhen he stude byon the highest gre
 Traisking no thing, bot perpetuite,
 Was subuallie deposit frome his place,
 Foxfalt and flemit, he gat none, uthir grace.

THE COMPLAINT

Dubateſoz traist nocht in tyll auctozite
 My deir bzyether I pray 3ow hartfullie,
 Preſume uocht in 3our bane proſperite,
 Conſozme 3our traist in God alluterlie,
 Syne ſerue 3our Prince, wich entere hart trewlie,
 And quhen ze ſe the Court, bene at the beſt,
 I counſall 3ow, than draw 3ow to 3our reſt.

Dubare bene, the hich tryſſaphant court of Troye
 O Alexander, with his twelf prudent peiris,
 O Julius, that richt redoutit Roye
 Agamemnon, moſt worthy in his weiris
 To ſchaw thare ſyne, my ſcapyt hart affectis;
 Sum murtherer wat, ſum poypoſonit pieteouſlie
 Thare catrfull courtis diſperſit dulefullie.

Traist weil thare is no conſtant court bot one,
 Dubare Chriſt bene king, quhoſe tyme it termina-
 And hich tryſſaphant gloze beis new gone. (bill
 That quiet court mirthfull and Immutabill,
 But variance ſtandith ay ſerme and ſtabill.
 Diſſimularce, flatterie, noz ſals repozt,
 In to that Court, ſall neuer get reſozt.

Traist weil my freindis, this is no ſenſelt ſair,
 For quho that bene, in the extreme of deir
 The verite but dout, thay ſuld declair,
 Without regarde, to ſauour ozt to feid,
 Dubill ze haue tyme, deir bzyether mak reimeid,
 Adew for euer, of me ze get no moze,
 Beſekand God, to bring 3ow to his gloze.

OF THE PAPINGO.

Adew Edinburgh, thow hich tryūphant town
 Witht quhose boundis, richt blythful haif I bene
 Of trew Merchandis, the rure of this regioun,
 Most reddy to resaue, court, king and Quene,
 Thy pollice, and Justice, may be sene,
 War deuotioun, wpsedome, and honeste,
 And credence tynt, thap mycht be found in the,

Adew fair Snawdoun, with thy touris hie
 Thy Chapell ropall, Dark, and tabill round,
 May, June, and Iuly, wald I dwell in the,
 War I one man, to heir the birdis sound,
 Quibilk doith agane, thy ropall roche rebound.
 Adew Lythquo, quhose palice of plesance,
 Mycht be one patrone, in Portugall or France,

As fair weill Falkland, the foirtres of fyfe,
 Thy polite Park, vnder the lowmound law,
 Sum tyme in the, I led ane lustie lyfe,
 The fallow Deir, to se thame rask on raw,
 Court men to cum to the, thap stand greit aw,
 Sayand thy burgh, bene of all burrowis bail,
 Because in the, thap neuer gat gude aill.

The Commoning betwix the Papingo.
 And his holly Executouris.

THE Dye persauit the Papingo in pane,
 He lichtit down and fenzet him to greit,
 Sistei (said he) alace quho hes sou flane,
 I pray 3ow mak puilloun for your speit
 Dispone your geit, and 3ow confes compleit,

THE COMPLAINT

Dubatefoz traist nocht in tyll auctozite
 My deir bzyether I pray 3ow hartfullie,
 Presume uocht in 3our vane prosperite,
 Consume 3our traist, in God alluterlie,
 Syne scrue 3our Prince, wiche teie hart trewlie,
 And quhen ze se the Court, bene at the best,
 I counsaill 3ow, than draw 3ow to 3our rest.

Dubare bene, the hich tryūphant court of Troye
 O Alexander, with his twelf prudent peiris,
 O Julius, that rich redoutit Roye
 Agamemnon, most worthy in his weiris
 To schaw thare fyne, my scapit hart affectis;
 Sum murtherer war, sum popsonit pieteouslie
 Thare catfull courtis disperfit dulefullie.

Traist weill thare is no constant court bot one,
 Dubare Christ bene king, quhole tyme iterming
 And hich tryūphant gloze beis nex gone. (bill
 That quiet court mirthfull and Immutabill,
 But variance standith ay ferme and stabill.
 Dissimulace, flatterie, noz fals repozt,
 In to that Court, sall neuer get resozt.

Traist weill my freindis, this is no fenselst cair,
 For quho that bene, in the extreme of deid
 The verite but dout, thay suld declair,
 Without regarde, to sauour o2 to feid,
 Dubill ze haue tyme, deir bzyether mak remeid,
 Adew for euer, of me ze get no moze,
 Besekand God, to bying 3ow to his gloze.

OF THE PAPINGO.

Adew Edinburgh, thow hich tryūphant town
 With quhose boundis, richt blythful haif I bene
 Of trew Merchandis, the rure of this regioun,
 Most redde to resaue, court, king and Quene,
 Thy pollice, and Justice, may be sene,
 War deuotioun, wpsedome, and honeste,
 And credence tynt, thap mycht be found in the,

Adew fair Snawdoun, with thy touris hie
 Thy Chapell royall, Park, and tabill round,
 May, June, and July, wald I dwell in the,
 War I one man, to heit the birdis sound,
 Quibik doith agane, thy royall roche rebound.
 Adew Lythquo, quhose palice of plesance,
 Mycht be one patrone, in Portugall or France,

As fair weill Falkland, the foytres of fyfe,
 Thy polite Park, vnder the lowmound law,
 Sum tyme in the, I led ane lustie lyfe,
 The fallow Deir, to se thame rask on raw,
 Court men to cum to the, thap stand greit aw,
 Sayand thy burgh, bene of all burrowis baill,
 Because in the, thap neuer gat gude aill.

The Commoning betwix the Papingo.
 And his holly Executouris.

THE Dye persant the Papingo in pane,
 He lichtit down and fensett him to greit,
 Sisset (said he) alace quho hes sou flane,
 I pray zow mak puissoun for zour speit
 Dispone zour geit, and zow confes compleit,

THE COMPLAINT

I haue power be your contritioun,
Of all your mys, to geue you full remission.

I am (said he) one Channoun regulare,
And of my byether by your principall.
My quhyte Rocket, my clene lyfe doith declair,
The blak bene of the deith memoriall.
Dubarefoz, I think your guddis natutall,
Shulde be submittit hole in to my cure.
Ze know I am ane holy Creature.

The Rautin come tolpand, quhe he hard the rate,
So did the Gled, with mony piteous pete,
And senseitlie thay contrasait greit cair.
Hister (said thay) your rableines we rew,
Now best it is, our Just counsall ensew,
Sen we pretend to hich promotioun,
Religious men, of greit deuotioun.

I am ane blak Monk, said the ruttilland rautin,
So said the gled, I am ane holy freir,
And hes power to bring you quick to heuin,
It is weill knowin, my conscience bene sul cleir.
The blak Bybill, pronunce I sall perqueir
So tyll our byether, so wyll geue sum gude,
God wat geue we haif neid of lyues, fude.

The Dapingo said, father be the rude,
Howbeit your rayment be religious lyke,
Your consience, I suspect be nocht gude,
I did persauir, quhen priuelic ze did pryke
Ane chekin frome ane hen, vnder ane dyke

OF THE PAPINGO.

I grant (said he) that hen was my gude freind,
And I that chekin tike, bot for my teind,

Ze know the faith be vs mon be susteind,
So be the Dope, it is pzeo;idinate,
That spiritwall mē, suld leue vpon thare teind.
Bot weill wat I, ze bene pzebestinate
In your extremis to be so fortunat,
To haue sic holp consultatioun,
Quharefore, we mak you exhortatioun,

Sen dame Nature hes grantit you sic grace,
Laiser to mak confessioun generall,
Schaw furth your syn i haill, quhill ze haill space
Syne of your geit, mak one memorizall,
We thye sall mak your feistis funerall,
And with greit blis, burie we sall your bonis,
Syne Trentalis twentie, trattill all at onis,

The rubbis sall raise, that mē sall on thame reio,
And cry, *Commemotio Animarum.*
We sall gar chekinis cheip, and gasslingis peto
Suppose the geis and hennis, suld cry alarum,
And we sall serue, *Secundum Vsum Sarum.*
And mak you sail, we find sanct Blase to byoch,
Cry and for you, the cairfull corrinech,

And we sall sing, about your Sepulture,
Sanct Mongois matynis, and the mekle Creid,
And syne deuotelie say, I you assure,
The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid,
And we sall weir for you the mutynng weid,

THE COMPLAINT

And thocht your speit, with Pluto war profess,
Deuotelie sall your Dirige be dress.

Father (said scho) your sacund wordis fair,
Full soze I dzeid, be contrait to your deidis.
The wyffis of the village, cryis with cair,
Quhé yat plaue zou ma'w outirhozt thare medis.
Zour fals consait, boith duke & dzark soze dzedis,
I maruell suithlie, ze be noch elchamit
For your defaltis, bepng so defamit.

It dois abhoz, my pure perturbite speit
Cyll mak to zow ony confessioun.
I delt men say, ze bene one Hypocreit,
Exemptit frome the sence and sessioun.
To put my geste in your possessioun,
That wyll I noch, so help me dame Nature,
For of my corps, I wyll zow geue no cure.

For had I heit, the nobill Ritchingall,
The gentyll Ja, the Merle, and Cucur trew.
My Obsequies, and seidis funeral
O'dout thay wald, with notis of the new
The plesand pown, most angellyk of hew,
Wald God I war, this day with hym confest
And my deupse, bewlie be hym address,

The mirthfull Hauets, w the gay Goldspink,
The lustie lark, wald God thay war present,
My Infortune, forsuith thay wald forthink,
And consozte me, that bene so Impotent.
The swift Swallow, in practik most prudent,

OF THE PAPINGO

I wat scho wald, my bleiding stem helpe,
With his most heereous stone, redingitue.

Compe me the ease, under confession,
The Gled said, prouille to the Papingo.
And we sall swie be our professioun,
Counsaill to help, and schaw it to no mo.
We the belis, o' thow depart, vs from
Declare to vs, fair cause resonabill,
Daby, we bene halidin to abhominabill.

Be thy traueil, thow has Experience,
First beand byed, in to the Orient,
Synne be thy gude secute, and diligence,
To Dinctis maid, heir in the Occident,
Thow knowis the bulgar pepillis Jugement,
Quhare thow transcurrit the hote Heridionat
Synne the Woll, the plait, Septentrional.

So be thyne hlytngyne superlatyne,
Of all countreys, thow knowis the qualiteis,
Quharefore, I the conuse be God of lyue,
The bestie declare withoutin leis,
Quhare thow has hard, belandis o' be selis,
Of vs Richmen, botch gude and rust report,
And quare the Juge, schaw us we the exhort.

Father (I wat scho) I Catpue Creature,
Wat nocht presume, with sic mater to mell,
Of our thies, se know I have no once,
Demand thine habill in prudenre woth peccell,
I may nocht pew, my pants bene so fetly.

THE COMPLAINT

And als per chance, se will nocht stand content,
To know, the bulgare populls Iugement

It will the deith, alpe withowt his darr,
All thay lyis in my memorisall,
I sall declare, with trew vnsensit hart,
And first I say, to you in generall,
The commoun peple sayith, se bene all
Degenerit frome your holy Dymityris,
As testifis the piores of our tyme.

Of your peicles prudent predecessours,
The beginnyng, I grant wes verray gude,
Apostolis, Martyris, Virginis, Confessours,
The sound of thare excellent Sanctitude
Was hard ouer all the warld be land and flude,
Planting the faith, be Dedicatioun,
As Chyist had maid to thame Narratioun,

To fortifie the faith, thay tike no fere,
As ye Duncis, precheing full prudentlie,
Of dolorous deith, thay doutis nocht the deir,
The veritie declaring feruentlie,
And Martyrdome thay sufferit patientlie,
Chay tike no cure of land, riches nor rent,
Docrpyne and deid, wat both equialent.

To schaw at lenth, thare woikis wer greit woun-
Thare myraklis, thay wer so manifest. (der.
In name of Chyist, thay haillit many boundes,
Rasing the deid, and purging the posses
With peruerse speitis, quiblis had bene oppres

OF THE PAPINGO.

The crukit ran, the blind men got thare ene,
The deif men hard, the lipper war maid clene.

The Prelatis spousit her, with pouerte,
Those daps, quhen so thay flurischit in fame,
And with hir, generit Lady Chaisite,
And dame Deuottoun, notable of Name.
Humill thay war, simple, and full of schame.
Thus Chaisite, and dame Deuottoun,
War principall cause, of thare promotioun.

Thus thay contynelwit, in this lyfe deupne,
By wll thare rang, in Romes greit Clete,
Ane potent Prince, was namit Constantyne,
Perlaute the kirk, had spousit pouerte,
With gude intent, and mouit of pietye,
Cause of Diuorce, he fand betur thame two,
And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

Syne schoxtle with ane greit solempnite,
Withouttin ony Despensatioun,
The kirk he spousit, with dame Properte,
Quhilk haistlie be proclamatioun,
To pouerte gart mak Narratioun,
Under the pane of persing hir ene,
That with the kirk, scho suld no moze be sene.

Sanct Siluester, that tyme rang Dope in Rome
Quhilk first consent to the Partage
Of properte, the quhilk began to blome,
Taking on hir, the cure with hich curage,
Deuottoun drew hir till one Heremitage,

Quhen scho considerit how properte
Behyeralite in to Dignite.

O Spilueker, quhare was thy viceretoun,
Dublik Peter did remane, thow did resauer
Sudow, and Thone, did leif thare posselloun,
Thair schippis, nettis, lynts, and al the lare,
Of reposall substance, no thing wold thar haue,
Contrarious to thare contemplatoun
Bot soberite thare sustentatoun.

Thone the Baptis, went to the wilderness,
Lazarus, Martha, and marie Magdalane
Left heritage, and gudis more and les.
Prudent saue Paule, chocht properte prophane,
From toun, to toun, he ran in wynd and rane,
Upon his feit, treking the word of grace,
And neuer was subiectit to riches.

The gles said, sit I heir na thing bot gude,
Proceid schortly, and thy mater auance.
The Dappynge said, father be the rude,
It wer to lang, to schaw the circumstance,
Quhow properte, with his new alliance,
Grew greit with child, as trew men to me tald,
And bure two dochteris gudlie to beald.

The eldest dochter, named was riches,
The secund sister, Sensualite,
Quhilk did inces, within one schort proces,
Drepleand to the Spiritualite,
In greit substance, and excellent bewee,
Thir Ladyis two, grew so with in few zetis,
That in the world, war no miche be thare pertis.

OF THE PAPINGO.

This royall Riches, and Ladie Sensuall,
 From that tyme furth, take houle the gouernance
 Of the most part, of the stat spiritual.
 And thay agane, with humill obseruance,
 Impossihle thare wittis did auance,
 As trew iustaris, thare Ladyis for to plets,
 God wat geue than, thare hartis wat at Ets.

Sone thay forzet, to studie pray and preiche,
 Thay grew so subiect, to dame Sensuall,
 And thocht bot pane, pure peple for to teiche,
 Zit thay decrett, in thare greit counsall,
 Thay wald no moze, to Marriage be thzall,
 Traisting surely, till obserue Chastite,
 And all begylit, quod Sensualite.

Opporandite, thay did expell thare Wyffis,
 That thay mycht leif at large, without chirlage,
 At libertie to leid thare lustie lyffis,
 Thinkand men thzall, that bene in mariage
 For new salcis, prouokis new curage.
 Thus Chastite thay turne in to delyte,
 Wantpny of Wyffis, bene cause of appetyte.

Dame Chastite did keill away for schame
 Frome tyme scho did persauie thare prouance,
 Dame Sensuall, one letter gart proclame
 And hit explit Italie, and France.
 In England, outh scho get none Ordynance
 Than to the king, and Court of Scotland
 Scho markit hit, withouttin moze demand.

THE COMPLAINNT

Traising in to that court to get comfort,
 Scho maid hit humill supplicatioun,
 Scho, the thay said, scho suld get na support;
 Bot bestir hit with blasphematioun,
 To Preistis go mak your protestatioun.
 It is said thay, mony onc boundeth their
 Sen Chaistite, had ony entres heir.

Cytit for trauell, scho to the preistis past,
 And to the rewaris of Religioun.
 Of hit ptesence, scho, the thay war agast,
 Sayand thay thocht, it bot abusioun
 Hir to resauue, so with conclusioun,
 With one ayce, decretit and gaue dome,
 Thay wald resset no Rebelle out of Rome.

Suld we resauue, that Romanis hes refusit
 And banis England, Italie, and France,
 For your flatterie, than wer we weil abusit.
 Was hyne said thay and fast your way auance,
 Among the Monnis, go seik your ordinance,
 For we haue maid aith of fidelite
 To dame Riches, and Sensualite.

Chan parentlie, scho maid progressioun,
 Toward the Monnis, with hart syching ful sore.
 Thay gaue hit ptesence, with processioun,
 Resauand hir, with honour, laud, and gloze,
 But posing, to preserue hit euer moze.
 Of that nouellis come to dame Properte,
 To Ryches, and to Sensualite.

Quhillis sped thame at the post richt spedille,

OF THE PAPINGO.

And set ane sege, proude about the place,
The sillie Nonnis, did yeild thame haistlie,
And humillie of that gile askit grace,
Synne gaue thare bandis of perpetuall pace.
Besauand thame, thay kest vp wykket wyde,
Chan Chastite, thare no langer wald abyde.

So for refuge, fast to the scetris scho fled,
Dubilts said, thay wald of ladyis tak no cure.
Quhat bene scho now, than said the gredie glede
Nocht amang 30w, said scho I 30w assure.
I traist scho bene, vpon the boxtow mure,
Besouth Edinburgh, and that richt mony menis
Djosest amang the Sisteris of the Senis.

Chait hes scho fund hit mother Douerte,
And Denotioun, hit awin sister carnall.
Chait hes scho fund, faith, hope and cherite,
Cogidder with the vertues Cardinall.
Chait hes scho fund, ane Conuent zit breth;all
To dame Sensuall, no; with riches abusit.
So quiettis, those ladyis bene Incluse.

The Dyot said, I dyeid be thay assaillzet,
Chay rander thame, as did the holy Nonnis.
Dout nocht (said scho) for thay bene so artaillzet,
Chay purpose to defend thame w thair gunnis,
Reddy to schute, thay haue sex greit Cannonnis,
Perseuerance, Constance, and Conscience,
Austerte, Labour, and Abstinence.

To resist subtell Sensualite,

THE COMPLAINT

Strongly thay bene; enarmitt feit and handis;
 Be abstinence, and keipit pouerte,
 Contrair ryches, and all hir fals seruandis.
 Thay haue ane Bumbard, bzaisit bp in bandis,
 To keip thair port, in middis of thare clois,
 Quhilk is callit, *Domine custodi nos.*

Within quhose schot thair dar no Enemels
 Approche thare place, for dyeld of duntis dour,
 Boith nicht and day, thay wrik lyke bestie beis,
 For thare defence, reddie to stand in flour,
 And bes sic watchis, on thare viter tour,
 That dame Sensuall, with seige dar not assailze
 For cum within, the schot of thare artailze.

The Wyot said, quhareto sulde thay pzeume,
 For to resyste, sweet Sensualite,
 O; dame riches, quhilk; regularis bene in Rome,
 He thay moze constant, in thare qualite,
 For the princis of Spiritualite,
 Quhilkis plesandlie withouttin obfarkle
 Haith thame resauit, in thare habitakle.

Quhow lang traist ze, those ladyis sall remane
 So solytar, in sic perfectioun
 The Dapingo said, bzoether in certane
 So lang as thay obey coztectioun,
 Cheisling thare heidis be electioun,
 Unthzall to riches, o; to pouerte,
 Bot as requyrit thare necessite.

O prudent prelatis, quhare was your pze science;
 That take on hand, tyll obserue Chastite,

OF THE PAPINGO.

But austerit yse, labour, and abstinence
Persuait ye nocht, the greit prosperite
Apperandlie, to cum of properte.
Ye knaw greit cheir, greit eis and Idleness,
To Lecherie, was mother and maistres.

Howe raais hntrockit, the raais said be the rude
So to reproue, riches, or properte.
Abraham, and Isaac, wat riche and betay gode
Jacob, and Joseph, had prosperite.
The Papingo said, that is verite.
Riches I grant, is nocht to be refusit.
Prouiding alwayis, that it be nocht abusit.

Than said the Rauin, one replicatioun,
Syne said thy reson is nocht worth ane myte.
As I sall proue, with protestatioun
That no man tak, my wordis in despyte,
I say, the temporall Princis hes the wyte,
That in the kirk, sic Pastouris dois proude,
To gouerne saulis, & not thame selfis can gyde.

Lang tyme efter the kirk tuke properte
The Prelatis leuit in greit perfectioun,
Unthzall to riches, or sensualite
Under the holy Spiretis protestioun,
Ouerlie chosin be electioun.
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit, and Lyne,

Sic patient Prelatis, enterit be the pore
Plesand the peple be predicatioun.

THE COMPLAINTE

Now as he lay paris, dois in the kirk refoyt
 Be Symonie, and supplicatioun
 Of pyncis be thare presentatioun.
 So sillie Saulis, that bene Chyrtis schep
 Ar geuin to hungrie goymand wolvis to keip

So maruell is, thocht we Religious men
 Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confusit
 Bot sing, and dynt, none ither craft weken,
 Our spirituall fatheris, hes vs so abusit
 Agane our wll, those trukouris bene intrasit,
 Lat wit men hes now, religious men in curis
 Dyolest Virginis, in keiping of strong huris.

pyncis, pyncis quhair bene your hich pyncens,
 In dispositioun of your Beneficeis
 The guerdonyng of your Courticenis,
 Is sum cause of this greit Enormiteis,
 Thare is one sozt, waitand lyke hungrie fleis:
 For spirituall cure, thocht thay be no thing abill,
 Whose gredie thyrtis bene Insatiabill.

pyncis, I pray so we be no moze abusit,
 To verteous men haryng so small regard
 Duby sulde bertew, thouch flatterie be refusit
 That men for counyng, can get no rewarde
 Allace that cuer one bygger, or ane baird,
 Ane hure maister, or commoun basacture,
 Shuld in the kirk, get ony kynd of cure.

Wat I one man, worthy to weir ane crun,
 By quhen thare baikit ony beneficeis,

OF THE PAPINGO.

I suld gar call, ane Congregation
The principall, of all the Prelaceis,
Most cunningg Clerkis of Uniuersiteis,
Most famous fatheris of religioun,
With thare aduple mak dispositioun.

I sulde dispoise, all offices Pastozallis,
Tyll Doctours of Diuinite, or Iure,
And cause dame Uerterw, pull vp all hir sailis,
When cunningg men had in the kirk most cure.
Gar Lordis send thare Sonnis I now assure
To seek science, and famous sculis frequent
Syne thame promoue, that war most sapient.

Great plesour war, to heir ane Bischop preiche,
One Dane, or Doctour in Diuinite,
One Abbot, quhilk could weil his Couent teiche,
One Persoun, flowing in Philosophie.
I tyme my tyme, to wis quhilk wyll nocht be.
War not the preicheing, of the begging freiris,
Tyme war the faith among the Seculeris.

As for thare precheing, quod the Papingo
I thame excuse, for quhy, thay bene so thral
To properte, and hir ding Dochteris two,
Dame Riches, and fair lady Sensuall,
Thay may nocht besc no passyme spirituall.
And in thare habiteis, thay tak sic delyte,
Thay haue renuncit rustet, and roploch quhyte

Cleikand to thame shartot, and Cramolie,
With Meneuer, mairrik, Grice, & ryche armyng
Thare lawe battis, & saltit at so hie

THE COMPLAINTE

To se thare Papale pompe it is ane pyne,
 Moze riche array is now with freuzels syne,
 Upon the barding of ane Bischopis Mule,
 No; ever had Paule o; Peter agane zule.

Syne fair ladyis, thare Chens may not eschape,
 Dame Sensuall so, sic seid hes in thame saine,
 Les skaith it war with licence of the Paip,
 That ilk Prelate one Wyfe had of his awin,
 No; se thare bastards outethort & cuntrie blawin,
 For now be thay, be weil cumin from the scullis,
 Thay sal to work, as thay war commoun bullis.

Peto quod the gled, thow preichtis all in vane.
 Ze Secular folkis, hes of our cace no curis,
 I grant said scho, zit men wyll speik agane,
 Quhow ze haif maib a hundreth thousand huris
 Quibilk; neuer had bene, war not zour lecherus
 And geue I lee, hartlie I me repent, (luris
 Was neuer Bird I wat moze penitent.

Chan scho hit schraue w deuote countenance,
 To that fals gled, quibilk fenzeit hym one freit,
 And quhen scho had fullpillit hit pennance
 Full subtellie at hit he gan inquiet:
 Cheis zow (said he) quibilk of us b;ether heis
 Sall haue of all zour naturall gett the curis,
 Ze know none bene, moze holy creaturis.

I am content (quod the pure Papingo)
 That ze freit Gled, and cozbie monk zour b;other
 Haue cure of all my gudis, and no mo.
 Sen at this tyme, freindschip I find none vther.

OF THE PAPINGO.

we salbe to you trew as tyll our Mother
(Good thay) and sweit tyll fulfyll hir intent.
Of that (said scho) I tak ane Instrument.

The Wyot said, quhat sall myne office be?
Querman said scho, vnto the vyhet two,
The rowpand Rautin, said sweit sister lat se
Your holy intent, for it is tyme to go.
The gredie gled said, brother do nocht so
We wyll remane, and haldein by hir heid,
And neuer depart frome hir, tyll scho be deid.

The Papingo, thame thankit tenderliffe,
And said, sen ze haue tane on you this cure,
Depart myne naturall gudis equallie,
That euer I had, o; hes of dame Nature.
First to the Howlet, Indigent and pure
Quhilk on the day for schame dar nocht be sene,
Tyll hir I leif, my gay galbert of grene.

My brycht depurit Cne, as chystall cleir,
On to the Bak, ze sall thame boith present.
In Ihebus plesence, quhilk dar nocht appeir,
Of naturall sicht, scho bene so Impotent,
My birneist beik. I leif with gude entent
On to the gentill, piteous Wellicane,
To helpe to pers, hir tender hart in twane.

I leif the Gosh, quhilk hes no sang bot one,
My musike, with my voce Angelicall.
And to the Guse, ze geue quhen I am gone,
My Eloquence, and tounge Rethorickall.
And tak and dyy, my bonis greit and small

Syne clois thame in one rais of Ebure syne,
And thame present, vnto the Phenix syne.

To hirne with hir, quhen scho hit lyfe renewis,
In Arabie, ze sall hit find but weir,
And sall know hir, be hir most heuynlike bewis,
Gold, Asure, Cowles, Purpoure, and Synopels,
Hit dait is for to leif syue houndzeth zeir.
Wak to that bird my commendatioun,
And als I mak zow supplicatioun,

Sen of my corps, I haue zow geuin the cure,
Ze speid zow to the court but tarrying,
And tak my hart of perfyte paytrature,
And it present vnto my Souerane King.
I wat he wyll it clois it to one ring,
Commend me to his grace, I zow exhort,
And of my passioun mak hym trew report.

Ze thze my tryppis sall haue for zour trauell,
With luffe and lowng, to part equall amāg zow
Payand Pluto, the potent pynce of hell
Geue ze fallze, that in his feit he fang zow,
Be to me trew, thocht I no thing belang zow,
Soze I suspect, zour conscience be to large.
Wout nocht said thay, we tak it with the charge.

Adew brether, quod the pure Dapingo,
To talkin moze, I haue no tyme to tarte,
Bot sen my spzeit, mon fra my body go,
I recommend it to the quene of farte
Eternallie, in tyll hit court to tarte
In wylbernes, among the holtris hoze.
Chan scho inclynit hit heid, and spak no moze.

OF THE PAPINGO.

Plungit he tyll hit mortall passion,
Full greivouslie, scho grippit to the ground.
It wat so lang to mak narratioun
Of suchis soze, with mony sang and sound,
Out of hit wound, the blude did so abound,
One compas round, was w hit blude maid red
Without remeid, thare was no thing bot deid.

And he scho had, In Manus thus said,
Extinctit wer hit naturall wittis spue.
Hit heid full sofelie on hit schulder laid
Synne seild the speist, with panis pungtspue.
The Rautin began, rudely to rug and rpe,
Full go; moundlyke, his emptie throt to seid,
Cit sofelie bjoether said the gredie gled.

Dubil scho is hote, depart hit elwin amang vs.
Tak thow one half, and reik to me ane vther,
In tyll our richt, I wat no wicht dar wjang vs,
The Pyot said, the feind resane the sother,
Duhp mak ze me stepbarne; and I soure bjoethere
Ze do me wjang schir gled, I schzew zout harte
Tak thare (said he) the puddingis for thy part.

Than wit ze weill, my harte wes wounder late,
For to behald, that dolent departing.
Hit Angell fedderis, fleing in the air,
Except the harte, was left of hit no thing.
The Pyot said, this pertainith to the king.
Duhilk tyll his grace, I purpose to present,
Thow (quod the gled) sall faille of thyne intent.

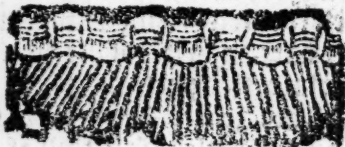
THE COMPLAINNT

The Rautin said, God no; I rap in ane calp.
 And thow get this, tyll other king o; Duke.
 The Wyte said, plene I nocht to the Pape
 Than in ane smedie, I be smoyit with smuke,
 With that the Gled, the pece claucht in his cluke,
 And fled his way, the laue with all thare miche
 To chace the gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now haue ze hard, this lytle Tragedie.
 The soze complaynt, the testament & mischance
 Of this pure Bird, quhilk did ascend so hie,
 Beseikhand zow, excuse myne Ignorance,
 And rude indyte, quhilk is uocht tyll auance.
 And to the quair, I geue commandement
 That no repair, quhare Poetis bene present.

Because thow bene, but Rethozike so rude,
 Be neuer sent, helyde none ether buke,
 With king no; Quene, w; Lord no; man of gude
 With cost buclene, clame kintent to sum cuke.
 Steill in ane nuke, quhen thay list on the luke.
 For smell of smuke, men wyll abho; to beir the.
 Heir I manesweir the, quharefo; to lark go leir
 (the,

FINIS.



The Dreame of Schir

David Lyndesay of the mont knicht. Familias
Seruitour, to our Souerane Lord, King
James the first. ac.

THE EPISTIL TO THE KINGIS GRACE.

Richt Potent Prince, of his imperial blude.
Unto thy grace, I traist it be weil knawin
My seruice done vnto thy Cellitude,
Quhill nedis noch, at lenth for to be schawin
And thocht my southed now be neir ouerblawin,
Exercit in seruice of thyne Excellence,
Dope hes me hecht ane gudlie recompence.

Quhen thou wes young, I dure þ in myne arme
Full tenderlie, till thou begouth to gang.
And in thy bed, oft happit the full warme
With lute in hand, syne sweetlie to the sang.
Sumtyme in dandling, fetrelie I flang.
And sumtyme playand faifis on the flure,
And sumtyme on myne office taband cure.

And sumtyme lyke ane feind transfigurete,
And sumtyme lyke the greistie gaisst of Gy,
In diuers formis, oftymes disfigurete,
And sumtyme dislaggist full plesandlie.

D

THE EPISTIL.

So sen thy birch, I haue continuallie
Vene occuppit, and ay to thy plesour,
And sumtyme Seawat, Coppas and Caruour.

Thy purs maister, and secret Chesaunar,
Thy Ischar ay sen thy Rayuite,
And of thy chalmet cheif Cubicular,
Dubilk to this hour, hes kept my lawte,
Louyng be to the blyssit Truice,
That siclane wrechit woyme hes maid so able,
Tyll sicane Dince to be so agreable.

Bot now thow art be Influence naturall
Pie of Ingyne, and richt Inquisitue
Of antique stoies, and dedis martiall
More plesandlie, the tyme for tyll ouer dyue
I haue at lenth, the stoies done discryue,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentill Julius,
Of Alexander, and worthy Pompeius.

Of Jason, and Medea, all at lenth.
Of Hercules, the actis honozable,
And of Sampson, the supernaturall Grench,
And of Ierl Luffaris stoies amiable.
And ostromes haue I schryuit mony fable,
Of Troilus, the sorrow and the Joy,
And Scigis all, of Tite, Thebes, and Troi.

The Prophecis of Rymour, Beid & Marling,
And of mony vther plesand hystorie,
Of the reid Gyn, and the greit carling
Confoxtand the, quhen that I saw the soie,

THE PROLOG.

Now with the support of the king of gloste
I call the schaw and stoze of the new
The quibill afoze, I neuer to the scheto.

Not humillie I besek thyne Excellence.
With oynate termes, thocht I can nocht expjes
This sempyll mater, soz lack of Eloquence,
Zit nocht withstanding, all my belines.
With hart and hand my mynd I call addjes,
As I best can, and most compendious.
Now I begyn, the mater hapnit thus.

THE PROLOG.

In to the Calendis of Januarie,
Quhen fresche Phobus be mouyng c. alate
Frome Capricorne, wes enterit in Aquarie,
With blastis that the branchis maid full baite,
The snaw, and sleit, perturbit all the air,
And sleit floze, frome euery bank and bus
Throuch support of the auffsir Colus.

After that I the lang wynteris ncht.
Had lyne walking, in my bed allone,
Throuch heup thocht, that no way sleip I micht,
Remembryng of diuers thyngis gone.
So by I rose, and cleithit me anone.
Be this fair Titan, with his lewis lichte
Quet all the land, had spied his baner bichte.

Di

THE PROLOG.

with clok and hude, I dyessit me helyue
 With dowbpl schole, & myttanis on my handis,
 Howbeit the air, wes ryght penetratue,
 Zit sure I furch, lausing ourthoyt the landis,
 Towart the ser, to schole me on the sandis
 Because vnblomit was baith bank and byap.
 And so as I was passing be the way,

I met dame Floza, in dule weid distagysit.
 Dubilk in to May, wes dulce and delectabill
 With stalwart noymis, hit sweetnes wes suppyllit
 Hit heuinlie herwis, war turnit in to sabill,
 Dubilks vinyquyle wat to Luffaris amiabill,
 Fled frome the frost, the tender flouris I saw,
 Under dame Natures mantill lurking law.

The small fowls, in flockis saw I fle,
 To Nature makand greit lamentatioun.
 Thay lychtit down, belyde me on ane tre,
 Of thare complaynt, I had compassioun,
 And with ane pierceous exclamatioun,
 Thay said blissit be Somer, with his flouris,
 And warpit be thow wynter, with thy schouris.

Allace Euroza, the sylle Lark can cry,
 Quhare hes thou left, thy balmy liquour sweet
 That vs reioisit, we mounting in the skye
 Thy syluer droppis, ar turnit in to sleit.
 O fair Phebus, quhare is thy bolsum heite
 Quhy tholis thow, thy heuinlie pleland face
 With mystie vapours to be obscurit allace

THE PROLOG.

What art thou May, in June, thy sister schene,
 Weill housourit with daisies of delpyte,
 And gentill Julie, with thy mantill grene,
 Enamellit with Roses, red and quene,
 How auld and canld Januar in despyte,
 Keittis frome vs, all pastyme and plesure,
 Allace what gentill hart may this Induce

Quersplear with flaudis odious
 The goldin shypis of the Orient,
 Chasing in sorrow, our sang melodious,
 Quhilk we had mount to sing with gude intent,
 Resoundand to the heuennis firmament,
 Bot now our day, is changit in to night,
 With that thay rate, a new curch of my sight,

Whenspue in hart, passing full soberly,
 Unto the see, forthwart I sure moned,
 The see was furth, the sand wes smouth & by,
 Than bp and down; I musit mys alone
 Tyll that I spyt, ane lytle Caue of stone
 Rich in ane Craig, bpwart I did approche on
 But taryng and clam bp in the Roche

And purposit, to passing of the tyme,
 Me to defend frome Calositey,
 With pen and paper to Register in ryme
 Such meip mater of Antiquite,
 Bot Idelnis, geblind of Iniquite,
 Scho maid so dull my spirit is me with in,
 That I will nocht, at what end to begin.

D.iii.

THE PROLOG.

Didst sayll in that court, quare I mych se
The weltering of the waters by the coast,
And the salt wandis I had till
Unto that I was and compassed in
And of this worldis wechit warthioun
To thame that fure, all thate hole meent
Considering quib most hap, I subynost repent

So with my hand, my hand I happyd and
And in my cloke, I had the doth of my
I chocht my steps, with could I had taken
My hand is held my handis, to all in here
The shewland craig, and court from the flet
There byll I had, my handis for to
Whil I had, my handis for to

So thow the bounteous blastis of Colus,
And thow my walking, on the nycht befoze,
And thow the septs nioung marvellous
Be septuons; with my hand and coze
Constrait I was to slep without in moze
And what I do mit in conclusioun,
I shall so tell me meruallous bisious.

THE DREME OF SCHIR

DAVID LYNDE SAY.

M E thocht ane lady of portraiture, perle
Did salus me, with my hand countenance,
And I quib of his plesens had deyle
Till his agane maid humill reuerence,
And his demandit, sauing his plesance,

THE DREME

What was his name, I he answered sweetly,
Daine Remembrance, I he said, callit am I.

Dubilk cummin is for pallyme and plesour,
Of the, and for to beir the companies,
Because I se the spere without mefoure,
So soze perturb it be melancholic,
Causing thy corps, to burne cauld and drye.
Tharefo; get up, and gang apace with me,
So war we both, in twinkling of an eye.

Doun thro to the ryd, in middis of the Center,
O; ever I wist, in to the lawest hell,
In to that carefull house, quhen we did enter,
Zowing and joling, we had with money sell;
In flam of fyre, we be furious and fell,
Was cryand many carefull Creature,
Blasphemiand God, and warland Nature.

Thare same we duers dailis and dymouris,
Without recover, many carefull kingis,
Thare same we wood waringous, Coquerouris,
Withoutrin rich, rellaris of verberis, ringis,
The men of kirk, lay boundin in to brigis,
Thare same we many carefull, Carduall,
And Archebisshopis in thare pontificalis.

Dour and dour, I doelast, dat of nummer,
Douris, Abbottis, and fals flatterand, foetis,
To speikis thare all, it wer ane rumour,
Regulare chanonis, churle, monkis, chasteris,
Curious, clerkis, and prelatis, sculderys.

THE DREME.

Thare was the party of his religioun
In haly kirch, quhill his abussoun.

Then I demaunde vaine Remembraunce,
The cause of this Prelatis punition.
Scho said the cause, of thate unhappy chance,
Was Couetyse, Lust, and ambition,
The quhill now gavelis thame want fruitoun
Of God, and heit eternallie man dwell
In to this painfull paysonis pr. of hell.

Als thay did nocht instruct the Ignorant,
Promouand thame to penitence be preching,
Bot seruite warloke Dancis insolent,
And was promouit, be thare fensell fleching.
Nocht for thare science, wisdom nor teiching,
Be Symonie, was thare promouitlik,
More for denetris, nor for deuotionlik.

¶ The vther cause of the punition,
Of this unhappy prelatis Impudent.
Thay maid nocht equale distributoun
Of haly kirkis Patrimoine and rent,
Bot tempozallie, thay haue it all in peneit.
Nihilis said haue bene trepparie in to thar,
first to vphauld the kirk in honore.

The secund part, to sustene thare chauncis,
The thrid part, to be geuin to the putis.
Bot thay dispoone that gett all vther gattis,
On carnis, and dyce, on harlotrie, and huris.
This carpuis take no compis of thare awin curis.

THE BREW: I

Than we beheld ane den full o' doliours,
 Quhare that princis and Lozdis temporall
 War Cruciate with pants rigorous,
 Bot to exyeme thare pants in speciall.
 It baes exceto all my memoriall.
 Imho; rabill pane thay had but conforzmg.
 Thare blude for all, maid thame no suppoztmg.

Sum catpue bingls, for cruell oppzessoun.
 And vther sum, for thare awngoult conquest
 War condampnit, thay and thare Successoun.
 Sum for publick adulterie, and inceit.
 Sum lest thare peple neuer leif in rest,
 Delytmg so in plesour sensuall,
 Quhare for thare pane, was thare perpetuall

Thare was the cursit Empitour Nero,
 Of cueitill vice the hoztibill beschell.
 Thare was Pharaao, with diuers princis mo;
 Oppzessours of the barnis of Israel.
 Herod, and mony mo, than I can tell.
 Donce Plaut was thare hangit be the nals.
 With basyn Augis, for thare sentence fals.

Dukis, Marquessis, Celis, Barronis, knichtis,
 With thair princis, wer punischt painfully,
 Particpant thay wer of thare vnrichtis.
 Fordwart we went, and leif this Lordis ly,
 And saw quhare Ladyis lamentably,
 Lyke woe Lyonis, wer chafullie cryand,
 In flam of fyre, richt furiously sepynd.

THE DREME.

Empyces, Quenis, and ladyis of honours,
 Mony Duches, and Comptes, full of rate,
 Thay perle myne hart, thay tender Creaturis:
 So pynt in that pit full of dyspate,
 Plungit in paine, with mony reuthfull rate.
 Sum for thare pyper, sum for Adulteris,
 Sum for thare wylfulg, men to Lecheris, and of

Sum had bene cruel and malicious,
 Sum for making of wyngous heritours,
 For to rehers thare lyffis bitious
 It wer bot tate to the auditours,
 Of Lecheris, thay wer the hecay iuris
 With thare prouocacye Impudisite,
 Brought mony ane man to Infelicitie,

Sum wenien for thare pusillanimitie,
 Querlet in schame, thay hid thame ned schynne,
 Of secret Spynis, done in quiete,
 And sum repentit neuer in thare spue,
 Quhare for but reuth thair sufferis did paine spue,
 Rigorouslie without compassion,
 Greit was thare dyle, and lamentation.

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That we wer with, thay cryt oft allace,
 Thus Cozmentit with painis Intollerabill,
 We mendit nought, quhe we had tyme and space,
 Bot take lorde pouerous delectabill,
 Quhare for with this vgly and horribill,
 We at condempnit, for rage more allace,
 Eternallie, withoutin hope of grace,

THE DREME.

Quhare is the mett, and drink dellicious,
With quibill we fed, our cairfull carlontes
Gold, splur, spik, with perils pperious,
Our ryches, rentis and out possessionis
Withouthin hope of our remissionis,
Allace our panis. ar Insufferabill,
And our toymentis to comp Innummerabill.

Then we beheld, quhare mony ane thousand
Common peple lay fliche and in the fyre,
Of euerylls flait, thare was ane bailfull band,
Thare myche be sene, mony sorowful Syre,
Sum for Inup sufferit, and sam for Ire,
And sum for lack of restitution,
Of wjangous geit without remission.

Manes woyme richand, for yate wjangous win,
Hoardis of gold, & comoun Okkaratis (ning,
Fals men of Law, in Cautellis ryche running,
Theistis, reuaris, and publick oppressaris,
Sum part thare was of vnleill Lauboraris,
Craftismen thare saw we out of nummer,
Of ilk flait to declair, it wer aneummer.

And als langsum to me, for tyll Indyte,
Of this pyesoun, the pants in spectall.
The heit, the cauld, the dolour and dyspyte,
Quhare for I speik of thame in generall,
That dully den, that furneis Infernall,
Whose rewarde is, reth without remeid,
Euer deand, and neuer to be deid.

THE DREME.

Yonger and thrist, in field of melt and drink.
 And for thare clethping, taidis and Scorpiouis.
 That mick Mansoun, is rapessit with sink
 Thay se na thing, bot horribill visionis
 Thay heit bot scoyne, and derisionis
 Of foule feindis, and blasphemationis.
 Thare seilling is Importabill passionis.

For melodie, miserable murning.
 Thate is na solace, bot dolour Infynpte
 In bailfull beddis, bitterlie burning,
 With sobbing, sighing, sorow and with syte
 Thare conscience, thare hattis so did byte,
 To heit thame flyte, it was ane care of cair,
 So in dyspyte plungit in to despair.

A lytle aboue, that dolorous doungeoun,
 We enterit in, ane countre full of cair.
 Quhare that we saw, mony ane legioun
 Gretand and gowland, with mony reuchfull rair.
 Quhare place is this (quod I) of blis so fair,
 Scho answerit (and said) Purgatorie
 Quhilk purgts Saulis, o; thay cum to gloire.

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Thise no plesour heit, bot mekle paine.
 Quharefo; (said I) leif we this soyt in thyll.
 I purpose neuer, to cum heit againe.
 Bot sit I do beleue, and euer sail
 That the trew kirk, can no way erre at all.
 Sic thing to be, greit Clerkis dois conclude.
 Quhoweit my hope, stādis most in Chyristis blud.

THE DREME.

Abuse that, in the thrid persoun anone,
We enterit in ane place of perdition,
Quhare mony babbis war makand overy mone,
Because thay wantit the fructioun
Of God, quhilk was ane greit punition
Of Baptisme, thay wantit the Insenze.
Upwart we went, and lest that mischles menze,

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In tyll ane Holt, abone that place of pane,
Unto the quhilk, but sudgeoyne we ascendit,
That was the Tymbe, in the quhilk did remane
Our forfetheris, because Noam offendit
Citand the fruct, the quhilk was defendit
Mony ane zeit, thay dwelt in that Doungeoun
In mirknes, and in delolatioun.

Than throuch the erth, of nature cauld and drye,
Glad to eschape, those places petrilous,
We haistit vs, rycht wonder spedily.
Zit we beheld, the Secretis maruellous
The Wyntis of gold, and stonis precious
Of spluer, and of euerilk fyne mettell,
Quhilk to declare, it wer ouer lang to dwell.

Up throuch the watter, schoyllie we Intendis
Quhilk enuironis the erth, withouttin dout,
Sphe throu the air, schoyllie we ascendit,
His Regionis throuch, behalding in and out
Quhils erth, and watter, closis round about.
Synne schoyllie spwart, throu the fyze we went,
Quhilk wes the hieft, and hoteft Element.

THE DREME.

Quhen we had all, this Elementis ouer pass,
That is to say, erth, watter, air, and fyre,
Upwart we went, withouttin ony rest
To se the Heutinis, was our maist desyre.
Bot o; we mycht toyn, to the heuin Emprye
It betuiffit vs to pas, the way full euin,
Up throuch the spheiris, of the Planetis setuin.

First to the Mone, and bespit all hit spheir.
Quene of the see, and betwix of the nycht,
Of nature wak, and cauld, and no thyng cleit,
For of hit self, scho hes nene vther lycht
Bot the reflex, of Phebus beinis bycht.
The twelf signis, scho passis round about,
In aucht and twenty dayis withouttin dout:

Than we ascendit to Mercurious.
Quhilk Poetis callis god of Eloquence,
Rycht Doctourlike, with termes delicious,
In arreyert, and full of Sapience.
It wes pleisour to pans on his prudence.
Dayntouris, Poetis ar subiect to his cure,
And hote, and dry, he is of his Nature.

And als his cunning Astrologis sayis,
He dois complet his cours Naturallie,
In thre bound;eth, and aucht and thretty dayis.
Synne bywart we ascendit halfstie
To satt Venus, quhare scho richt lustelle,
Woes sitt to ape sat; of spier schene,
What fraiche Goddes, that luste in this quene.

THE DREME.

Thy perfit myne hart, hit blenkis amozous
 Quhowbeit that sumtyme scho is chengeable,
 With countenance and cheir full doloous
 Quhyllis richt plesand, glaid and delectable,
 Sumtyme constant, and sumtyme variable,
 Zit hit bewette, resplendent as the fyre,
 Swagis the wyraith of Mars, that god of Ire.

This plesand Planett, geue I can richt discrete,
 Scho is baith hote, and wak, of hit nature
 That is the cause, scho is prouocative
 Tyll all thame, that ar subiectit to hit cure,
 To Venus werkis, tyll that thay may indure,
 Als scho completis, hit coursis natura,
 In thell Monethis, withoutin ony fall.

Then pass we to the spheir of Jhebus brycht,
 That lussy lamp, and lanterne of the heuin,
 And glaidet of the sterris with his lichte
 And principall of all the planeitis lewin,
 And sat in myddis of thame all full ewin,
 As Roy royal, rolling in his spheir,
 Full plesandlie in to his goldin Chair,

Quhose Influence and vertew excellent,
 Geuis the lyfe tyll euerylk erthlie thing.
 That Prince of euerylk planeit precellent
 Dois foster flouris, and garris herbis spring.
 Throuch the cauld erth, and causis birdis sing.
 And als his regular mouyng in the heuin,
 As Just vnder the Zodiack full ewin.

THE DREME.

Fo; to discryue his Diademe Royall,
 Bordonit about with stonis schynning brycht
 His goldin Cart, o; throne Imperiall,
 The soure sedis, that drawis ic full riche
 I leif to Doettis, because I haue no slecht.
 Bot of his nature he is hote and dry,
 Complextand in ane zeir, his cours trewly.

Then vp to Mars, in hyr halfit by,
 Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder,
 His face flammand, as fyre rich factious,
 His boist & brag, moze aull than the thounder,
 Spaid all þ heuin, most lyke to schark in schouder
 Quha wald behald his countenance and feir,
 Mycht call hyr weill, the god of men of weir.

With colour reid, and luke malicious,
 Ryent colerick of his completioun.
 Busteir, angrie, swar, and scditious,
 Principall cause of the destruetioun
 Of mony gude and nobill Regioun.
 War nocht Venus, his Ire dois mitigate,
 This world of pece wald be full desolate.

This god of greif withouttin sudgeoming
 In zeiris twa, his cours be noth compleit,
 Than past we vp, quhar Iuppiter the king
 Sat in his spheir, rich amabill and swet,
 Completional with waknes, and with hete,
 That plesand, dince, fair, dulce, and delicate
 Pouokis pece, and banis debait!

THE DREME.

The auld Poetis, be superstitioun,
 Held Iuppiter, the father principall
 Of all thare goddis in conclusioun,
 For his prerogatiuis in speciall.
 Als be his vertew in to generall
 To auld Saturne, he makis resistance
 Quhen in his malice he wald with vengeance.

This Iuppiter withoutin iudgement
 Passis thow all the twelf planets full cunte,
 In zenis twelf, and than but tarying
 We pass vnto the hiest of the seum,
 Till Saturnus, quhill trublis all the heath
 With heuy cheir, and coloure passis leid,
 In hym we saw bot dolour to the deid.

And canld, and dy, he is of his nature,
 Foule lyke ane Oule, of euill conditioun,
 Rycht vnpleisand he is of postrature,
 Dis Intoricate dispositioun
 It puttis all thing to perditoun
 Ground of seiknes, and melancholous,
 Peruerst and pure, baith fals and Inuous.

His qualite, I can nocht loue bot lack,
 As for his mouyng naturallic but wick,
 About the signs of the Zodiack,
 He dois compleit his cours, in threety yere;
 And so we left hym in his frosty sphere,
 Whar we did ascend Incontinent
 But red, till we come to the firmament.

THE DREME.

The quibll was firie ful of fterris bytcht
Of figour round, richt plesand and perfyte
Whose influence, and richt excellent licht,
And whose nummer, may nocht be put in wypte;
Zit cunning Clerkis, dois naturallie indyte,
How that he dois, complett his cours but weir,
In space of seuin and thyetre thousand zeir.

Chan the nynt Sphere, and mouate princypall
Of all the laif, we wespe it all that heuin,
Whose daylie motioun is continuall,
With firmament, and all the planetis sein,
Frome est, to west, garris thame full cum
In to the space of four and twenty zeis
Zit be the myndis of the Astronomeris,

The sein Planetis, in to thare proper spheris,
Frome west to est, thay moue naturallie.
Sun swfte, sun slow, as to thare kynd effectis
As I haue schawin afore specialle
Whose motioun causis continuallie
Bycht melodious, harmonie and sound,
And al thow mouyng of those Planetis round.

Chan moult we, with richt seruent desyre
Vpthrow the heuin, callit Chyrtallyne
And so we enterit in the heuin Empyre,
Quibll to discryue, it passis myne Ingyne.
What God in to his hely throue deuyne
Regnis in to his gloze Inestimabill
With Angellis cleir, quibllis ar Innumerabill,

Eu.

THE DREME.

In O'douris nyne, thre sprecus glosious
 It deupdit, the quhilk is excellentlie
 Makis leupug, with sound melodious,
 Singand Sanctus, ryche wounder fetuente,
 This o'douris nyne, thap at full plefandlie
 Deupdit in to Hierarchies thre,
 And thre O'douris in euerilk Hierarchie.

The lawest O'dour, is of Angellis bycht,
 As Messingeris send to this law Region.
 The secund o'dour, Archangellis full of micht,
 Virtues, Potestatis Principatis of reneun.
 The sext is callit Dominationn.
 The seuint Chzonus, the auchtin Cherubin,
 The nyne and hiest, callit Seraphin.

¶ And nixt vnto the blissit Trinite,
 In his Tryumphant thzone Imperiall,
 Thre in tyll one, and one substance in thre,
 Quhose indiuisibill essence eternall,
 The rude Ingyne, of mankynd is so small
 Tyll comprehend, quhose power Infynite,
 And deupne nature, no Creature can wypte.

So myne Ingyne, is nocht sufficient
 For to treit, of his hieh Diuinite,
 All moxtall men ar Insufficient
 Tyll consider thap thre in vnitte,
 Sic subtell mater I man on heid lat be
 To studey on my Cread, it was full fair,
 And lat Doctouris of sic hie materis declate,

THE DREME.

Then we beheld the blisfit Humanite
Of Christ, sittand in to his Sege Royall
At the ryght hand of the Diuinite
With ane excelland court Celestiall,
Whose exercitoun continuall
Was in lourng thair Dyne, with reuerence,
And on this wyse thay kept oydinance.

First to the Throne, we saw þ Quene of quenis
Well cumpanpit, with Ladyis of delyte
Sweet was the sang, of those blisfit Virginnis,
No mortall man, thare solace may indyte.
The Angellis bycht, in nummer infynite,
Guerillk Oydour in thare awin degre
Wre offitiaris vnto the deite.

Patriarkis, and Propheetis, honozabill,
Collaterall counsalouris in his consistoure,
Euangelistis, Apostolis venerabill
Wre Capitaneis vnto the King of Glozte,
Whilk Chiscanelyke had wynn the Victoize,
Of that tryumphand Court celestiaall
Saint Peter was Lufetenand generall.

The Martyris war, as nobyll stalwart knichtis
Disconfitouris of cruell Battellis thye
The flesche, the world, the feind & al his mychtis
Confessouris, Doctouris in Diuinite
As Chapell Clerkis vnto his deite.
And last we saw infynite multitude
Whakand seruite vnto his Celitude.

THE DREME.

Quhilkis be the hie Deupne permissions,
Felicite thap had Inuatable,
And of his Godheid, cleir cognitioun,
And compleit peice thap had Interminable.
Thare gloze, and honour, was Inseparable.
That plesand place repleit of pulchritude
Unmesurable it was of magniude.

Thare is plentie of all plesouris perfyte,
Euydent brightnes, but obscurite.
Withouthin dolour, Dulcize, and deelyte.
Withouthin rancour, perfyte Cherite.
Withouthin honger, Satiabilite.
O happy at the Saulis predestinate,
Quhen Saule and body salbe glorificate.

Thir maruellous mirchis for to declair,
Ye Arithmetik, thap ar Innumerable.
The pozturatour of that place pzeclair,
By Geometrie, it is Inmesurable,
By Rethorik als Inpronounciable.
Thare is none eiris may heit, no; Eine my se,
No; hart may thynk this thare felicite.

Quhare to sulde I presume for tyll indyte,
The quhilk Sanct Paule, that Doctour sapient
Can nocht expze no; in to paper wyte
The hie excellent work Indeficient,
And perfyte plesour euer permanent,
In presence of that mychtie King of gloze,
Quhilk was, and is, and sall be euer moze.

THE DREME.

At Remembrance, humillie I did Inquyre
 Geue I mycht in that plesour still remane.
 (Scho said) aganis resoun is thy desyre
 Quharefoze my freind, thou mon retorne agane
 Into the warld, quhair thou sall suffer pane,
 And thole the dede with cruell panis soze,
 Or thou be digue, to regne with hym in gloze.

Chan we retureit soze aganis my wyll,
 Doun thou spheiris of the heuinnis cleir.
 Hir commandement behuffit I fulfyll
 With soze hart, wit ze withoutin weir.
 I wald full faine half carpit thare all zeir
 Bot scho said to me, thare is no remeid,
 Or thou remane heir, first thou mon be deid.

Quod I, I pray now hartfullie madame,
 Sen we haue had sic Contemplatioun
 Of heuinnlie plesouris, sit or we pas hame
 Lat vs haue sum consideratioun
 Of erth, and of his Situatioun.
 Scho answerit and said, that sall be done,
 So wer we both, brycht in the air full sone.

Quhare we mycht se the Erth all at one sight,
 Bot lyke one moist, as it apperit to me,
 In the respect of the heuinnis brycht.
 I haue maruell (quod I) quhow this may be,
 The erth semis of so small quantite
 The leist sterne first in the firmament
 Is moze than all the erth, be my Iugement.

THE QVANTITE OF THE ERTH.

Scho sayis none, thow hes schawin þ verite,
The smalles sterne first in the firmament.
In deid it is of greiter quantite
Than all the ertth, efter the intent
Of wyse, and cunning Clerkis sapient.
Quhat quantite is than the ertth (quod I)
That sall I schaw (quod scho) to the schoonly.

Efter the myndis of the Astronomours,
And specialite, the Mactour of the Sphair,
And bither diuers greit Philosophours,
The quantite of the ertth Circuleir,
Is fiftie thousand liggis, withouttin weir,
Beuin bound;erth, and fiftie, and no mo,
Deuiding ay ane lig, in mylis two.

And euertilk myle, in aucht staidis deuyde.
Ilk staid, ane hound;erth pais, twenty and fyue.
Ane pais fyue fute, quha wald than ryght decyde,
Ane fute four palmes, giue I can ryght descryue,
Ane palme four Inche, and quha sa wald belyue
The circuite of the ertth, pas round about,
Shan be considerit on this wyse but dout.

Suppone, that thare war none Impediment,
Bot that the ertth but perrell wer and plane,
Byne that the persoun wer ryght diligent,
And zeld ilk day, ten liggis in certane.
He mycht pas round about, and cum agane
In four zeitis, sextene oulkis, and dayis two,
So zeld the Mactour, and thow sall fynd it so,

The diuision of the

City.

Then certanlie scho take me by the hand,
And said my sone cū on thy wayis w me
And so scho gart me cleerly vnderstand
How that the erth, tripartit wos in thye:
In Aphys, Europe, and Asie.

After the myndis of the Cosmographouris
That is to say, the warldis Descriptouris,

First Asia, content is in the Orient,
And is weill more, than hath the other twane,
Aphys, and Europa, in the Occident,
And at deupdit be ane sey certane,
And that is callit, the see Mediterrane,
Whilk at the strait of Marrok hes entre,
That is betwix Spanze, and Barbarie,

Toward the south west lyes Aphysica,
And in the north west, Europa doith stand,
And all the east, contents Asia.
On this wyse, is deupdit the same land
It war mekle to me to tak on hand
This Regionis, to declair in speciall,
Zit sall I schaw thair Names in generall.

In many diuers famous Regionis,
Is deupdit this part Asia.
Weill plenischit, with Cietels, towris, & townis,
The greit Inde, and Mesopotamis,
Pentapolis, Egypt, and Syria,

Cappadocia, Seres, and Iremene,
Babylon, Chaldea, Barch, and Arabia.

Sidon, Judea, and Palestina,
Upper Scythia, Tirc, and Galilee,
Mobera, Bactria, and Philestina,
Mitrana, Compagena, and Samaria.
In lile Asia, standis Galathie,
Pamphilia, Flauria, and Leio,
Mhegia, Arethusa, Myria, and Meid.

Secundlie, we considerit Africa,
With mony fructfull famous region
As Ethiopie, and Tripolitana,
Zexges, quhare standis the triumphant toune
Of nobyll Carthage, that Ciete of renoun,
Saramantes, Adabar, Libia,
Getulia, and Mauritanis.

Fezensis, Numidle, and Thingitane,
Of Affrick, this at the principall.
Then Europe, we considerit in certane,
Quhose Regions, schoyllie rehers I sail.
Four principallis, I find aboue thame all
Quhills, at Spaine, Italie, and France,
Quhose Subregions, wer mekle tyll auance.

Nether Scythia, Thrace, and Carmanie
Thusia, Distria, and Pannonia
Denmark, Gotland, Grundland, and Almanie,
Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Nozica, Rethia,
Ceufonia and mony diuers ma.
And was in four deuydit Italie

Tuscane, Bethynia, Naples, and Champane,
And subdeuydit sundry vther wayis,
As Lombardie, Veneis, and vther ma,
Calaber, Romanie, and Genowayis.
In Grece, Cyprius, and Dalmatia,
Thessalie, Arica, and Illyria,
Achaya, Beotia, and Macedone,
Archadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone.

And France we saue deuoydit in to thye,
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane.
And subdeuydit in Flandertis, Picardie,
Normandie, Gasconze, Burgunze, & Bittane.
And vtheris diuers Ducherels in certane,
The quibils wer to lang for to declair,
Dubarefor of thame as now I speik na matr.

In Spanze, Ivis Castille and Arragone,
Auarne, Galice, Portugall, and Granate,
Than saw we famous Ivis mony one
Dubilkis in the Oceaney, was situate.
Thame to discryue, my wyt wes desolate.
Of Cosmographie I am nocht expert,
For I did neuer study in that art.

Zit I shall sum of thare names declare,
As Madagascar, Gabes, and Caprobane,
And vther diuers Ivis gude and fair
Situate in to the sey Meditterane,
As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Sardané,
Crete, Abidos, Thoes Sicilia,
Capus, Colie, and mony vther ma,

THE DREME.

Quho walb at lenth, heir the Descriptioun
Of eueryk Ile, als weil as the ferme land,
And proprietis, of eueryk Region,
To Gudy and to reid man tak on hand
And the attentike werkis vnderstand
Of Plinius, and worthy Ptholomie,
Quhilk; war expert in to Cosmographie.

Thare sall thay synd, the namis and proprietis
Of euery Ile, and of ilk Region.
Than Inquirit of erthly Paradiis,
Of the quhilk Adam, tynt Possessioun.
Than schew scho me the Situatioun
Of that precelland place of delyte,
Quhose proprietis wer lang for to Indyte.

OF PARADICE.

This Paradiis, of all plesouris repleit,
Situate I saw in to the Orient.
That glorio^r garth of euery flouris did
The lassy lillyis, the rosis redolēt (fleit
fresche holesum fructis Indeficient,
Baith herbe, and tre, thare growis euert grene,
Thow bettew of the temperat air serene.

The swet holesum aromattike odouris,
Proceeding frome the herbis Medicinall
The beuillie bewis of the fragrant flouris,
It was ane sicht wounder celestall.
The perfectioun to schaw in speciall,

And Joyis of that Region beynne
Of mankynd, it exceeds the Jngyne.

22 And als so he in Situation,
Surmounting the myd Region of the air,
Cubare no manner of perturbacion
Of wedder may ascend so he as thair,
Four fludis flowing frome one Fontane faine
As Tigrys, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nile,
Quibilk in the cist, Transcurris mony ane myle.

The countre closet is about full riche,
With wallis hir, of hote and birnyng fyre,
And straitly kept be ane Angel brycht
Sen the departyng of Adam, our Stand:chyre,
Quibilk thow his tyme Inuentit Goddis etc.
And of that place that the Possessioun,
Wath from hym self, and his Successioun.

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance
All this foresaid had gart me understand,
I prayit hir of hir benygience
To schaw to me, the countre of Scotland.
Well sone (scho said) that sal I tak on hand,
So suddandlie, scho brocht me in certane,
Cum Iust abone the brad Ile of Briane.

Quibilk standis north west in the Ocean see,
And deupdit in famous Regions two.
The south part Ingland, ane full riche countre,
Scotland be north, with mony Iles mo.
Be west Ingland, Ireland doith stand also.
Whose propertie, I wyl nocht tak on hand
To schaw at lenst, bot onely of Scotland.

THE DREME.

OF THE REALME OF SCOTLAND.

Q Whilk efter my sempyl Intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I call declare the sutch, and berryment
As I best can, and in to termes schoyt.
Quhairfoz effected uslie, I zow rchoyt,
Quhowbeit my wyttting be nocht tyll auance,
Zit quhare I fail, excule myne Ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouersene this Region,
The quhilk of nature is boith gude and fair,
I did pzopons, ane litle questoun
Besekand hit, the same fo; to declare.
Quhat is the cause, our boundis bene o bair,
(Quod I) o; quhat dois moue our Miserte,
O; quhareof dois pzoceid our pouertie

Fo; throw the support of your hie prudence
Of Scotland, I persauie the properteis.
And als consideris be experience
Of this countree the greit commoditeis.
Fist the aboundance of fischis in our seig,
And fructuall montanis fo; our bestiall,
And fo; our coynis, mony lusty baill.

The riche Ryueris, plesand and profitabill,
The lustie loichis, with fische of kindy kyndis,
Hounting, halking, fo; nobillis conuenabill,
Forrestis full of Ba, Ra, Hartis, and Hyndis.
The fresche fontanis, quhose holesu cristall stran-
Refreschis so, the flurischit grene meidis. (dis
So laik we no thing that to nature neidis.

THE DREME.

Of eueryll mettell, we haue the riche wyne,
 Baith Gold, Syluer, and stonis precious.
 Howbeit we want the Spys and the wyne,
 O; vther strange fructis delicious.
 We haue als gude, and moze needfull fo; vs,
 Weit, drink, fyre, clathis yarely be gatt abound,
 Quhilk sellis is nocht in all the Mapamounde

Moze fairer peple, nor of gretter ingyne
 No; of moze strenth; yett vtheris still indure,
 Quharefo; I pray so, that ze wald besyne
 The principall cause, quharefo; we ar so pure,
 Fo; I maruell greittie, I zo assure,
 Considerand the peple, and the ground,
 That riches schuld nocht in this realme rebound;

My Sone (schon said) be my discretioun,
 I schal mak answeir, as I vnderstand.
 I say to the vnder confessioun,
 The fault is nocht o; our weil tak on hand,
 Nocht in to the peple no; the land.
 As fo; the land, it laikis na vther thing,
 Bot labour, and the pepillis gouerning.

Thairfor I saye in this out Inprosperite
 (Quod I) I pray so; hartfullie Madame
 Ze wald declare to me the verite,
 O; quho schall beir of our bar at the blame;
 Fo; be my treuch to se, I think greit schame
 So pleisam peple, and so fair ane land,
 And so few vertuous deidis tane on hand.

Quod scho, I call after my Iugement,
Declare sum causis, in to generall,
And in to termes scho, I schaw myne intent,
And syne transcend in to more speciall,
So this is myne conclusioun singill,
Wanting of Justice, policie, and pees,
No cause, of this unhappines allace,

¶ It is difficult riches till incres,
Whare Policie makith no resedence,
And whare Justice may neuer have entres,
Bot whare Justice dois diligence
Compens quare there may be found offence,
Justice may nocht have Dominatioun,
Bot quare Deceit makis habitation,
What is the cause, that wold I understand,
That wold want Justice, and policie,
More than beis, France, Italie, or England
Madame (quod I) I schew the versey,
Senn whare he is in this countrey,
Wher want we lawe, and exercitioun,
Wher is put Justice till auctioun.

Whare in beis stand our principall remede,
Wher may mak a mendis, of this mischelle,
(Quod scho) I find the fault in to the heid,
For thay in quhome beis ly our hole reles,
I finde thame rate, and ground of all our greif,
For quhen the heidis ar nocht diligent,
The members man on neid be negligent,
So I conclude, the causis principall

THE DREM.

Of all the trubill of this Natioun,
 He in to p^ryncis in to speciall,
 The quibillis hes the Gubernatioun,
 And of the peple Dominatioun.
 Quhose contynewall exercitioun
 Sulde be in Justice Executioun.

For quhen the sleuthfull hirc, dois sloug & slep,
 Taking no cure, in keeping of his flock
 Quho will go serche among sic hircs schep,
 May able fynd mony pure scabbie crok,
 And goyng wylde at large withoutrin lok.
 Than Lupus cūmis, and Lowyence in aneling
 And dois but reuth, the sely schep dounthyng.

Bot the gude hirc, walkryfe and diligent
 Douth so, that all his flockis ar rewlit richt,
 So quhose quibillis all ar obedient
 And geue the wolfis cummis day o; niche
 Thame to deuoye, than at thay put to flicht,
 Dounbit and slane, be thare weil dantit doggis.
 So at thay lure, baith rowis, lambis, & hoggis.

So I conclude, that thow the negligence
 Of our insatuate heidis Insolent,
 Is cause of all this realmes indigence,
 Quibillis in Justice, hes nocht bene diligent,
 Bot to gude counsall inobedient,
 Hauand small Cr. vnto the commoun weil
 Bot to thare singulare profite euertill deil.

For quhen this Wolfis be oppressioun
 The pure peple but pietie douth oppres. **H**

THE DREME.

Then suld the princis mak punition,
And cause that Hebaldis for to mak redyes,
That ryches mycht be, and Policie increas.
Bot right difficill it is to mak retheid
Quhen that the sale is so in to the heid.

THE COMPLAINTE OF THE Comoun weill of Scotland.

And thus as we wer talking to and fro,
We saw a busshon^r berne ch^r our p^r vent.
But hejs on fute, als fast as he mycht go
Whose rayment was all raggit & tewn
With visage leyne, as he had fastit lent. (cens)
And fordwart fast his wayis he did aduance,
With ane right melancholious countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pykstaff in his hand,
As he had bene purposit, to pas fra hame.
Quod I gude man, I wald faine vnderstand,
Geue that so p^ressit to wit quhat was your name.
Quod he my sone, of that I think greit schame.
Bot sen thou wald of my name haue ane seill,
Forwith thay call me Ihone the comoun weill.

Whit Commoun weill, quho hes so to dysgyssit
(Quod I) o; quhat makis so to so miserabill,
I haue maruell, to se so to so suppresit,
The quhilk that I haue sene so honozabill,
To all the warld, se haue bene profitabill,
And weill honozit in euertilk statoun.
How happynis now your tribulatioun.

THE DREME.

Allace (quod he) thow lets how it beis stand
With me, and quod I am disherit
Of all my grace, and mony as of Scotland,
And go afoze, quhare I was cherit.
Remane I heir, I am bot perit,
For thare is few to me, that takis rent,
That garris me go, so raggit, rewin, and rent.

My tender freindis ar all put to the flicht
For Policie is fled agane to France,
My wyter Justice, almost haith tynt his sight,
That scho can nocht hald ewinly his ballance,
Plane wyng, is plane capitane of Ordinance,
The quibik debaris. Laute, and resoun,
And small remeid is found for oppin tresoun.

In to the south allace I was heir flane.
Ouer al the land I culd find no releif.
Almost betwix the Mers, and Lothianbane,
I culd nocht knawe ane leill man be ane theif.
To schaw thare reif, thift, murther, and mischeif,
And vicious workis it wald infect the air,
And als langsum, to me for yll declair.

In to the bieland, I could find no remeid,
Bot suddandlie, I wes put to exile,
That swets swyngeour, thay take of me no heid,
Nor amangis thaim, let me remane ane quibyl.
Als in the out Ilis, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, swetnes, fallst, pouerte, and stryfe,
Bot Policie in danger of his lyfe.

THE DREME.

In the law land, I come to seek refuge,
And purposit thare to mak my residence.
Bot singulare proffect, gart me sone disluge,
And did me grett Injuris, and offence.
And said to me, swyith harlots by the hence,
And in this countre se thou tak no curis,
So lang as my authoite induris.

And now I may mak no langer debat,
No; I wat nocht, quhome to I culd me mene,
For I haue socht thow all the Spertuall state,
Dubilk; take na compt for to heir me complene,
Thare officiaris thay held me at disdane,
For Symonie, he reuolis by all that ront.
And Couettice that Carl gart bat me out.

Wyde haith chaist frome thame humilite,
Deuotoun is fled vnto the freiris.
Sensual pleisur hes banest Chaistite,
Lords of Heligoun, thay go lyke Seculeris,
Taking moze compt in telling thare denetis,
No; thay do of thare constitution.
Thus ar thay blindit be ambicion.

Our gentill men ar all degenerate.
Liberalite, and Lawte, boith ar lost.
And Cowardice with Lordis is laureate,
And knychtlic curage turnit in brag and boist.
The Ciuill wete misgydis euertik oist.
Thare is nocht elis, bot ilk man for hym self,
That garris me go, thus banest lyke ane elf,
Tharefor; adew, I may no langer tarte.

THE DREME.

Fair weil (quod I) so to sanct Johne to bozrow,
 Bot wit ze weil, my hart was woundit sarie
 Quhen comoun weil so sopit was in sorow,
 Zit ester the nycht, cumis the glaid moztow.
 Quharefoze I pray so to schaw me in certane,
 Quhen that ze purpose so to cum agane.

That questoun it sall be sone decydit,
 (Quod he) thare sall na Scot haue conforting
 Of me, till that I see the countre gydit.
 Be wysedome, of ane gude auld prudent king.
 Quhilk sall delpte hym maid abone all thing,
 To put Justice tyll execution,
 And on strang traitours mak punition.

Alls zit to the I say ane vther thing,
 I se rycht weil that prouerb is full trew,
 Wn to the realme, that hes our young ane king,
 With that he turnit his bak, and said adew.
 Quet sir: h and fell, richt fast fra my he flew,
 Quhose departing to me was displeasing.
 With that Remembrance rus me be the hand.

And sone me thoct scho brocht me to the roche,
 And to the Coue, quhare I began to slep.
 With that one schip did spedilie approche,
 Full pleisandlie sailling vpon the heip,
 And syne did slak hir sailis, and gan to cresp
 Towart the land, anent quhare that I lay.
 Bot wit ze weil, I gat ane fellown fray,
 All hir Cannounis, sche leit crak attontis,
 Down schuke the stremaris, frome þe rocastell.

THE DREME.

Thay spallit nocht the poulder noz the Bonis,
 Thai schot thair boittis, & down pair ankerg fell,
 The Martiris, thay did so zout and zell,
 That haisthe I stert out of my dreime,
 Half in one stay, and spedilte past hame.

And lythlie dynit, with list and appetyte,
 Syne efter past in tyll ane Wytoze,
 And take my pen, and thare began to wyte
 All the visoun, that I haue schawin afore.
 Schir of my dreime, as now thou gettis no moze,
 Bot I besek God, for to send the grace,
 To reule thy Realme in vnite, and peace.

THE EXHORTATIOVN TO THE KINGIS GRACE.

Schir sen that God of his p:oordinance,
 Haith grantit the, to haue the gouernance
 Of his peple, and create the one King,
 Falll nocht to pzent in thy Remembrance.
 That be w:yll nocht erreule thyne Ignorance,
 Geue thou be rekles in thy gouerning.
 Quharefor dyes the abone all vther thing,
 Of his la wis to keip the obseruance,
 And thou schair sang in Royallite to ring.

Thank hym, that hes commandit dame Nature,
 To pzent the of so plesand portature.
 Eit gytis may be cleirly on the knawin.
 Tyll dame Fortune, thou neidis no pzocuratere,
 For scho hes largelic, hyth on the hit cure.

THE EXHORTATION.

His gratitude scho bes vnto the schawin.
And sen that thou māscheit, as thou bes saluē.
Haue all thy hope in God thy Creatour,
And ask hym grace, that thou may be his awin.

And syne consider thy vocatioun,
That so; to haue the gubernatioun.
Of this kyngdome, thou art predestinate.
Thow may well wit be seyn narratioun.
What sorow, and what tribulatioun
Haith bene in this pure realme infortunate.
Now conforzte thame that bes bene desolate.
And of thy peple haue compassion,
Sen thou be God, art so predestinate.

Tak manlye courage, and leif thyne Insolence,
And be counsaill of nobyl dame Wyndence.
Founde the fermele on faith and fortitude.
Draw to thy court, Justice, and temperance.
And to the Common weill haue attendancel.
And also I besek thy Cellitude.
Hate pious men, and lufe thame that argude.
And ilk flatterer thou sleme frome thy presence.
And fals repoynt of thy court exclude.

Do equall Justice, both to greif and small;
And be prempill to thy peple all.
Exercising vertuous deidis honozabill.
Be nocht ane wyche, for ought that may befall.
To that unhappy vice, and thou be thall.
Tyll all men thoum sell be abhominabill.
Kingis nocht huching, at vices counabill.

THE EXHORTATION.

To reuole peple, be they nocht liberall,
Was neuer sit na to sche to honoure a bill.

And tak example of the wiche ending
Quhilk maid Wydas, of Thrace & mychtie king,
That to his Goddis maid Inuocation;
Whow greidnes that all substancial thing
That euer herewith, suld cume but carrying
In to sphe gold, he gar his application;
All that he wicheit but withoun
Turnit in gold, boileh meit, dink, and cleything,
And beit for; younger but recreation.

Als I bescheib the wiche senes
Frome Lecherie, thow keip thy body clene
Cast neuer that Intoxicare payson
Frome that unhappie sailfall Synnabene,
Tyll that thou gett ane ludy pleisand Quene,
Than tak the pleisour with my bewisoun
Tak tenchoun paysonful Carquhetyne his crown,
For the defozling of Luicete the schene
And was deppait, and banish Rome's town.

And in despyt of his Lecherous leuing,
The Romanis wald be subiect to no king.
Don plang seir, as Roppis deich reld,
Tyll Iulius, thow vertuous gouerning,
And Princelle curage, gan on thame to ring,
And chosyn of Romanis, Empitour, and lord,
Quharfor my Soueraine id to thymid temid,
That vicious lyfe, makis on ane cruill ending,
Withouth it be thow spreill gace reld.

THE EXHORTATION.

And geue thou wald thy fame and honour greb,
Use counsall of thy prudent Lordis crew,
And se thou nocht presumptuously pretend,
Thy awin particular weill for eyll Enlew.
With counsall, so sall thou neuer rew,
Remember of thy freindis the fatall end,
Nubilkis to gode counsall wald not condescend,
Eyll bitter deith (allace) did thame perslew.
Frome sic unhap I pray God the defend.

And finallie, remember thou mon de
And suddantie pas of this mortall see,
And art nocht sicker of thy lyfe two hours.
Sen there is none frome that sentence may flee,
King, Quene, no; knyght, of law estate no; he,
Bot all mon thole of deith, the bitter schouris.
Nubar bene thay gone, thir papis & empyouris
Bene thay nocht dede, so sall it fair on the.
Is no remeid, wretch, riches, no; honouris.

And so for conclusioun,
Oak our prouisioun
To get the infusioun
Of his hie grace
Nubilk bled with effusioun
With scorn and derisioun,
And deit with confusioun,
Confirm and our peace. AMEN.
FINIS.

The Complaint of

Schir David Lindesay, of the Gont
knight, direct to the Kingis Grace.

¶ * ¶

Schir I besek thyne Excellence,
Heir my complaynt with patience,
My dolent hart dois me constrayne,
Of my Infortune to complayne.
Dubowbest I stand in greit doutance,
Dubome I fall wyte of my mischance.
Dubidder Saturnis cruelle
Regnand in my Natuite
We bad aspect, quhilk wikkis vengeance,
O; wtheris beuillie influence,
O; geue I be p;edestinate
In court to be Infortunate,
Quhilk hes so lang in seruike bene
Continuallie with king and quene.
And enterit to thy Maiesse
The day of thy Natuite,
Duhaerethow my freindis bene eschamit,
And with my lais I am defamit,
Seand that I am nocht regardit
Nor with my brether in Court rewardit,
Blamand my sleuthfull negligence
That seikis nocht firm recompence,
Duhen diuers men dois me demand
Subp gettis thow nocht sum pece of land,

THE COMPLAINT.

Als weil as bebet men hes gottin.
 Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
 With sic extreme discomfoting
 That I can mak no answering.
 I wald sum wyse man did me teteche,
 Quhidder that I suld flatter oꝝ fleische
 I wyll nocht flyte, that I conclude,
 Foꝝ crabing of thy Cellitude,
 And to flatter, I am defamit.
 Want I reward, than am I schamit,
 Bot I hope thou sall do als weil
 As did the fader of Jameill,
 Of quhome Chyist makis mentioun
 Quhilk foꝝ ane certane pensioun
 Seit men to wick in his wyne said.
 Bot quho come last, gat first rewaird.
 Quhar ethow the first men wer displeisit.
 Bot he thame prudencie ameisit.
 Foꝝ thocht the last men, first wer seruit,
 z it gat the first that day deseruit.
 So am I sure thy maieste,
 Sall anis reward me oꝝ I de,
 And rub the roust of my ingyne
 Quhilk bene foꝝ langout lyke to tyne.
 Althocht I beir nocht lyke ane baird
 Lang seruite zarnis ay rewaird.
 I can nocht blame thyne excellence,
 That I so lang want recompence.
 Had I solist lyke the laue
 My reward had nocht bene to craue
 Bot now I may weil vnderstand,

THE COMPLAINT.

The dum man sit wan neuer land.
 And in the court men gettis na thing
 without inopportune asking.
 Allace my sleuth and schamefulnes
 Debarris fra me all gredines.
 Credie men that ar diligent
 Nycht oft obtenis thare intent,
 And sailzets nocht to conquest landis,
 And namelie at young Princis handis.
 Bot I tike neuer none ether cure,
 In spectall, bot for thy pleasure.
 Bot now I am na mair dispaire,
 Bot I sall get Princelis rewaird,
 The quiblk to me sal be mair gloze
 Nor thame thou did reward afore.
 Quhen men dois aske ocht at ane king,
 Sulde ask his grace ane nobill thing,
 To his Excellence honozabill,
 And to the asher profitabill.
 Choche I be in my asking liddir,
 I pray thy grace for to consider.
 How hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,
 And hes gewin mony riche rewardis
 To thame that was full far to seik.
 Quhen I lay nychtillie be thy cheik.
 I tak the Quenis grace thy mother,
 My lord Chancellor, and mony breir,
 Thy Aunis, and thy auld Maistres,
 I tak thame all to best witnes.
 Suld willie Willie wet be on lyue,
 My lyfe full well he could discryue.

THE COMPLAYNT.

Quhow as ane Chapman betis his pak,
 I buce thy grace vpon my bak.
 And sumtymes stridlingis on my nek,
 Danand with mony bend and bek.
 The first sillabis that thou did mite
 Was pa, da lyn, vpon the lute.
 Than playit I twentie springis perqueit,
 Quhilk wes greit piete for to heir,
 Fra play thou lett me neuer rest,
 Bot gynkertoun thou luffit ay best.
 And ay quhen thou come frome the scule
 Than I behufit to play the fule,
 As I at lenth in to my Dreame,
 My syndyng seruice did expreme.
 Thocht it bene better (as sayis the wyse)
 Hap to the court, no; gude seruice,
 I wat thou luffit me better than,
 No; now sum wyse dois hit gude man.
 Than men tyll vther did recoyd,
 Said Lyndeley, wald be maid ane Lord.
 Thow hes maid lordis (Schir) be sanct Gell,
 Of sum that hes nocht seruit so weill.
 To soow my Lordis that standis by.
 I sall soow schaw the causis quhy,
 Geue zelyst tary I sall tell,
 Quhow my Infortune first befell.
 I prayit daylie on my kne,
 My zounge maister that I micht se,
 Of eild in his Chait Royall.
 Hauand power Impetiall.
 Than, traistie I without demand.

To be promouit to sum land.
Bot my asking I gat ouer sone,
Because ane Clips fell in the done,
The quhill all Scotland maid on Bess
Than did my purpose ren arreit.
The quhill war langsum to declate,
And als my hart is wounder satt,
Duben I haue in remembrance,
The suddand change to my myschance,
The King was bot twelf zenis of age,
Duben new reblatis come in thare rage,
For commoun weill makand no cair,
Bot for thare profest singulair.

¶ Imprudentlie, lyke wittles kulls,
Thay take that young Prince from the scullis,
Dubare he hynder Obeyence,
Was lernand bettew and science,
And haistellie plat in his hand
The gouernance of all Scotland.
As quhe ward in ane stowme blaw,
Duben Martinis bene al agast
Thro'w danger of the seis rage,
Wald tak ane Chyld of tender age,
Dubill neuer had bene vpon the sey,
And to his bidding al obey,
Geuyng hym hant the gouernall
Of schip, Merchand, and Marinall,
For dyed of rockis and seyland,
To put the Ruther in his hand,
Without Godds grace is no refuge,
Geue thare be danger, se may Iuge,
I geue thame to the deull of hell

THE COMPLAINTE.

Dubill first deuyt that counsell.
 I wyl nocht say that it was trespoun.
 Bot I dar sweit, it was no trespoun.
 I pray God, lat me neuer se ring
 In to this realme, so young ane king.

¶ I may nocht say to decydit,
 Dubow than the court ane quibyle was gydit.
 Be thame that perillie take en hand
 To gyde the king and all Scotland.
 And als langsum so; to declair,
 Thare facund flattering wordis fair.
 Schir, sum wald say your Maeste
 Shall now go to your liberte,
 Ze sall to no man be coactit,
 No; to the scule no moze subiectit.
 We think thame beray naturall fullis,
 That lernis ones mekle at the sculis.
 Schir, ze mon lerne to ryne spere,
 And gyde zow lyke ane man of weir,
 For we sall put sic men about zow.
 That all waird and mo sall bout zow.
 Than to his grace thay put ane gaird,
 Dubill haistelle gat thare reward
 ilk man efter thare qualite
 Thay did solist his Maeste.
 Sum gart hym rauell at the rakket,
 Sum backt hym to the hurly hakket.
 And sum to schaw thare courtelie coysis,
 wald ryd to leith, and ryne thare hoysis,
 And wichele wallop our the sandis.
 Ze nowther spairit sparris no; wandis,

THE COMPLAINT.

Castand galmound; w bendis and becks;
 For wantones, sum brak thare neckis.
 Thare was no play bot caris and dyce,
 And ay schis flatteris bure the pyce.
 Roundband and rowkand ane tyll ane uthen
 Tak thou my part (quod he) my bryther,
 And mak betur vs sicker bandis,
 Quhen ocht fall baik amangis our bandis,
 That ilk man stand to help his fallow.
 I hald thareto man be alhallow,
 Swa thou sicke nocht withyn my boundis,
 That fall I nocht be goddis woundis,
 (Quod he) bot eitar tak thy part.
 Swa fall I thyne, be goddis hart.
 And geue the Chesaurer be our freind,
 Than fall we get haith tak and teind.
 Tak be our part, than quha dar wyang vse
 Bot we fall part the pelf amang vs.
 Bot haith vs quhill the king is young,
 And lat ilk man, keip weill ane tounge
 And, in ilk quarter haue ane spy
 Wos tyll aduertis haithely
 Quhen ony casualiteis
 Shall happin in tyll our countreis.
 Lat vs mak sure prouisioun
 Or he cum to discretioun.
 No moze he wait no; dois ane sanct.
 Quhat thing it bene to haue or want,
 So or he be of perfyte age
 We fall be sicker of our wage,
 And syne lat ilk ane carill craue uthen.

THE COMPLAINT.

That mouth speik mair (quod he) my brother.
 For God noȝ I rat in ane calp,
 Thow mischt geue counsall to the Pap.
 Thus laubour thay within few zeiris,
 That thay become no patgis peiris.
 Swa haistelle thay maid ane hand.
 Sum gadderit gold, sum conquest land.
 (Schir) sum wald say, be sanct Dionis,
 Geue me sum fat Benefis,
 And all the pꝛofect ze sall haue.
 Geue me the name, tak ȝow the laue.
 Bot be his bowis war weill cummit hame,
 To mak seruice he wald thinke schame.
 Syne slip away withoutin moze,
 Quhen he had gottin, that he sang foze.
 We thocht it was ane pieteous thing,
 To se that fair young tender king,
 Of quhome this gallandis stude none aw.
 To play with hym, pluk at the caw.
 Thay became riche, I ȝow assure,
 For an the Prince remanit pure.
 Thare wes few of that garnisoun,
 That lernit hym ane gude lessoun.
 Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter.
 Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter.
 (Quod ane) the Deuill sik me with ane knyfe,
 Bot schir, I know ane maid in fyfe,
 Ane of the lustiest wantoun lassis,
 Quhar to schir, be goddis blude scho passis.
 Hald thy young brother (quod ane ither)
 I know ane sater be fyftene suther.

THE COMPLAYNT.

(Schir) quhen ze pleis to Amlichquod pas,
 Thare sall ze se ane lustie las,
 Now tritill traitil trow low,
 (Quod the thrid man) thow dots bot moiw,
 Quhen his grace cummis to fair Stirling,
 Thare sall he se, ane dapis darling,
 Schir quod the feure, tak my counsell,
 And go all to the hie boydell,
 Thare may we lowp at liberte
 withouttin ony graulte.
 Thus euery man said for hym self,
 And did amang thame part the pelf.
 Bot I (allace) oz euer I wyll,
 Was trampit down in to the dust,
 With heuy charge withouttin moze,
 Bot I wyll neuer zit quharfoze.
 And haistelle befoze my face,
 Ane brer slippit in my place,
 Quhilk richelle gat his reward,
 And sylit was the Ancient laird.
 That tyme I mycht mak no defence,
 Bot take perfoze in patience.
 Prayand to send thame ane mischance,
 That had the Court in gouernance,
 The quhilkis aganis me did maling,
 Contrait the plesour of the king.
 For weill I knew his graces mynd
 Was ruer to me trow and kynd,
 And contrait thare Intentioun
 Gart pay me weill my pensoun.
 Thocht I ane quhyle wantit plesence,

THE COMPLAYNT.

He lest me haue no Indigence.
 Quhen I durst nother pelp no; luke
 Zit wald I hyde me in ane nuke
 To se those vncouth vaniteis.
 Quhow thay lyke ony bestie betis
 Did occupy thare goldin houris
 With help of thare new gouernouris.
 Bot my complaynt for to compleit,
 I gat the sour, and thay the sweet.
 Als I hone Makreth the kingis sule
 Gat dowbyll garmountis agane the sule.
 Zit in his maist triumphant gloze,
 For his reward gat the grand gloze.
 Now in the Court sendill he gois
 In dyrd men stramp vpon his tois.
 Als I that tyme durst nocht be sene
 In oppin Court, for baith my Cene.
 Allace I haue no tyme to tarie
 To schaw how all the ferie farie.
 Quhow those that had the gouernance.
 Amongis thame selfis raisit variance.
 And quho maist to my skaith consentit,
 Within few zeiris ful soze repentit,
 Quhen thay could mak me no remeid.
 For thay wat harlit out be the heid,
 And vtheris tike the gouerning,
 Weill wozs than thay in allin thing.
 Thay Lordis tike no moze regard,
 Bot quho myche purches best reward.
 Sum to thare freindis gat beneficeis,
 And vther sum gat Bischopzeis.

THE COMPLAINT.

For every lord, as he thocht best,
 Brought in ane bird to fill the nest,
 To be ane watchman to his marrow.
 Thay gan to djal at the cat hartow.
 The proudest Prelatis of the kirk,
 Was faine to hyde thame in the mirk
 That tyme, so faithfull wes thare licht.
 Sen syne thay may nocht thole the licht
 Of Christis trew Gospell to be sene,
 So blendit is thair cozpozall Cne
 With worldlie lustis sensuall.
 Taking in realmes the gouernall,
 Baith gyding court and sessioun.
 Contrair to thare professioun.
 Dubare of I think, thay suld haue schame
 Of spirituall preistis to tak the name.
 For Elayas, in to his wark,
 Callis thame lyke Doggis, that can nocht bark,
 That callit at preistis, and can nocht preiche,
 For Christis law to the peple tetch.
 Gene for to preiche, bene thare professioun,
 Duby suld thay mell, with court or Sessioun,
 Except it war in spirituall thingis,
 Referring vnto lordis and kingis
 Tempozall causis to be deeydit.
 Geue thay thare spirituall office gydit,
 ilk man mycht say, thay did thare partis
 Bot geue thay can play at the cattis,
 And mollet mesple on ane Mule,
 Thocht thay had neuer sene the scule,
 Zit at this day, als weil as than

THE COMPLAINTE.

Wyll be maid sic ane spirituall man.
 Princis that sic prelatis promouis
 Accompt thareof to geue behouis,
 Quhilk sall nocht pas but punischement,
 without thay mend, and soze repent,
 And with dew ministratioun
 Wyzk efter thare vocatioun,
 I wys that thing quhilk wyll nocht be
 Thir peruerst Prelatis at so hie.
 Frome tyme that thay bene callit lordis,
 Thay at occasioun of discoydis.
 And largelie wyll popynis hecht,
 To gar ilk Lord with vther secht,
 Geue for thare part it may auail.
 Swa to the purpose of my tail,
 That tyme in Court rais greit debait,
 And euerilk lord did stpyue for flait,
 That all the realme micht mak no redding,
 Quhill on ilk syde thare was blude schedding.
 And felldit vther in land and burgh
 At Linlithgow, Helros, and Edinburgh.
 Bot to deploze, I think greit pane
 Of nobyll men, that thare was slane.
 And als langsum to be reposit
 Of thame quhilk to the Court resozit.
 Is tyrrannis, tratouris and transgressouris,
 And common publick plane oppresouris.
 Men murdresaris, and common theiffis,
 In to that Court gat all releiffis.
 Thare was few lordis in all thir landis,
 Bot tyll new Regentis maid thare bandis

THE COMPLAINT.

Chan rais ane reik o; euer I wist,
 The quibik gart all thare handis byist.
 Chan thay allone, quibik had the gyding
 Thay could nocht keip thare seit frome syding,
 Bot of thare lyffis thay had sic dreid,
 That thay wat faine tyll trot ouer Tweid.



Now Potent Prince I say to the,
 I thank the haly Trinite,
 That I haue leuit to se this day,
 That all that warld is went away,
 And thow to no man art subiectit,
 Nor to sic counsalouris coactit.
 The four greit vertues Cardinallis
 I sethame with the principallis.
 For Justice baldis his swerd on his,
 With his ballance of Equite.
 And in this realme has maid sic ordour,
 Baith thow the hieland, and the bozdour,
 That Oppressioun, and all his fallowis,
 Ar hangit hich vpon the gallowis.
 Dame Prudence hes the be the heid
 And tempozance dois thy bydill leid.
 I se Dame Force mak assistance,
 Weirand thy Carge of assurance,
 And lusty Lady Chastite
 Hes banischit Sensualite
 Dame Ryches takis on the sic cure,
 I pray God, that scho lang indure,
 That Pouerte dat nocht be sene
 In to thy hous, for baith his Ene,

THE COMPLAINT.

Bot fra thy grace fled mony mylis,
 Amongis the Hountaris in the Flis.
 Dissimulance dar nocht schaw hit face,
 Quhilk wount was to begyle thy grace.
 Foly is fled out of the town,
 Quhilk ay was contrait to resoun.
 Pollicie and Deice begynnis to plant,
 That verteous men can no thing want.
 And as for sleuthfull Idle lounis.
 Shall fetterit be in the Galleylounis.
 Thone Uponland bene full blith I trow,
 Because the ryliche bus, keipis his row.
 Swa is thare nocht I vnderstand,
 Without gude ordour in this land,
 Except the spiritualite,
 Prayand thy grace, thareto haue Ce,
 Cause thame mak ministratioun
 Conforme to thare vocatioun.
 To Preche, with vnfeizit intentis,
 And trewly vse the Sacramentis
 Efter Christis Institutionis.
 Leuing thare vane tradittonis,
 Quhilkis dois the sillie scheip Illude.
 Quhame for Christ Iesus sched his blude.
 As superstitious pilgramagis,
 Prayand to grauin Imagis,
 Express aganis the Lordis command.
 I do thy grace tyll vnderstand,
 Geue thow to mennis lawis assent
 Aganis the Lordis Commandement,
 As Jeroboam, and mony mo

THE COMPLAINTE.

Princis of Israell also
 Assentaris to Idolatrie,
 Dubilitis punish war ryght pieteously,
 And frome thare realmes wer cutt out.
 So sall thow be withoutin dout,
 Saith heir and hyne withoutin moze,
 And want the euerlesting gloze.
 Bot geue thow wyll thyne hart inclyne,
 And keip his blyssit law deupne,
 As did the faithfull Patriarkis,
 Boith in thare woꝝdis, and in thare workis.
 And as did mony faithfull kingis
 Of Israell during thare ringis.
 As king Dauid, and Salomone
 Quha Imagis wald suffer none,
 In thare riche Tempyllis so; to stand,
 Because it was nochte Goddis command,
 Bot destroyit all Idolatrie
 As in the Scripture, thow may see.
 Quhose riche reward was heuinly blis,
 Quhilk sall be thyne, thow doand this.

CSen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird,
 Now am I sure, to get rewaird.
 And sen thow art the richest king,
 That euer in this realme did ring,
 Of gold and stonis precious,
 What prudent and Ingenious.
 And hes thy honour done auance
 In Scotland, England, and in France,
 Be Martiall deidis honozabill,
 And art tyll euery vertewabill.

THE COMPLAINT.

I wat thy grace nocht misken me,
Bot thow wylst oother geue, o; len me.

¶ **W**ald thy grace, len me to ane day
Of gold, ane thousand pound, o; thow.

And I sall fir with gude intent,

Thy grace ane day of payment,

With Seillit Obligatioun,

Under this protestatioun,

Quhen the Bag, and the Fle of War,

Beis set vpon the mont Sinai:

Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland,

Beis lifsit to Roxthumberland:

Quhen Kirkmen jairnis no dignite,

For Wyffis no Soueranite:

Wynter but frost, snaw, wynd, o; rane,

Than sall I geue thy gold agane,

O; I sall mak the payment

Efter the day of Jugement,

Within ane moneth at the leist,

Quhen Sanct Peter sall mak ane leist

To all the fischaris of Aberlachie,

Swas thou haue myne Acquittance reddie,

Falkeand thareof, be sanct Phillane,

Thy grace gettis neuer ane grote agane.

¶ **G**ive thow be nocht content of this,

I man request the King of blis,

That he to me haue sum regaird.

And cause thy grace me to rewaird.

For Dauid King of Israell,

Quhilk was the greit Propheet Royall,

THE COMPLAINTE

Sayis, God hes haill at his command
 The hartis of Princis in his hand.
 Ewin as he list thame for to turne,
 That man thay do without sudgeorne,
 Sum yll exalt to dignite,
 And sum to depyue in pouerte.
 Sum tyme of layit men, to mak lordis,
 And sum tyme lordis to bind in cordis,
 And thame aluettill distroy,
 As pleis God, that royall Roy.
 For thow art bot ane instrument
 To that greit King Omnipotent.
 So, quhen it pleis his excellence,
 Thy grace sail mak me recompence.
 O he sal cause me stand content,
 Of quiet lyfe, and sober rent,
 And tak me in my letter age
 Unto my sempill Hermitage,
 And spend that my Eldaris woun,
 As did Diogenes in his toun.
 Of this complaynt with mynd full mesk,
 Thy graces answere (Schir) I besek.

FINIS.

Quod I yndesay to the King.

The tragedie of the

Unquayle maist Reuerend father Dauid be the
Merry of God, Cardinall, and Archebisshop
of Sanctandjois. &c. Compylit be
Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the mount
Richt, Alias, Apoun, King of
Armes.

Mortales Cum Natisuis, ne supra
Deum Vos Ereueritis.

Lundro Lund

THE PROLOG. TH

god

NOCHT Lang ago efter the hour of prime,
Secretly sitting in myne Oratorie,
I take ane Duke till occupie the tyme,
Quhare I fand mony Tragedie and storie,
Quhilk I hone Boccace, had put in memorie,
Quhow mony Dynastis, Conquerours, & Kingis
War dulefullie deposit, frome thare ringis.

Quhow Alexander, the potent Conquerour
In Babilon was popsonit piteouslie,
And Julius, the michtie Emperour
Murderist at Rome, causles and cruellie,
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie,
He murderist was, quhat nedisth moze
Quhose Tragedie, war pietie till deploze.

THE COMPLAINT

Sayis, God hes hall at his command
 The hartis of Princis in his hand,
 Ewin as he list thame so; to turne,
 That man thay do without sadgeojne,
 Sum yll exalt to dignite,
 And sum to depyrue in pouerte,
 Sum tyme of lapyt men, to mak lo;dis,
 And sum tyme lo;dis to bind in co;dis,
 And thame alwette the distroy,
 As pleis God, that royall Roy,
 For those are bot ane instrument
 To that greit King Omnipotent,
 So, quhen it pleis his excellence,
 Thy grace sall mak me recompence,
 O; he sal cause me stand content,
 Of quiet lyfe, and sober rent,
 And tak me in my letter age,
 Unto my sempyl Hermitage,
 And spend that my Eldaris woun,
 As did Disogenes in his toun.
 Of this complayne with mynd full mesh,
 Thy graces answere (Schir) I besek.

FINIS.

Quod I vnderlay to the King.

[Decorative flourish and signature]
 Henry VIII
 King of England
 1547

The tragedie of the

Unquahyle maist Reuerend Father Dauid be the
Mercy of God, Cardinall, and Archebischop
of Sanctandzoiis. &c. Compylit be
Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the most
Nicht, Alias, Tyoun, King of
Armes.

Mortales Cum Nati sunt, ne supra
Deum Vos Erexeritis.

Lambert Brod

THE PROLOG. TH

God

NOCHT Lang ago efter the hour of prime,
Secretly sitting in myne Oratorie,
I take ane Duke till occupie the tyme,
Quhare I fand mony Tragedie and storie,
Quhilk I hone Boccace, had put in memorie,
Quhow mony Princis, Conquerours & Kingis
War dulefullie depolit, frome thare ringis.

Quhow Alexander, the potent Conquerour
In Babilon was popsonit pietouslie,
And Julius, the mightie Emperour
Murderist at Rome, causles and cruellie,
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt shamefullie,
He murderist was, quhat neid he does moxer
Quhose Tragedyis, war pietis till deploze.

THE PROLOG.

I sitting so, vpon my Buke reiding,
 Ryght suddantlie, afoze me did appeir
 One woundit man, aboundantlie bleiding,
 With visage pall, and with ane deidlie cheir,
 Demand ane matz of two and fiftie zeir,
 In Rayment reid, clothit full curiouselie,
 Of weluoit and of Satyn Crammosie.

With febill voce, as man opprest with pane,
 Softlie he maid me supplicatioun.
 Sayand, my freind, go reid, and reid agane,
 Geue thou can find, he trew Narratioun
 Of ony pane lyke to my passicun.
 Richt sure I am, wat I hone Boccace on lyue,
 My Tragedie at lenth he wald descriue.

Sen he is gone, I pray the tyll indyte
 Of my Infortune sum Remembrance.
 Or at the leist, my Tragedie to wyte,
 As I to the fall schaw the Circumstance,
 In terms bryue of my vnhappy chance,
 Sen my beginnyng, tyll my fatall end,
 Dubill I wald till all creature wer kend.

I not said I, mak sic memoztall
 But of thy name I had Intelligence.
 I am Dauid, that rarefull Cardinall
 Dubill doith appeir (said he) to thy presence.
 That vmquyhle had so greit pzeeminence.
 Than he began, his deidits tyll indyte
 As ze sall heir, and I began to wyte.

THE TRAGEDIE

I Dauid Betoun Vnquypte Cardinall,
Of nobill blude, be lyne I did descend,
During my tyme I had no peregall.
But now is cum, allace my fatall end.
My gre, be gre bpwart I did ascend
Swa that in to this realme did neuer ring
So greit one man as I, vnder ane king.

Quhen I was ane young Joly gentill man,
Dyngis to serue, I set my hole intent.
First tyll ascend, at Arbyoth I began
Ane Abbacie, of greit riches and rent,
Of that estat, it was I nocht content,
To get moze ryches, dignite, and gloze,
My hart was set, allace, allace, tharefoze.

I maid sic seruiue tyll our Souerane king,
He did promoue me tyll moze hie estat.
One Prince abuse al preistis for til ring,
Archbishop of Sanctandzots consecrate.
Tyll that honour quhen I was Cleuate,
My prydefull hart was nocht content at all,
Tyll that I create wes ane Cardinall.

zit preistit I tyll haue moze authozite,
And finallie, was chosin Chancellair.
And for byhalding of my dignite,
was maid Legate, than had I no compar.
I purchest for my proffect singulair,
My Boris, and my Thesure tyll auance.
The Bischoppis of Wreporis in France.

THE TRAGEDIE

Of all Scotland, I had the Governall,
But my amyle concludit wes no thing
Abbot, Bischop, Archebischop, Cardinall,
In to this Realme no heare culd I ring,
Bot I had bene Pape, Emprour, oz King,
For schoynnes of the tyme, I am nocht abill
At lenth to schaw, my actis honozabill.

For my most Princelie Prodigallite,
Among Prelatis in France I bure the pyse:
I schew my Lordlie Liberalite,
In Banketting, playing, at catteis and Dyle.
In to sic wylledome, I was haldin wyle.
And spairit nocht to play with king, nor knicht
Thre thousand crownis of gold vpon ane nicht.

In France, I maid seir honest Voyagis,
Whare I did Actis digne of Remembrance,
Throuch me wat maid Tryūphant Martagis,
Tyll our Souerane both proffet and plesance.
Quene Magdalene, the first Dochter of France,
With greit ryches was in to Scotland brocht.
That marriage throuch my wisdom it was wrocht

Efter quhose deith, in France I past agane,
The secunde Quene, homewart I did conuoy,
That lustie Princes, Marie de Loiane,
Whilk wes resaut with greit triumphe & Joy.
So seruit I our richt Redoutit Roy.
Sone efter that, Marie of England king
Of our Souerane, desirrit ane commoning.

OF THE CARDINAL.

Of that meting, our king wes weill content,
 So that in Zork, was set boich tyme and place.
 Bot our Prelatis, no; I, wald neuer consent,
 That he shuld se, King Harie in the face,
 For we wer weill content, quhowbeit his grace
 Had sailit the see, to speik with ony ither,
 Except yat king, quhilk was his mother brother.

Quhair throch yat rose, greit weir & mortal styfe
 Greit heischips, hunger, dert, and desolatioun.
 On ather syde, did mony lose thare lyfe,
 Gene I wald mak ane trew Narratioun,
 I causit all thar tribulatioun,
 For yll tak peace, I neuer wald consent,
 With out the king of france had bene content.

Durping this weir, wat takin ppersonelis,
 Of nobyll men, sechtung full furiouslye
 Mony one Lord, Barroun, and Bacheletris,
 Quhair throuch our king tuk sic melacholie,
 Quhilk drave hym to the deid richt dulefullie.
 Extreme Dolour outisfet did so his hart,
 That frome this lyfe, allace, he did depart.

Bot efter that boich strenth & speiche wes leiffit,
 Ane paper blank, his grace I gart subscriue,
 In to the quhilk, I wrait all that I pleisit,
 Efter his deith, quhilk lang war tyll descriue
 Throuch that witting, I purposit belpue,
 With support of sum Lordis beneuolence,
 In this Regioun till haue preeminence.

III.

THE TRAGEDIE

As for my Lord, our righteous Gouvernour,
 Geue I wold schoptlie schaw the veritie,
 Till hym I had no maner of fauour,
 During that tyme, I purposit that he
 Suld neuer cum to none Auctoꝛite.
 For his suppoꝛt tharefoꝛ he byocht amang be.
 Furth of England, the nobyll Erle of Angus.

Chan was I put abak frome my purpose,
 And suddandlic cast in Captiuitie,
 My pyppesfull hart to dant, as I suppose
 Deupsit be the hich Diuinite.
 Zit in my hart, sprang no humylite,
 Bot now the word of God full weill I knawe.
 Quho dois craie hym self, God sall hym lawe.

In the meine tyme, quhen I was so subiectit,
 Ambassadours war sent in to England.
 Quhare thay boith peice, and mariage cōtractit.
 And moze surelie, foꝛ tyll obserue that band,
 War promist diuers plegis of Scotland.
 Of that contract, I wes no way content.
 For neuer wald thare to geue my consent.

Tyll Capitants, that kespit me in waird,
 Giftys of gold, I gaue thame greit plants
 Rewlars of court, I richelie did rewarde,
 Quhare throuch I chaipit frome Captiuitie.
 Bot quhen I was fre, at my liberte,
 Than lyke ane Lyon, lowlit of his Cage,
 Out throuch this realme, I gan to reil and rage.

OF THE CARDINAL.

Contrar the Gouvernour, and his companie,
Of tymes maid I Insurrection.
Purposing for till haue hym haistelle,
Subdewit vnto my correction.
Or put hym tyll extreme subiection.
Duryng this tyme, geue it war weill deuydit,
This realme be me was vterlie deuydit.

The Gouvernour purposing to subdew,
I causit ane oist of mony bald Barroun,
And maid ane raid, quhilk Aithgow sit may reb,
For we destroyit ane mple about the town,
For that I gat mony blak malisoun.
Zit contrar the Gouvernouris intent.
With our zong Dylnes, we to Struiling went.

For hich contemptioun of the Gouvernour,
I brycht the Erle of Lennox, furth of France,
That lustie Loyd, leuand in greit plesour,
Did lose that land and honest Ordinance,
Bot he and I, fell sone at variance.
And thoch my counsall, was within schoyt space,
For saltit and flemit, he gat none vther grace.

Than throuch my prudence, practik and ingyne,
Our Gouvernour I causit to consent
Full quyetlie, to my counsall inelyne.
Quhareof his Nobillis, war nocht weil content.
For quhy, I gart dissolue in plane Parliament,
The band of peice, contractit with Ingland.
Quhatchoch come harme, & heirschip to Scotland.

THE TRAGEDIE

That pece brokin, atois new moztail weiris,
 Be sey, and lant, sic reis, without releif,
 Dubill to report, my scapit hart effeiris,
 The verite to schaw in termis breif,
 I was the rute, of all that greit mischeif.
 The south countre may say, it had bene gude,
 That my Murice, had smoit me in my cude.

I wes the cause of meble moze mischance
 For vphald of my gloze, and dignite,
 And plesour of the potent King of france,
 With Ingland wald I haue no vniite.
 Bot quho considerd wald the verite,
 We micht full weill haue leuit in peice and rest,
 Byne oʒ ten 3ettis, and than playit louse oʒ fast.

Had we with Ingland keipit our contractis,
 Our nobyll men, had leuit in peice and rest.
 Our Merchādis, had nocht lost so mony packis,
 Our commoun peple had nocht bene opprest.
 On ather syde, all wjangis had bene redrest.
 Bot Edinburgh sen syne, Leith and Kingoʒne,
 The day, and hour, may ban that I was bozne,

Our Gouvernour, to mak hym to me sure,
 With sweir, and subtell wordis, I did hym spyle,
 Tyll I his Sone, and Air, gat in my cule,
 To that effect I fand that crafty wyle,
 That he no maner of way mycht me begyle
 Than leuch I quhen his liegis did allege,
 How I his Sone had gottin in to plege.

OF THE CARDINAL.

The Cile of Angus, and his Germane brother.
 I purposit, to gar thame lose thare lyfe.
 Mycht so tyll haue destitoyt mony vyght,
 Sum with the sye, sū with the swoord and knyfe.
 In speciall, mony gentyll men of lyfe.
 And purposit tyll put to greit torment
 All fauoyers of the auld, and new Testament.

Than euery man, thay take of me sic feir,
 That tyme, quhen I had so greit gouernance.
 Greit Loydis dzeiding, I suld do thame deir,
 Thay durst nocht cum tyll court but assurance
 Sen syne thare hes nocht bene sic variance.
 Now tyll our Prince Bartrons obedientie,
 But assurance, thay cum full courtteslie.

My hope was most in to the king of France,
 To gidder with the Popis holynes,
 More than in God, my worschip tyll auance.
 I traistit so in to thare gentilnes,
 That no man durst presume me tyll oppres.
 Bot quhen the day come of my fatall hour,
 Far was frome me, thare suppoit and succour.

Than to preserve my ryches, and my lyfe,
 I maid one strench of wallis high and braid.
 Sic ane foyttes wes neuer found in syfe.
 Beleuand thare, durst no man me inuaid.
 Now fynd I tre to the saw quhilk David said:
 Withouth God of ane hous be maister of warth,
 He withis in vane, thocht it be neuer so stak.

THE TRAGEDIE

For I was throuch the hie power Deulne,
 Ryght dulefullie doung doun among the as,
 Quhilk culd not be throch mortal manis ingyne,
 Bot as Dauid did slay the greit Goliath,
 Or Holopherne, be Judith keillit was
 In myd among his triumphant Armie,
 So was I slane in to my cheif Ciete.

Quhen I had greitest Dominatioun,
 As Lucifer had in the heutin Empyre,
 Came suddandlie my Depytatioun.
 Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspyre,
 So cruell was thare furious birmand Ire,
 I gat no tyme, lapyer, nor liberte
 To say, *In Manus tuas Domine.*

BEhold my fatall Infellicite,
 I beand in my strenth, Incomparabill,
 That dreidfull Dungeoun maid me no supple,
 My greit ryches, nor rentis profitabill,
 My syluer work, Jewellis inestimabill,
 My wapall pompe, of gold my ryche thesaur,
 My lyfe and all, I lost in half ane hour.

To the peple wes maid ane Spectable,
 Of my deid, and dekozmit Carion.
 Sum said it wes ane manifest Wyrrakle,
 Sum said it was Diuine Punition
 So to be slane, in to my strang Dungeoun,
 Quhen euery man had fugit as hym list,
 Thay saltit me, syne clofit me in ane kist.

OF THE CARDINAL.

I lay inburyt fetein monethis and moze,
 O I was bozne, to closter, kirk, o: queir,
 In ane midding, quhilk pane bene tyll deploze.
 Without suffrage, of Chanoun, Monk, o: freir,
 All proude Prelatis at me may Lessonis leir,
 Quhilk rang so lang, and so triumphantlie,
 Syne in the dust doung down so dulefullie.

TO THE PRELATIS.

Oze My Bzether Princis of the Bzeissis,
 I mak 3ow hartly Supplication,
 Boith nycht and day reuolue in to 3our bzessis
 The Proses of my Dep:tuatioun.
 Consider quhat bene 3our Vocatioun.
 To follow me, I pray 3ow nocht pretend 3ow,
 Bot reid at lenth, this Cedull that I send 3ow.

Ze knaw quhow Iesus his Discipulis sent,
 Ambassadouris till euery Natioun,
 To schaw his law, and his commandement
 To all peple, by P:dicatioun.
 Tharefoz, I mak to 3ow Narratioun,
 Sen ze to thame at verray Successouris,
 Ze aucht tyll do as did 3our p:deceffouris.

Quhow dar ze be so bauld tyll tak on hand,
 Fo: to be Herraldis to so greit ane King,
 To beir his Message, boith to burgh and land.
 Ze beand dum, and can pronounce no thing.
 Lyke Menstralis, that can nocht play ne: sing.
 O: quhy suld men geue to sic Birdis tyme,
 Quhilk can not gyde thare scheip about p:myr.

THE TRAGEDIE

Escame ze nocht to be Chyristis seruittouris,
And for your fee, hes greit tempoꝝall landis;
Synne of your office, can nocht tak the curis,
As Cannone Law, & Scripture so w^e commandis.
Ze wylł nocht want, teind scheif, nor offerandis,
Teynd woll, teind lamb, teind Calf, teind gryce
To mak seruice ze at al out of vse. (and gule,

My deir bꝛether do nocht as ze war wount,
Amend your lyfe now, quhill your day Induris,
Traist weill ze fall, be callit to your count
Of eueryk thyng, belanging to your curis.
Leif hasartrie, your harlotrie, and huris,
Remembꝛyng on my vnpꝛouisit deid.
For efter deith, may no man mak remeid.

Ze Prelat quhill; hes thousandis for to spend,
Ze send ane sempꝛill freir, for so w^e to pꝛeiche,
It is your craft, I mak it to so w^e hend.
Your selfis, in your Temples for to pꝛeiche,
Bot ferlie nocht, thocht syllie freiris fletche,
For and thay planelie, schaw the verite,
Than wylł thay want the Bischopis cherite.

Quharefor bene getw^e in so w^e sic Kopall rente
Bot for tyll synd the peple Spirituall fude,
Pꝛeichand to thame, the auld & new Testament,
The law of God, doith planelie so conclude,
But nocht your hope in to no warldlie gude,
As I haue done, behauld my greit thꝛesour,
Haid me no help at my vnhappie hour.

OF THE CARDINAL.

That day quhen I was Bischop consecrast,
The grett Byble, wes bound vpon my bak.
Quhat wes tharein, lytle I knew God wait,
More than ane beist, berand ane pzeious pak,
Bot haistlie, my conuenant I brak
For I wes oblisit with my awin consent,
The law of God to preiche with gude intent.

¶ Wythet richt so quhen ze wer consecrat
Ze oblisit zow all on the samyn wyse
Ze may be callit Bischoppis countrefeit,
As Gallandis buskit for to mak ane gyle.
Now think I Princis, at no thing to pyple,
Tyll geue ane famous office tyll ane fule,
As quho wald put ane Wyter on ane Mule.

Allace, and ze that sozowfull sicht had sene,
Quhow I lay bullerand, bathit in my blude,
To mend zour lyfe, it had occastoun bene
And leif zour auld, coꝛruptit consuetude,
Fasteing thare of, than schoyllis I conclude,
Without ze frome zour ribaldrie aryse,
Ze sall be seruit, on the samyn wyse.

TO THE PRINCIS.

¶ Impudent Princis but discretioun
Hauing in eirth power Imperiall,
Ze bene the cause of this Transgressioun.
I spek to zow all in to generall,
Quhilk doith dispone all office spirituall,
Seuand the faulis, quhilk bene Christis schelp,
To blind Pastouris but conscience to help.

THE TRAGEDIE

Quhen ze Princis douth laik ane officiar,
 Ane Barter, Bzowster, or ane maister Cuke,
 Ane trym Tailzeour, ane cunnyng Cozdynar,
 Our all the land, at lenth ze wyll gat lake,
 Most abill men, sic officis tyll bzuke.
 Ane Bzowster, quhilk can bzeu most hostis aill,
 Ane cunnyng Cuke, quhilk best can lessoun caill.

Ane Tailzeour quhilk hes fosterit bene in fraice,
 That can mak garmentis on the gapest gysle.
 Ze Princis bene the cause of this mischance,
 That quhen thare douth baik ony benefysle,
 Ze aucht tyll do vpon the samyn wysle.
 Gar serche, and seik, baith in to burgh and land,
 The law of God quho best can vnderstand.

Mak hym Bischop that prudentlie can preiche,
 As dois pertene tyll his vocattoun.
 Ane Person, quhilk his Parischoun can teiche,
 Gar Vicaris mak dew Ministrattoun.
 And als I mak 30w supplicattoun,
 Mak your Abbottis of richt Religious men,
 Quhilk to the peple Christis law can ken.

Bot not to rebaldis, new cum frome the roost,
 No: of ane flut, stollin out of ane stabill,
 The quhilk in to the scule maid neuer na cost,
 No: neuer was tyll Spirituall science abill,
 Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabill,
 Of Rome raikeris, no: of rude Ruffianis,
 Of callay Patkeris, no: of Publicanis.

OF THE CARDINAL.

Noz of fantaſlike ſenſeit flatteraris,
 Moſt mien to gather muſſillis in to May.
 Of Cowhubeis, noz ſit of clatteraris,
 That in the kirk, can nother ſing noz ſay
 Thocht thap be clokit vp in Clerkis array,
 Lyke doittir Doctoꝝis new cum our of Athenis.
 And mūmꝑll ouer ane pair of maiglit matenis.

Nocht qualifyit, to bꝛuke ane Benefyis,
 Bot thꝛough ſchir Symonis ſoliſtatioun.
 I was promouit on the ſamyn wyſis,
 Allace thꝛough Princis ſupplicatioun.
 And maid at Rome thꝛough falſ Narratioun,
 Biſchop, Abbot, bot no Religious man.
 Quho me promouit, I now thare banis ban,

Quhowbeit I was Legate, and Cardinal,
 Aptle I knew, tharein quhat ſuld be done
 I vnderſtode no ſcience ſpirituall,
 No moze than did blind Blane of the mone.
 I dyeid the king that ſittith hich abone,
 On ſow Princis ſall mak ſoꝛe puniſchement,
 Rycht ſo on vs thꝛough richteous Iugement.

On ſow Princis ſoꝛ vndiſcreit geuing,
 Tyll Ignorantis, ſic officiis tyll uſe.
 And we, ſoꝛ our Inoportune aſking,
 Quhilk ſuld haue done ſic dignite reſuſe.
 Our Ignorance, hes done the world abuſe
 Thꝛough Couetice of riches, and of rent.
 That euet I was ane Prelate I repent.

O Kingis mak ze no care to geue in cure,
Virginitis profest in to Kelligtoun,
In tyll the keep ing of ane common hurer
To mak think ze nocht greit deristoun,
Ane woman Person of ane Parisoun?
Quhare thare bene two thousand saulis to gyde,
That frame harlottis can not hir hippis hyde.

Quhat and king David leuit in thir dayis,
O: out of heuin quhat and he lukit down,
The quhill did found so mony fair Abbayis:
Seand the greit Abhominattoun
In mony Abbayis, of this Rattoun,
He wald repent that Narrowit so hys boundis,
Of zeitly rent, thre scoye of thousand poundis.

Quharfoze I counsell euerilk Christiane king,
Within his realme mak Reformatioun
And suffer no mo Rebaldis, for to ring,
Whise Christis trew Congregatioun.
Failseting thareof I mak Narratioun,
That ze Princis, and Prelatis all at onis,
Sall burett be in hell, Saule, blude, and bonis.

That euer I brukit Benefice I rew,
O: to sic hicht so proudey did pretend.
I man depart, tharefo: my freindis adew,
Quhare euer it plesith God, now man I wend.
I pray the till my freindis me Recommend,
And farze nache at lenth, to put in wypte
My Tragedie, as I haue done Andyte.

FINIS.

The deploziatioun of

The Deith of Quene Magdalene.

O Cruell Deith, to greitt is thy puillance
Deuozat of all erchlie leupng thingis
Adam, we may the wytt of this mischāce
In thy default, this cruell tyrane ringis
And spairis nother Empryout nor Kingis.
And now allace hes rest furth of this land
The flour of France, and confozt of Scotland:

Father Adam allace that thou abail
Thy fre wyll, being Inobedient,
Thow chesit Deith, and lesting lyfe refusit,
Thy Successioun allace, that may repent
That thou hes maid mankynd so Impotent,
That it may mak to Deith, no telistance,
Exemple of our Quene, the flour of France.

O dyetdfull Dragoun, with thy dulefull dart,
Quhilk did nocht spair, of femintne the flour,
Bot cruellie did pers hir throuch the hart,
And wald nocht giue hir respite for ane hour,
To remane with hir Prince, and Paramour,
That scho at last, myght haue tane licence,
Scotland on the, may cry ane loud vengeance.

Thow lest Bathusalem, lest nine hundreth zete
Thye scoze and nyne, bot in thy furious rage.
Thow did deuoze, this young Princes but pete,
O, scho was compleit, seuintene zete of age,

THE DEITH OF

Gredie gorman, quhy did thou nocht all wage,
Thy furious rage, contrair that lustie Quene,
Tyll we sum fruct, had of hir bodie sene.

O Dame Nature, thou did no diligence,
Contrair this theif quiblk al þ world cōfounding.
Had thou with naturall targis maid defence,
That byþour had nocht cūmit win hir boundis,
And had bene sauit frome sic moztall Roundis,
This mony ane zeit bot quhair was thy discretis
That leit hir pas, til we had sene succession. (on

O Venus, with thy blynd sone Cupido,
Fy on zo w baith, that maid no resistance,
In to your Court, se neuer had sic two.
So leill Luffaris without dissimulance,
As James the fift, and Magdalene of France,
Disending bouth of blude Imperiall,
To quhome in lufe, I find no perigall.

O for as Leander swame outthro to the flude,
To his fair Lady Hero, mony nichtis,
So did this prince, thro w bultryng strems wode
With Erlis, baronis, squyaris, & with knichtis,
Contrair Neptune, and Col and thare michtis,
And lest his Realme, in greit disesperance,
To seik his Lufe, the first Dochter of France.

And scho lyke prudent Quene Benelope,
Ful cōstantlie wald change hym for none ither,
And for his plesour, lest hir awin countre,
Without regard, to father, or to Mother,
Takpng no cure of Sister, noz of Brother,
Bot schoptlie take hir leif, and lest thame all,

QVENE MAGDALENE.

For lufe of hym, to quhome lufe maid hir thzall.

O dame Fortune, quhare was thy greitt confort,

Till hir to quhome thow was so fauorable,

Thy fpyding gyfts, maid hir no fupport,

Hir hie lynage, nor Riches intellible,

I fe thy puillance bene bot variable,

Quhen hir father the most hie cristinit King,

Till his deir Chyld, mycht mak no fupporting.

The potent Prince, hir lustie lufe and knight,

With his most hardie Noblis of Scotland,

Contrait that bailfull bythour had no micht,

Thocht all the men had bene at his command,

Of France, Flandervis, Italie, and England,

With fiftie thousand Milloun of trefour,

Mycht nocht prolong that Ladyis lyfe ane hour.

O Paris of all Citeis principall,

Quhilk did refaue our Prince with laud & glorie

Solempnitie thow Arkis triumphall

Quhilk day bene digne to put in memoire.

For as Pompey efter his Victorie,

Was in to Rome, refaut with greitt Joy,

So thow refaut, our richt redoutte Roy.

Bot at his Mariage maid vpon the moine,

Sic solace, and Solempnizatioun,

Was neuer sene afore, sen Chyist was boine,

Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun,

Thare selfe was, the confirmatioun,

Of the weil keptit ancient alliance,

Maid betwix Scotlād, and the realme of France,

THE DEITH OF

I neuer did se, one day more glorious
 So mory in so ricke abylzementis,
 Of Silk and gold, with stonis precious,
 Sic Banketting, sic sound of Instrumentis,
 With sang, and dance, & Martiall toznamenstis,
 Bot lyke ane stozme, efter ane pleland moztrow,
 Sone was our solace, changit in to soztrow.

O traytour deith, quhom none may contramand,
 Thow mycht haue sene, the preparatioun,
 Maid be the thze Estattis of Scotland,
 With greitt confort, and consolatioun
 In euerilk Ciete, Castell, Coure, and Town,
 And how ilk Nobill, set his hole intent
 To be excellent in Dabylzement.

Therif, saw thow nocht, the greitt preparatiuis,
 Of Edinburgh, the Nobill famous toun,
 Thow saw the peple, labouring for thare luis,
 To mak triumphe, with trump and Clarioun,
 Sic plesour was neuer in to this Regtoun
 As suld haue bene, the day of hir entrace,
 With greitt propynis, geuin till hir grace.

Thow saw makand rycht coslie scaffalding,
 Depayntit weill, with Gold and asure syne,
 Reddie preparit, for the vpsetting,
 With Fontanis flowing, watter cleir and wyne,
 Disagysit folkis, lyke Creaturis deuyne,
 On ilk scaffold, to play ane syndrie stozie,
 Bot all in greitting, turnit thow that glozie.

QUENE MAGDALENE.

Thow sawe many ane lustie fresche gallant,
 Weill ordeynt for relesing of thare Quene,
 A k Crafisman with bent bow in his hand,
 Full gallearlie in schort cletting of grene,
 The honest Burges, cled thow said haire len,
 Sum in scarlot, and sum in clatch of grane,
 For till haue met thare Lady Souldane.

Princes, Baillies, and lordis of the court,
 The Senatouris in ordour consequent,
 Cled in to Silke of Purpure blak and vishon,
 Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
 With many knyghtlie Barroun, and barrent,
 In Silke and Gold, in colouris confortable,
 Bot thow allase, all turnit in to fable.

Syne all the Lordis of Keltgoun,
 And Princes of the prestis venerable,
 Full pleasandlie in thare Procestoun,
 With all the cunning Clerkis honorable,
 Bot thistroullie thow Tyrane resonable,
 All thare greit solace, and Solempnitie,
 Thow turnit in till dulefull Dirigeis.

Syne nixt in Ordour passing thow the court,
 Thow suld haue hard the sin of Incontinentie,
 Of Cabrone, Crummet, Schahis, & Claretoun,
 With reled redound and thow the Clementis,
 The Herauldis, with thare awfull Testimentis,
 With Paletis, vpon ether of thare handis,
 To sewle the preys, with burnit lade wandis.

IN THE DEATH OF

Syne last of all in Double triumphall,
That most Illustre Punces honorable,
With his the lustie Wadys of Scotland,
Dubill suld haue bene; and the most delectable
His sayment to others, I am not able.
Of Gold and perle, and pccious stons by the
Cwynking lyke stens in ane fessle nyght.

Under ane Pale of gold, seld suld haue pass,
Be Burgessis borne, clothit in this tyme,
The greit Maister of household all thare last,
With hym in ordour all the Kingis tyme,
Quhais ordinance, was langtyme to besone,
On this maner, scho passing throw the town,
Suld haue prelaunt mony benisoun.

Of Virginitis, and of lustie burges wyffis,
Dubill suld haue bene, ane speche celestiall,
Vive la Roync, cryand for thare spiffis,
With ane harmonious sound Angelicall,
In euerylke corner, my this Maseall,
Bot the wyf ane, in quhome is found no grace,
Our Alleluys, he turnit in allace.

Thom suld haue hard, the ojnate Oratouris,
Makand by thens Salutatour,
Bous of the Clergh, foun and counsalouris,
With mony Notable Narratioun,
Thom suld haue sene his Coronatioun,
In the fair Abbay of the Holy rade,
In pccence of ane myxt full multitude.

Sic Bancketing, sic a full Tournamentis,
On boys & yute, that tyme quibils tallo have bene,
Sic Chapell Royall, with sic Instrumētis, and
And crastie Pulsch, singing fram the spleine,
In this countie, was neuer had nor Tent,
Bot all this greit solempnite and gling,
Turnit thow hes, In Requiem tonne.

Inconstant world, thy least felicity doeth
 Send forth such long and short marches, as bound
 Us to no; be wote, none may certify,
 Within thy boundis, for to remaine an houre;
 What valied to the king; or Empy our,
 Sen mynutely puissant, may nocht be permit,
 His death, quhose dolour can nocht be expremit.
 Sen man in erth, hes na place permanent,
 Bot all mon pass, be that horrible port,
 Lat us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
 That gudefull day, to be our greit comfort,
 That in his Realme, we may with hym resort,
 Quhilk fraisshill, in his blude ransomit bene,
 with Agoodentyne quipple of Scotland Quene.

Of Death, thought that to be had to him a cube;
 Of every man, as hee the woe pursuance;
 Of these persons, for to consume the globe;
 His false sense, of Englande and of France;
 Unquibly out quene, whom Deaths sal auance;
 And put his in perpetual inemoie;
 So call for fame, of the Daue Writte.

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Thocht thou Desfland p'seunt heart of France
Dubilk I mpie was. In to the Chumill bene,
Appo rem all to conuance to their high p'seance,
And made the k'pon veld offe frome the splene,
The hebd quicbe pulle sebon the leuis grene,
The smeth of is lallan d'pote of the,
Keip ap t'qualealtes; in welc also smite.
Quod I m'eday.

The Answer quiblk

Schir Pauls kindelapant to p' King's p'ring.

Rough hon'our agument I haue reb,
Dublk dois p'seunt thou d'it m'andemec.
From your flyting, wald God, p' I wer feed.

Oz ellis sum wyge reid tolong wet to the lent.

Schir, pardou me the d'che. I be Impacient.

Dublk benaf to your p'ntze and pen detractit.

And rude repozt frogre acous G'het detrectit.

Auffe Ladye, that youe I be the d'che.

My cumpanie, dois hold p'phomunabie.

Cominandand me bett cumpanie to the Cukis.

Woult yhe me d'well, the d'che the d'chable.

Thay banis all say and yhe d'che the d'che.

Thame to cumpanie, w'p'ed to the d'che.

Apon your pen, I cop and I d'che the d'che.

Wet I ane d'che, I d'che the d'che the d'che.

To work me on your d'che the d'che the d'che.

For I man do, as dog dois in his den,

Kald baith my felt, oz fle fast frome your flyting.

THE FLYTING.

The mekle Deuil may nocht indure your dyting.
 Ouharefoz, Cor mundum crea in me, I cry,
 Pzoclamand zow, the Pzince of Poetry.

Schir with my Pzince, pertenis me nocht to pley.
 Bot sen your grace, hes geuin me sic command,
 To mak answer, it must heidis me obey,
 Thocht ze be now strang lyke ane Elephant,
 And in till Venus werkis main vailzeand,
 The day wyll cum, and that withm few zeitis,
 That ze wyll draw at laiser with your fetris.

Ouhat can ze say fozther, bot I am fashett
 In Venus werkis, I grant schir, that is trew.
 The tyme hes bene, I was better actualzeit,
 For I am now, bot ze full fair I rew.
 That ever I did Mouth thandles so persch.
 Ouharefoz tak tent, and your syne powder spair.
 And waitt it nocht, bot gyt ze wit weill quharr.

Thocht ze rin rudelte, lyke ane restless Ram,
 Schutand your bolt, at many syndre schellis.
 Beleif richt weill, it is ane bydand gam.
 Ouharefoz be war, with doubting of the bellis,
 For many ane dois haill thait awin saule knellis.
 And spectallie, quhen that the well goes byr,
 Spne can nocht get agane, sic Ruse to by.

I glue your counsail, to the scynd of hell,
 That wald nocht of ane Pzinces zow pzouide.
 Tholand zow rin schutand frome schell to schell.
 Waittand your corps, lettand the tyme ouerslyde.

THE FLYTING.

For lyke ane boileuous Bull, se rin and ryde
 Koyatoullie lyke ane rude Kubeatour,
 By fuk and lyke ane furious fornicatour,

On Ladionis for to loip, se wyll nocht lat,
 Bowbeat the Caribaldis cry, the colynoch,
 Remember how, belyde the masking fat,
 Ze cast ane quene, o' theort ane skinking troch
 That seynd with fuffilling of hir coistur hoch,
 Cast down the fat, quharthow drunk dial & inge
 Come rudely rinnad don about your loggis. (his

Wald God the Lady that luffit you best
 Had sene you that ly swettier and lyke twa swyne,
 Bot to indyte how that dabboun wes best,
 Dyonk it to dreggs, quhumper ad to mony quhyr
 That procces to report, it wet ane pyne. (he,
 On your behalf, I thank God tymes ten score,
 That you preferuit, fro gut, & frome geandgoze.

Now schit fairweill, because I can nocht flyte,
 And thocht I could, I wete nocht yll anant,
 Aganis your ornate meter to indyte.
 Bot sit be war, with lawbouring of your lance.
 Still sayis there sumis ane bukler furth of france,
 Quhite wyll indure your duntis, thocht thay be
 Fairweill of flowand Rethorik & flour. (your

Quod Andelaw in his flyting
 Aganis the Kingis dyting.

The Complaint and

Publick Confession of the Kingis auld Hound,
callit Bagche, directit to Bawie, the Kingis
best belouit Dog, and his Companzeonis,
Maid at Command of King James the
fift, be Schir David Lindesay of the
Mont Ryncht, Alias, A youngling
of Armes. &c.

A Place, quhome to suld I complayne
In my extreme necessitie.
O, quhameto sall I mak my maine,
In Court na Dog wll do for me,
Besek and bidm for Therat
To bett my Supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawie.
Now o, the King pas of the toun.
I haue followit the Court so lang,
Quhill in gode faith I may no mair.
The Colingre knawis I may nocht gang,
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I may nocht quare to repair,
For quhen I had authorite,
I thocht me so sauntiar,
I neuer byed necessite.

I rew the rare that Geordie Steill
Brocht Bawie to the Kingis presence,
I pray God lat hym neuer do well,
Sen syne I gat na audience.

THE TESTAMENT

For; Bawte now gettis sic credence,
That he lvis on the kingis nycht gown,
Quhare I perforce for my offence,
Man in the clois ly lyke ane loun,

For; I haif bene ay to this hour,
Ane witteat of lamb and hog,
Ane tyrane, and ane Tulzeour,
Ane marbzeiffar of mony ane dog,
Fyue foullis I chaiff outhroch ane scrog,
Quharefor; thare motheris did me warie.
For; thay war bytownit all in ane bog,
Spelt at Ihone Gozdoun of Distarie.

Quhilk in his hous did byng me by,
And blit me to slay the deir.
Sweet milk and meill he gart me sup,
That craft I leirnit sone perqueir.
All ither bertew ran arreir,
Quhen I began to bark and flyte.
For; thare was nother Honk no; freir,
No; wyfe no; barne, bot I wald byte.

Quhen to the king the case was knawin
Of my unhappy hardines,
And all the suth vnto hym schawin
How euersilk dog, I did oppres,
Than gaue his grace command etpres,
I suld be brocht to his pzeience,
Nochtwithstandng my wickines,
In Court I gat greit audience.

OF BAGSCHE.

I schew my greit Ingratitude,
To the Capitane of Badzeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me sude
Two zeir with vther houndis mo.
Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew hich into the Court,
For his reward I wrocht hym wo
And cruellste I did hym hurt.

So thay that gaue me to the King,
I was thare moztall Enemie.
I tuke cure of na kynd of thing
Bot pleis the Kingis Maiestie.
Bot quhen he knew my cruellste,
My falsset and my plane opprессиoun,
He gaue command that I suld be
Hangit withouth confessioun.

And zit because that I was auld,
His grace thocht petie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald,
Than set my sais for to sang me.
And euery bouchour dog down dang me.
Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
Than in the court ilk wicht did wyang me,
And this I gat for my reward.

I had wirrellt blak Makeloun,
Wer nocht that rebaldis come and reb.
Bot he was flemit of the toun,
Frome tyme the King saw how I bled.
He gart lay me vpon ane bed,
For with ane knife I was mischeuit.

THE TESTAMENT

This Makeloun for feir he fled
Ane lang tyme or he was recult.

And Patrick Struiling in Ergyle,
I bure hym bakwart to the ground.
And had hym slane within ane quhyle,
Was nocht the helping of ane bound.
Zit gat he mony bludie wound,
As zit his skyn wyl schaw the markis,
Find me ane Dog, quhare euer ze found
Hes maid sa mony bludie sarkis.

Gude brother Lancemen, Lyndeleys dog,
Quhilk ay hes keptit thy laute,
And neuer wirt pit lamb nor hog,
Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Baute,
Of me Bagesche, to haue pittie,
And prouide me ane portoun
In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dye
Penance for my ertoxtoun.

Get be thare Solistatioun
Ane letter frome the Kingis grace,
That I may haue Collatioun,
With fyre and Candil in the place.
Bot I wyl leif schoxt tyme, allace,
Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis.
Betwix Alwednisday and Paice,
I man haue leue to writte Lambis.

Baute consider weill this bill,
And reid this Cedull that I send zow,
And euerilk noynt thareof fulfill,

OF BAGSCHE.

And now in tyme of mys amend 3ow.
 I pray 3ow that ze nocht pretend 3ow
 To clym ouer hie, no; do na wjang.
 Bot frome 3our fais, with richt defend 3ow,
 And tak exemple quhow I gang.

I was that na man durst cum neir me,
 No; put me furth of my lugeing.
 A dog durst fra my Denner sker me,
 When I was tender with the king.
 Now euertilk tyke dois me down thing,
 The quhilk befoze, be me war wjangie,
 And I weris I serue na vther thing,
 Bot in ane helter to be hangit.

Thocht ze be hamelie with the king,
 Ze Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawte,
 Be war that ze do nocht down thing
 Zour nychtbouris thow authorite.
 And 3our exemple mak be me,
 And beleif weill ze ar bot doggis.
 Thocht ze stand in the best gre,
 Se ze byte nother lambs no; hoggis.

Thocht ze haue now greit audience,
 Se that be 3ow, be nane opprest.
 Ze wylbe punischt for 3our offence,
 Frome tyme the king be weill confest,
 There is na dog that hes transgrest
 Thow cruelte, and he may fang hym,
 His Maiste wyl tak no rest,
 Till on ane gallous he gat hang hym.

THE TESTAMENT

I was anis als far ben as ze ar
 And had in Court als greet credence,
 And ap pretendit to be hear,
 Bot quhen the Kingis excellence,
 Did knaw my falsse and offence,
 And my pydefull presumption,
 I gat none ither recompence,
 Bot hope, and boundit of the court.

wes neuer sa brynd ane coze
 As quhen I had authorite.
 Of my freindis I tuke na foze,
 The quiblis afoze had done for me,
 This prouerb, it is of verite,
 Quiblis I hard red in tyll ane letter,
 Hiest in Court, nist the weddie,
 Withouth he gyde hym all the better.

I tuke na maie compt of ane Lord,
 Nor I did of ane kelching knaif.
 Thocht euerylk day I maid discord,
 I was set vp abone the laif.
 The gentill hound was to me slaw.
 And with the Kingis awin fingers led.
 The sillie rascalis wald I traif,
 Thus for my euill deidis wes I dyed.

Tharefor, sawte luke best about,
 Quhen thou art hiest with the King.
 For than thou standis in greitest dout,
 Be thou nocht gude of gouerning.
 But na pure tyke frome his sleiding,

